

MARCH NO.30

NATIONAL COMICS

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3

10c



Best Wishes
to Adolph & Co.
from
Uncle Sam
& Buddy

**UNCLE SAM
and BUDDY**
**BURST THROUGH
IN ANOTHER
SMASH STORY!**

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



A BELL RINGER!



PACKED WITH THRILLS

FEATURING AMERICA'S GREATEST COMIC CHARACTER

BLACKHAWK

ALSO THE SNIPER, SECRET WAR NEWS, PHANTOM CLIPPER
AND MANY OTHERS

DON'T MISS THEM!

NATIONAL COMICS, March, 1943, No. 30. Published monthly by Comic Magazines, Inc., 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, Gurley Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager. John Beardsley, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.20 plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$1.50. Elsewhere \$2.00. Entered as second-class matter March 22, 1940, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 370 Lexington Ave., New York City. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. Western Representative. Copyright 1942 by Comic Magazines, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

UNCLE SAM

PUP

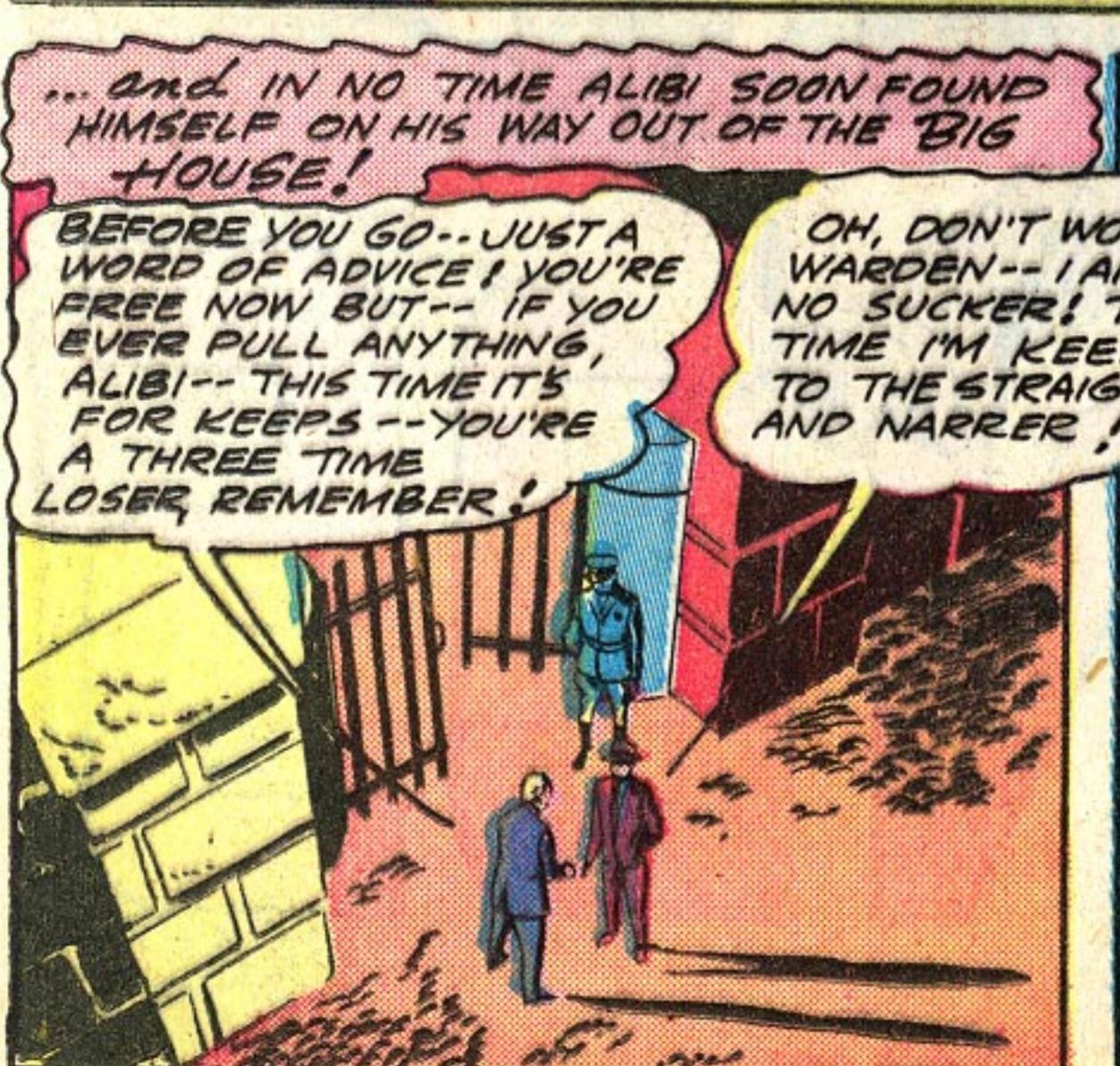
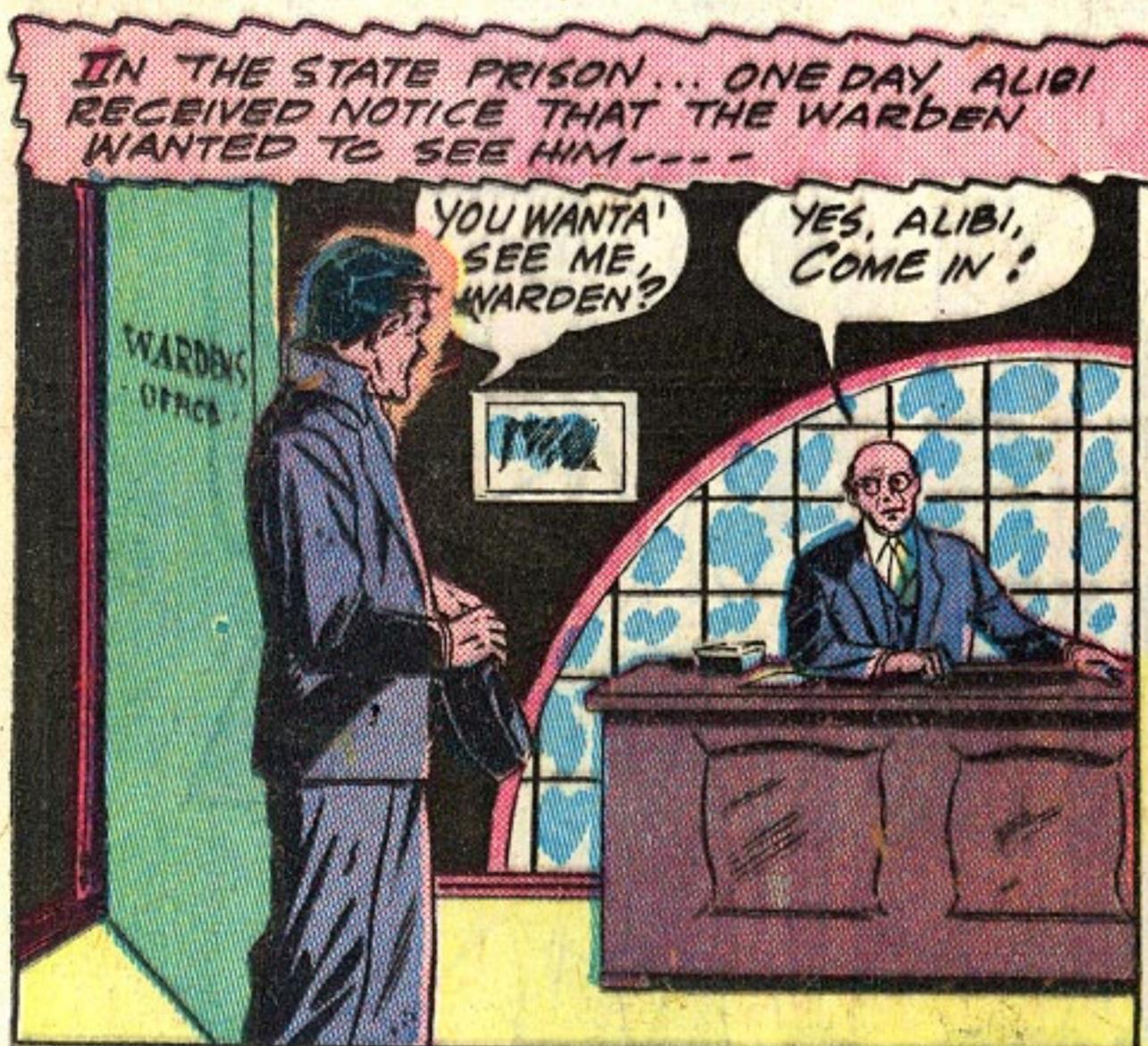
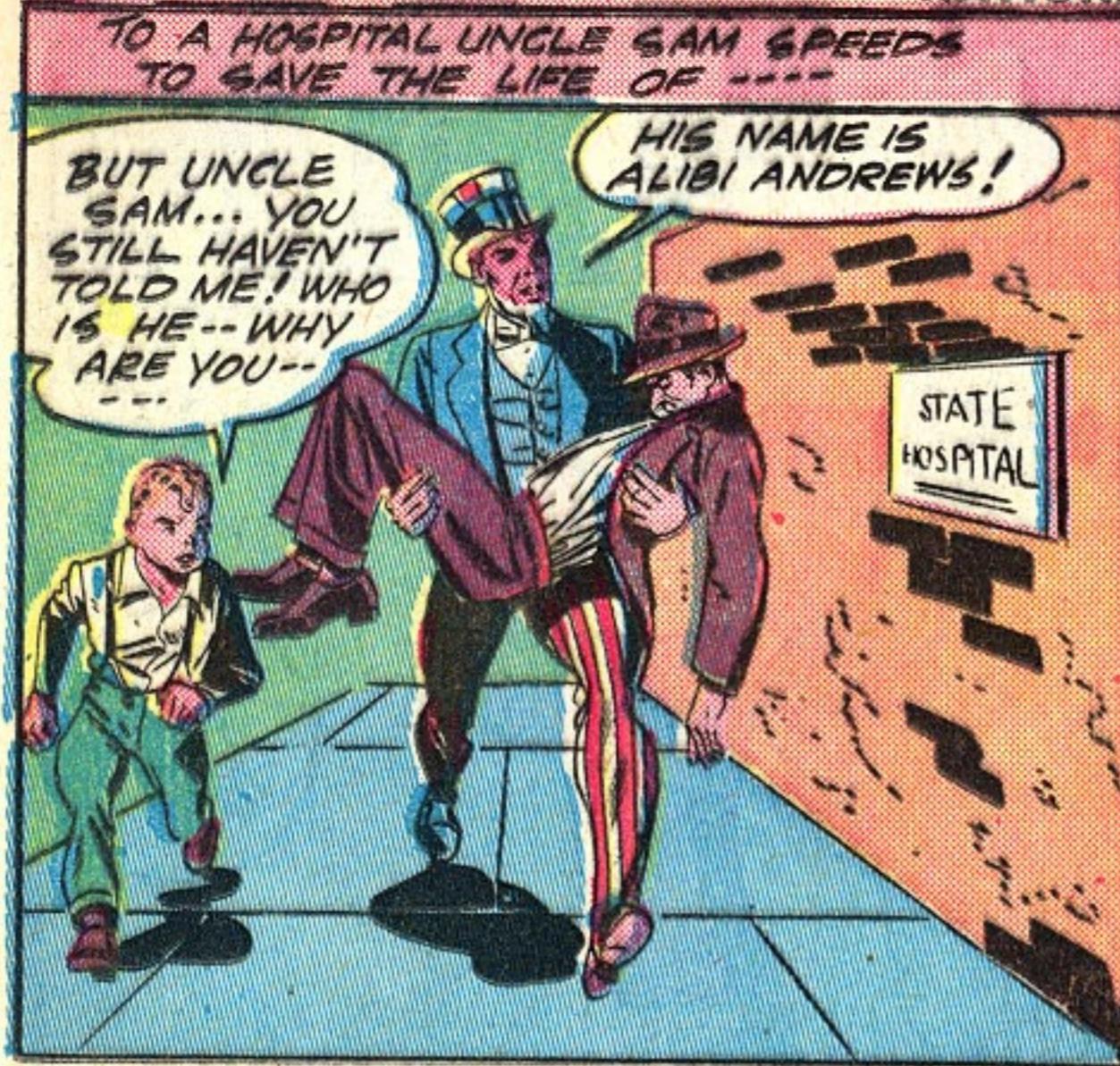
THEY WOULDN'T
GIVE ME A
CHANCE---I WAS
AN OUTCAST--A
"JAIL BIRD" THEY SAID.
I PLEADED FOR A
CHANCE TO BE
DECENT-- BUT THEY
ALL LAUGHED AT
ALIBI ANDREWS--
THE THIRD TERMER--
MAYBE WHEN I DIE
THEY'LL BELIEVE
ME!

By
AL
GABRIELE

WATER

BUND

2-12-5



CAS SOON AS HE REACHED TOWN ---
ALIBI LOOKED FOR WORK ---

WHAT? -- A JAIL BIRD -- A THIRD TERMER,
GET OUT -- WHO'D HIRE YOU
GET OUT!

AND SO ALIBI
TOOK TO THE
STREET AGAIN
-- BITTERNESS
FILLED HIS
HEART!

6TH AVE SUBWAY

GET OUT,
HE SAID!
GET OUT!

B-BUT--
SIR,--
I-I?

**JOB
FOR ALL**

EMPLOYMENT

BUT I TELL
YA, I'M
GOIN' STRAIGHT

OKAY--
OKAY--
BEAT
IT!

LATER, PASSING A STORE,
ALIBI SAW A SIGN THAT
SENT HIS HEART-LEAP-
ING FOR JOY!

HERE'S MY
CHANCE -- I'LL
SHOW 'EM
I MEAN
BUSINESS!

**MAN
WANTED**

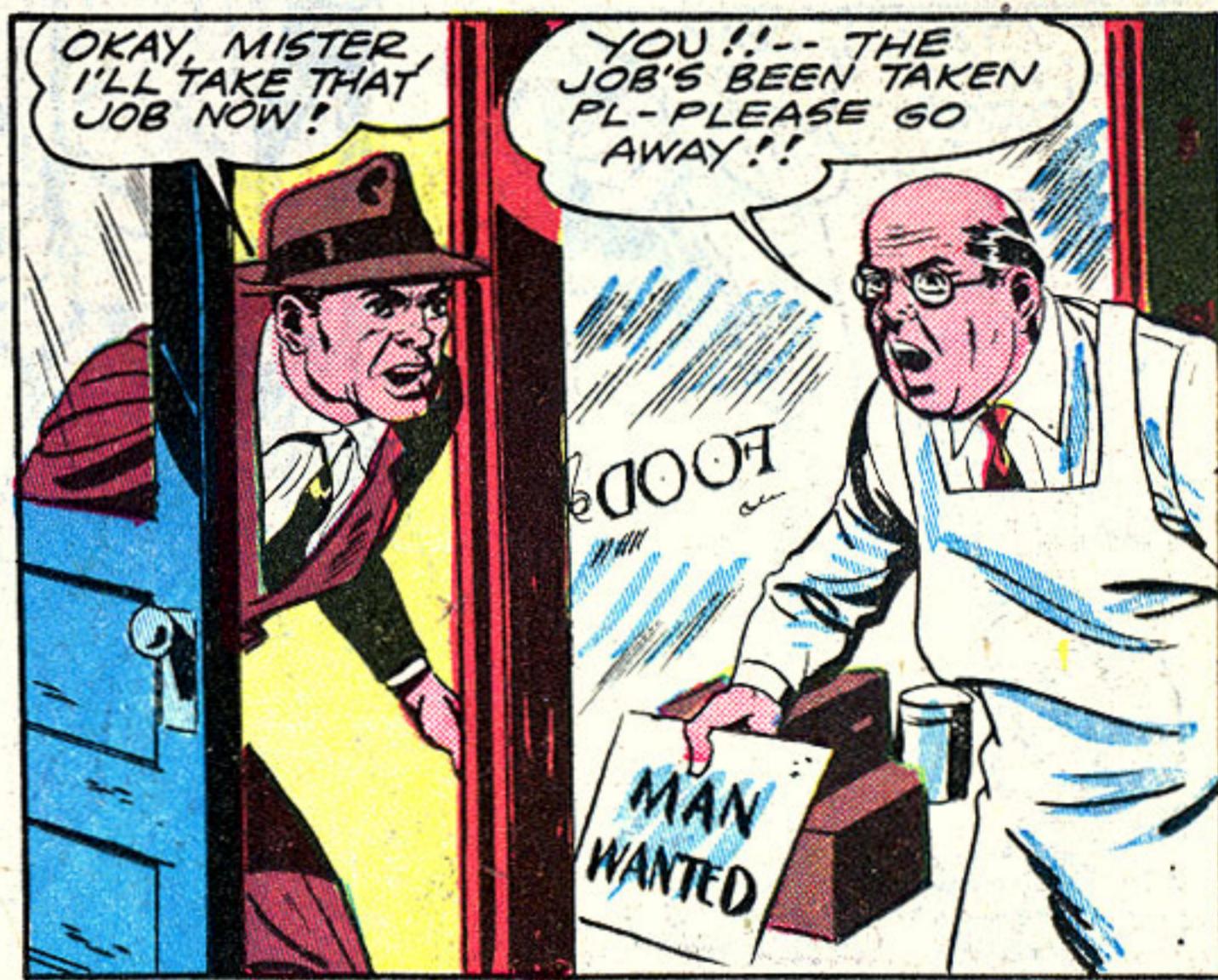
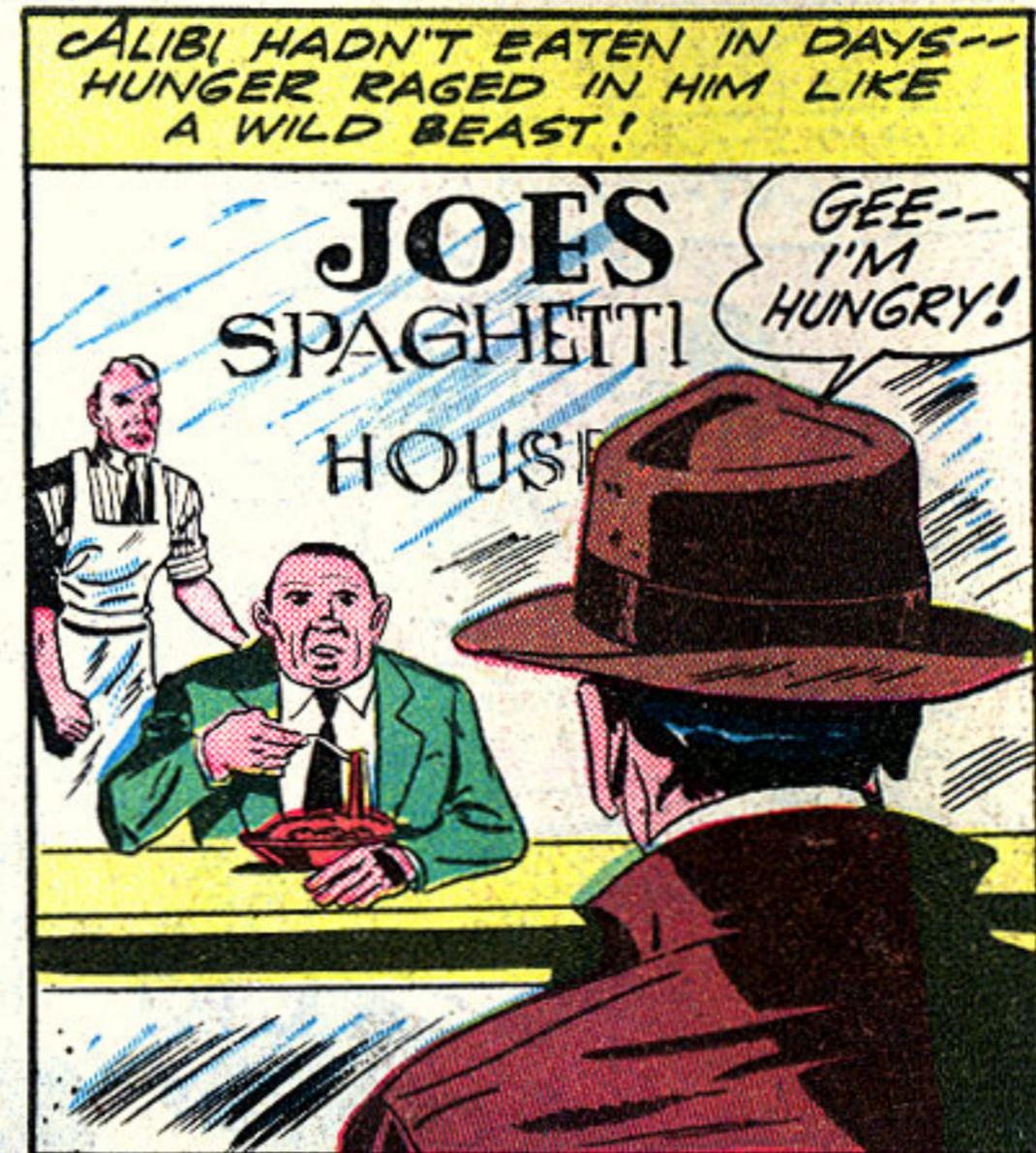
YOU LOOK LIKE A
STRONG WORKER!
IT'S A GOOD JOB--
IT PAYS FIFTEEN
DOLLARS A WEEK AND...

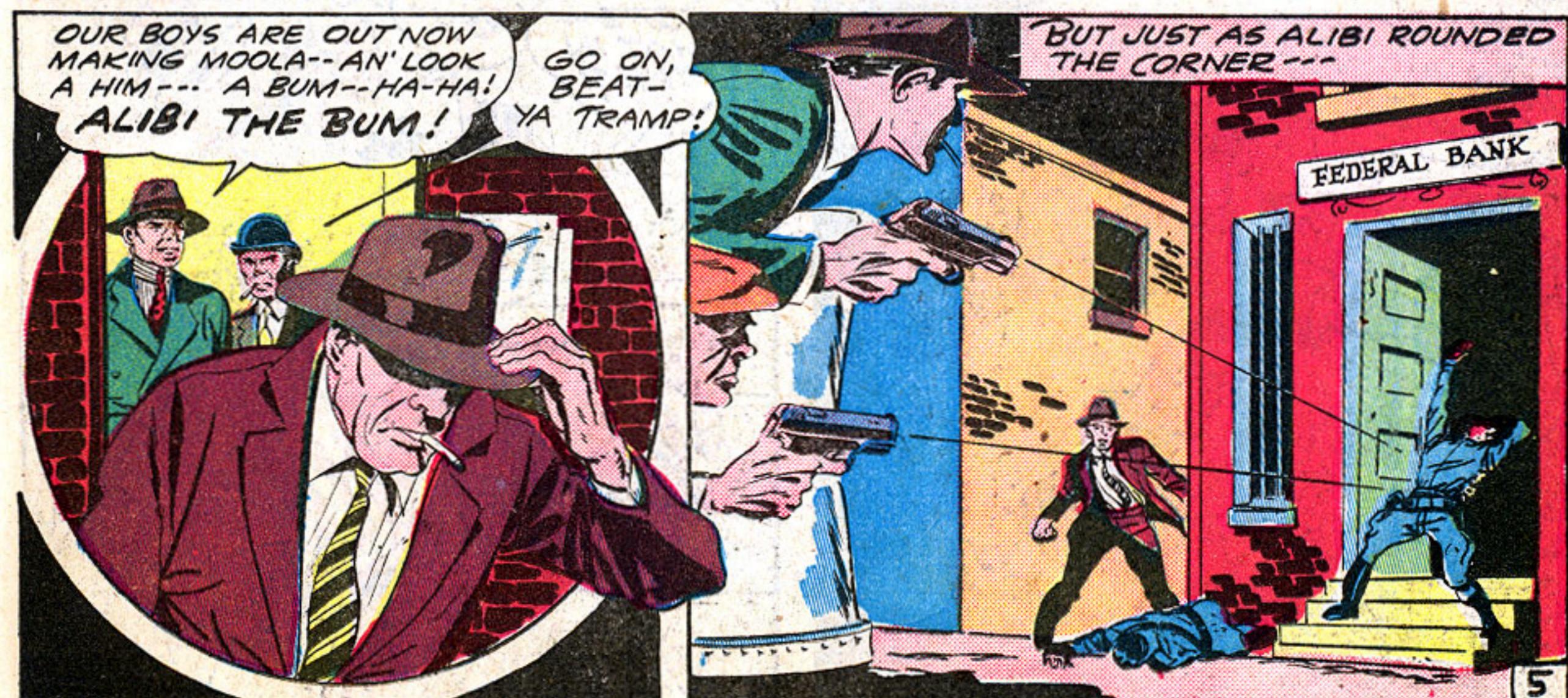
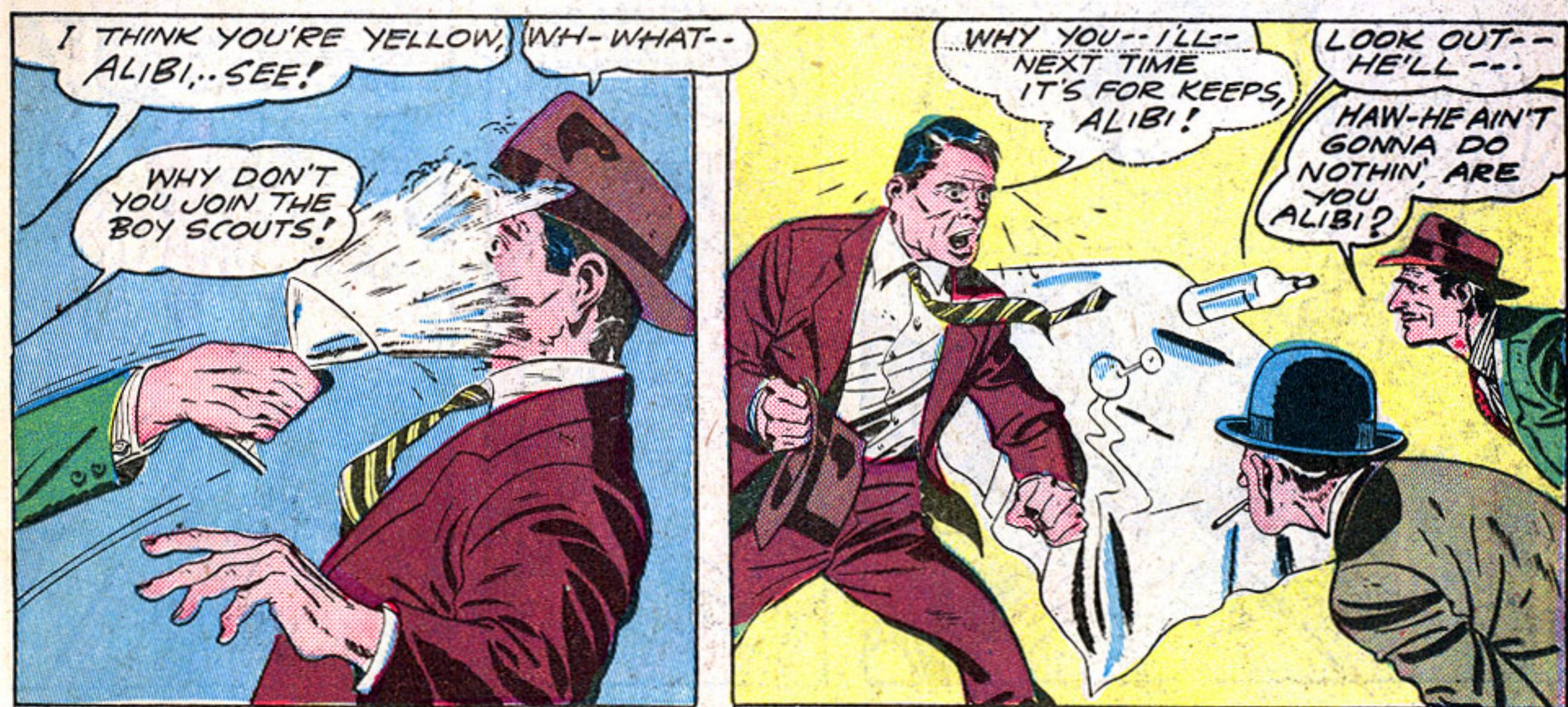
**45
SALE
EGGS**

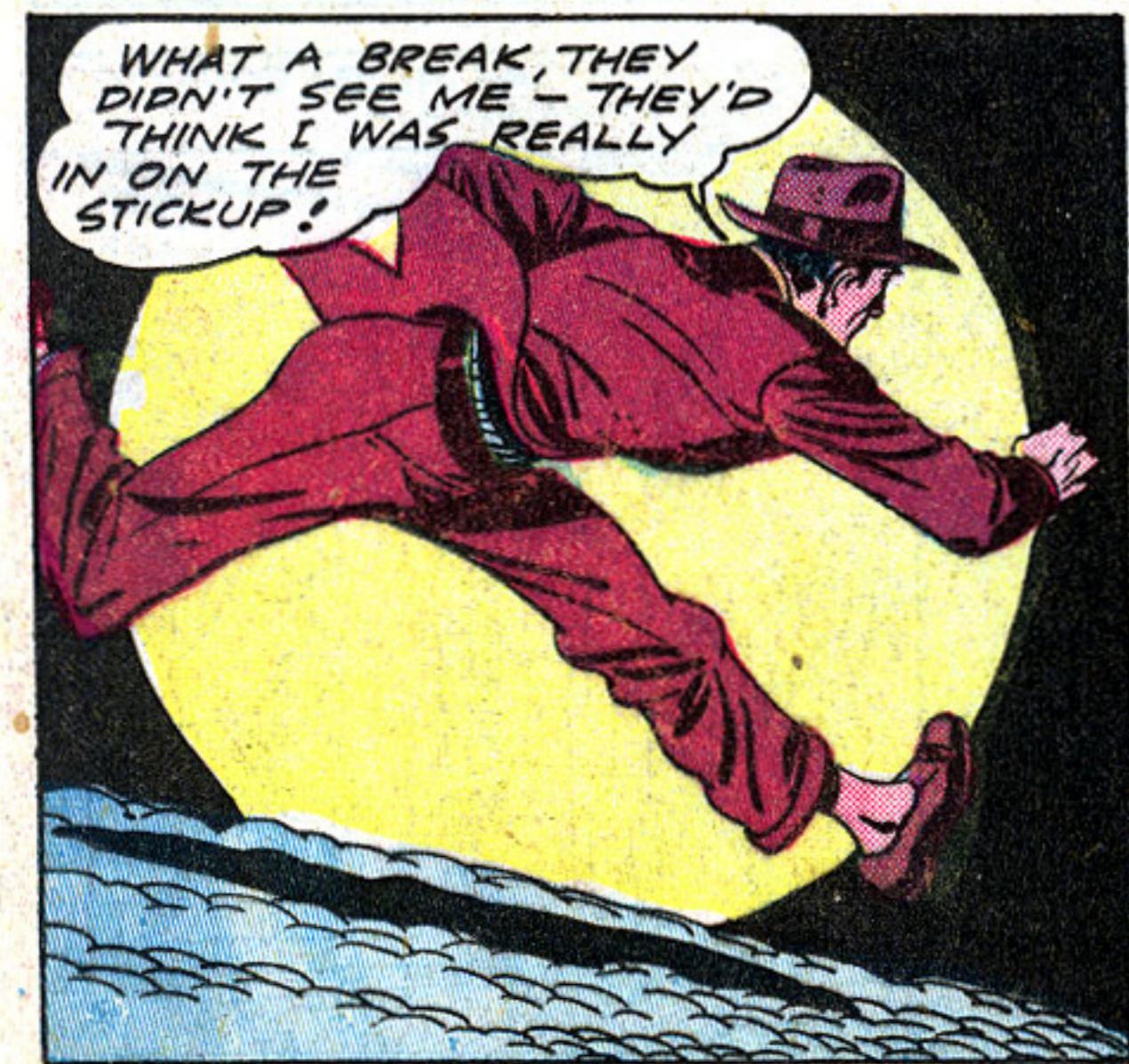
I NEED
THE JOB,
MISTER--
WHAT?

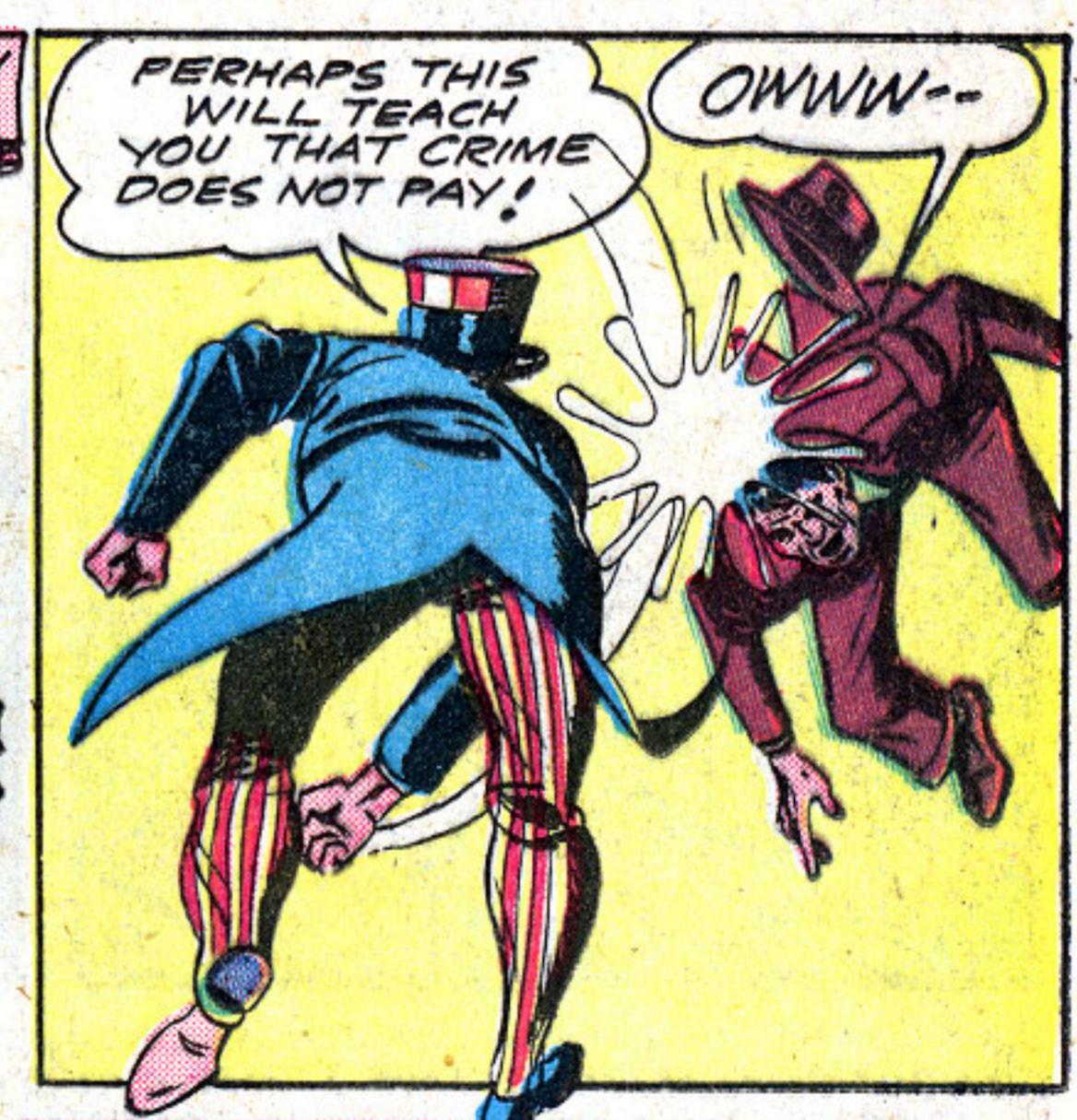
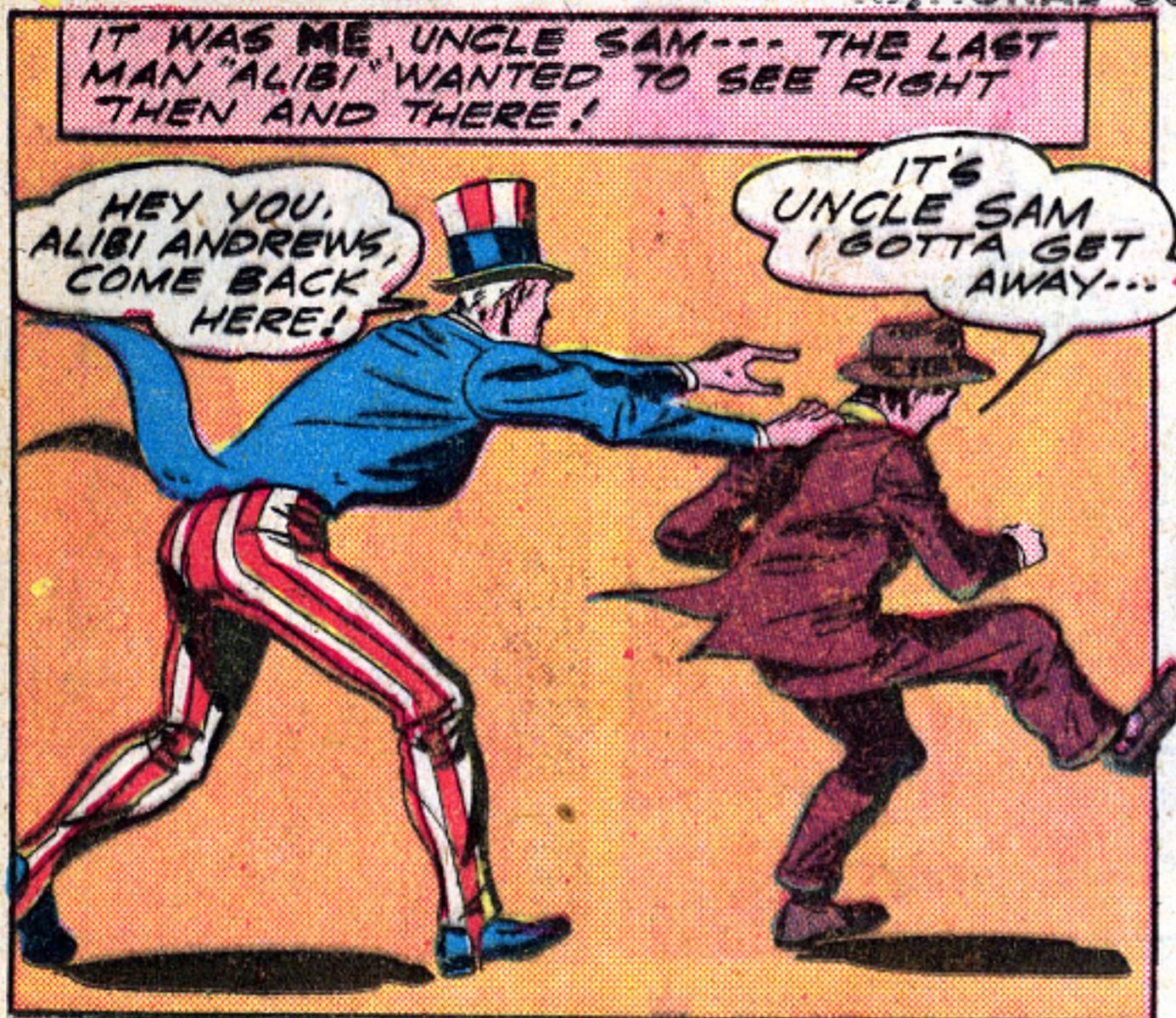
FIFTEEN A WEEK?
WHY YOU DOG, YOU!
I'M ALIBI ANDREWS!
I USED TO RUN
THIS TOWN!

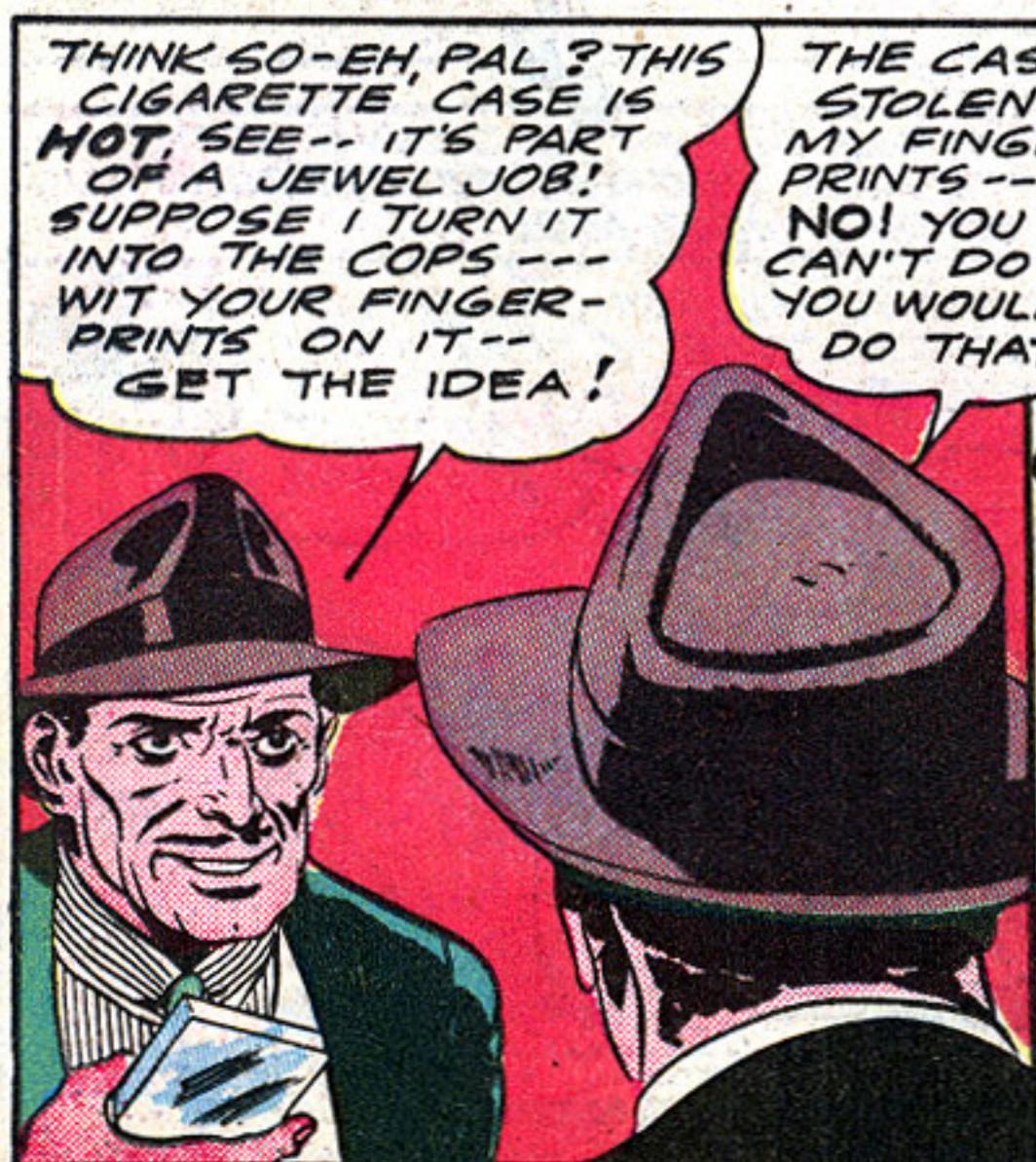
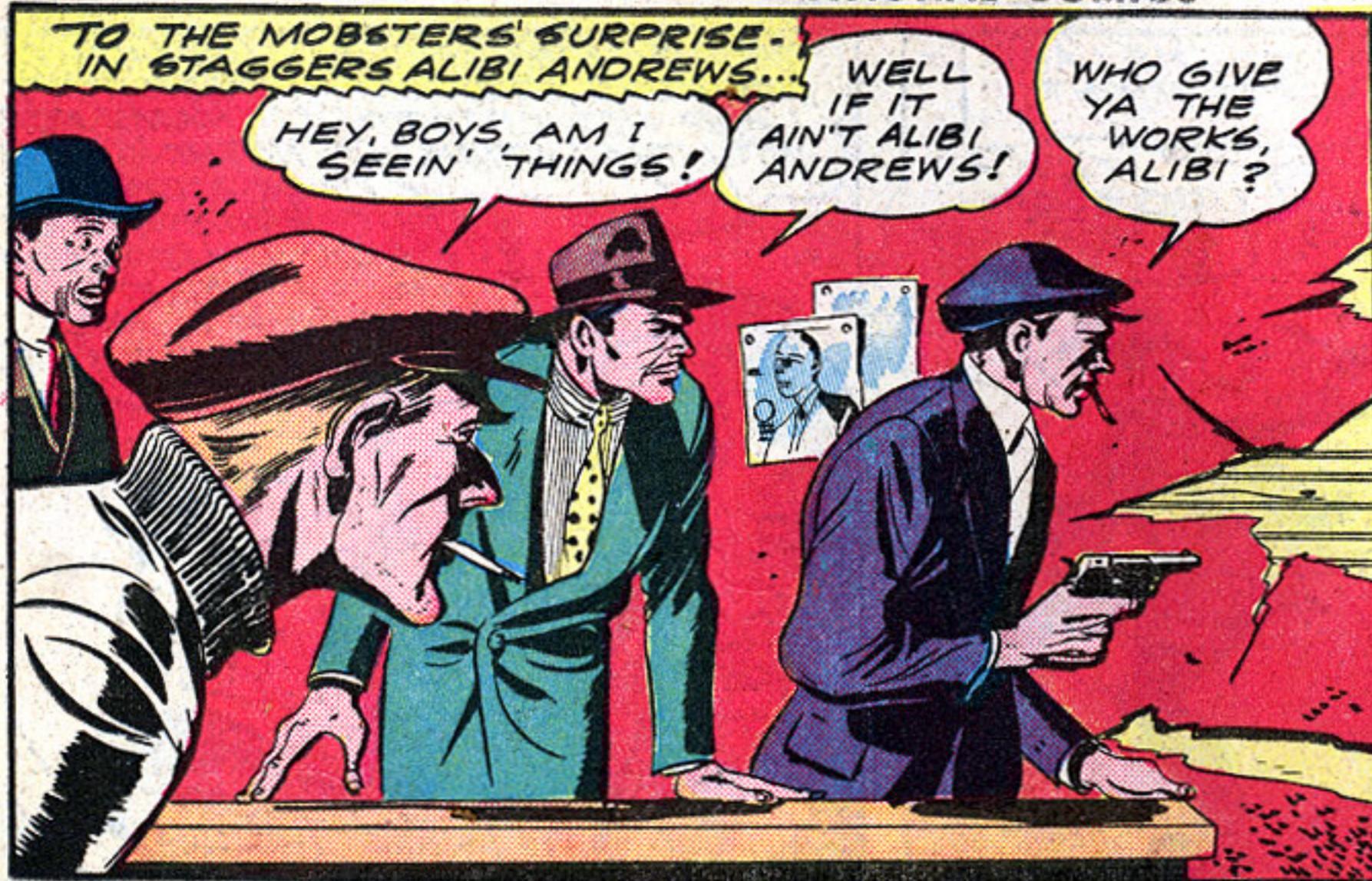
**STOP--
ST--;ST**

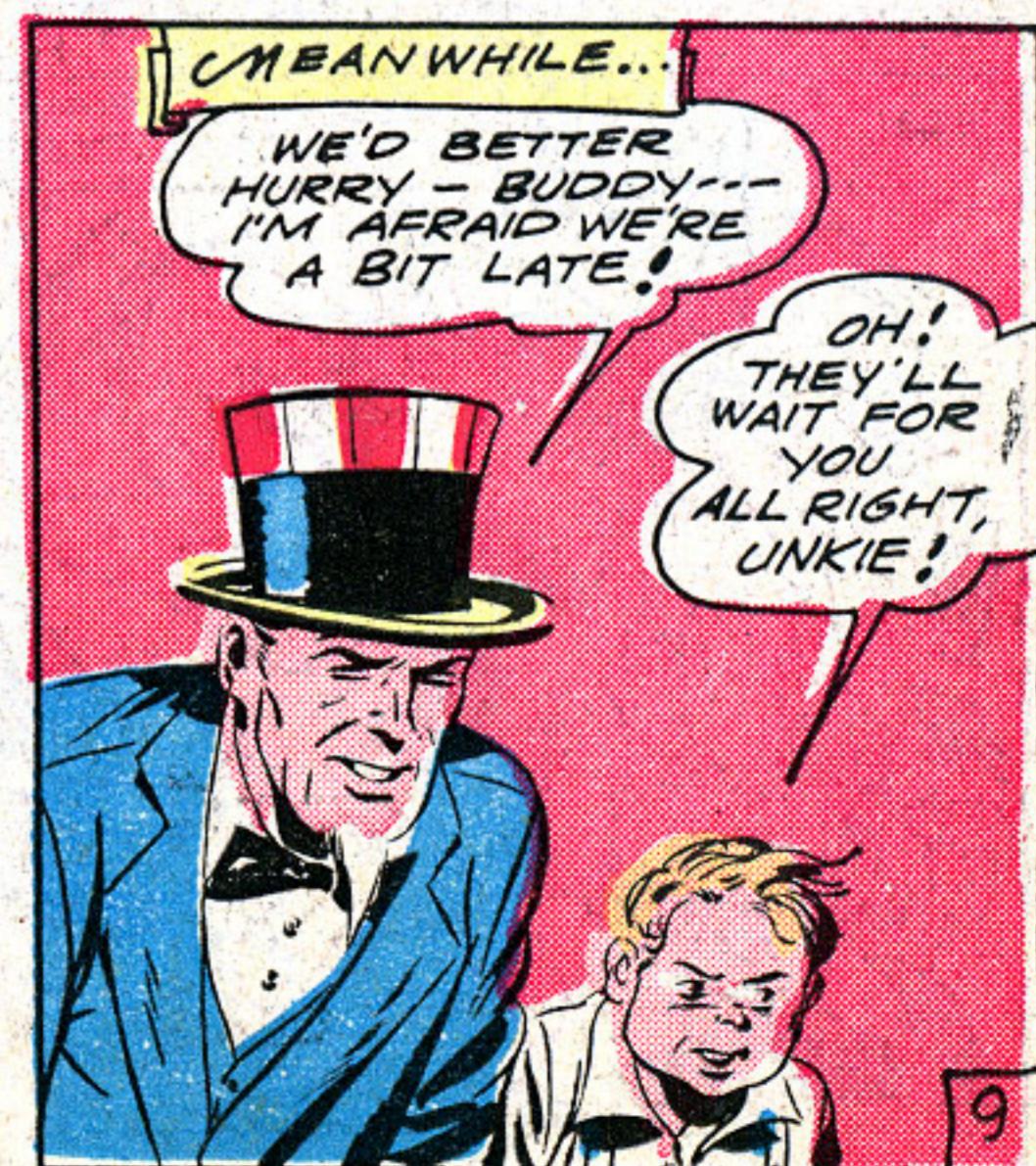
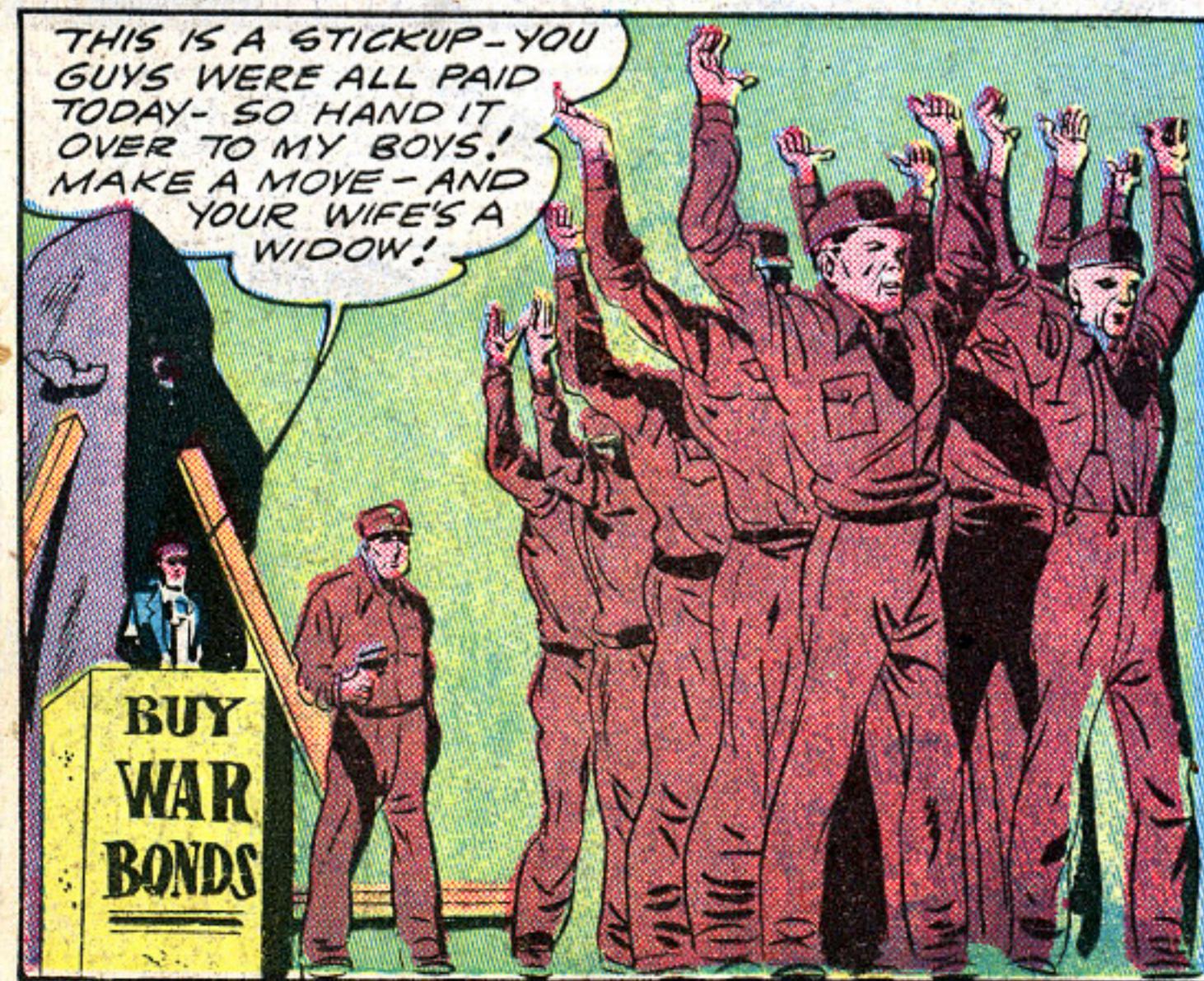
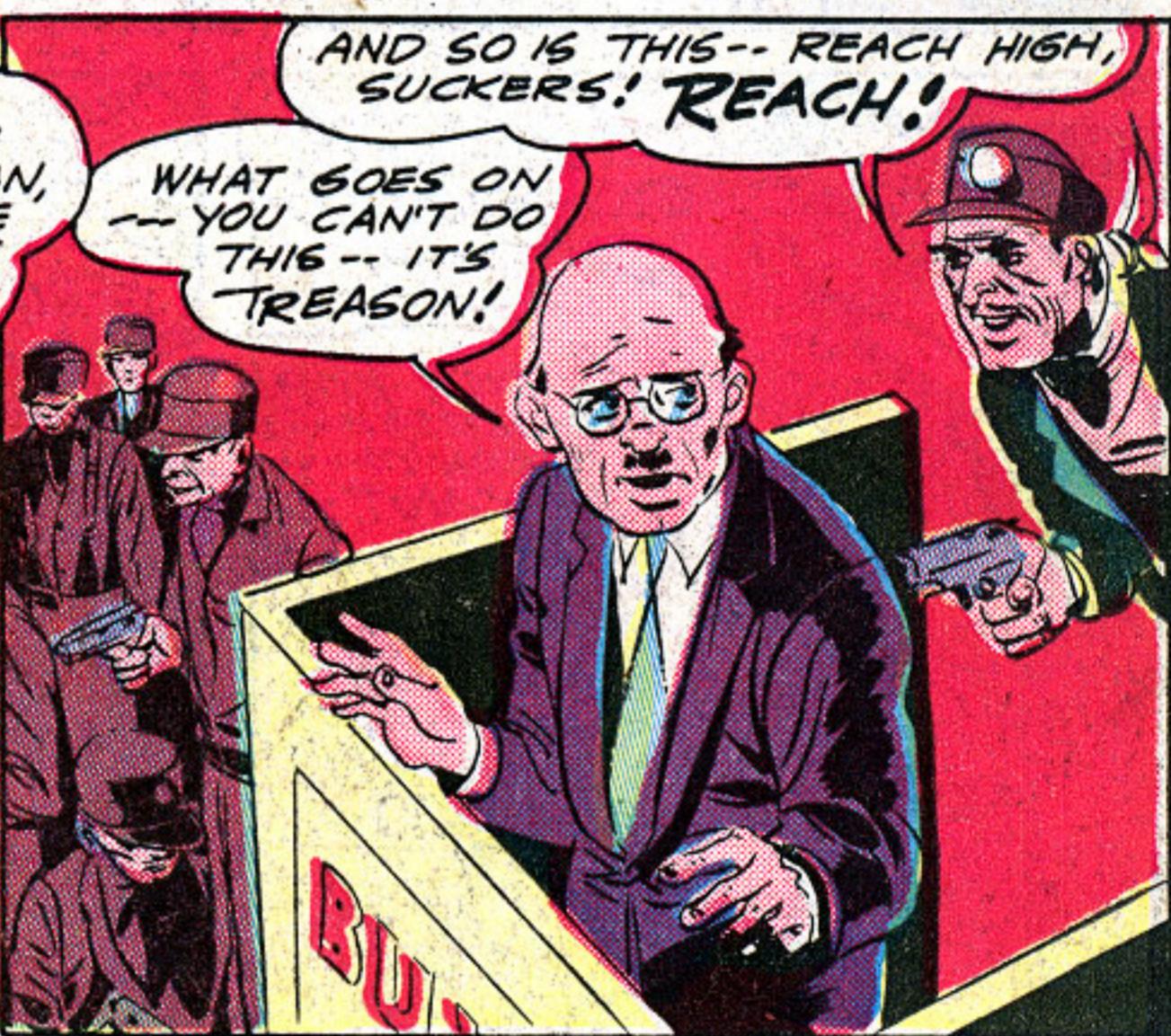
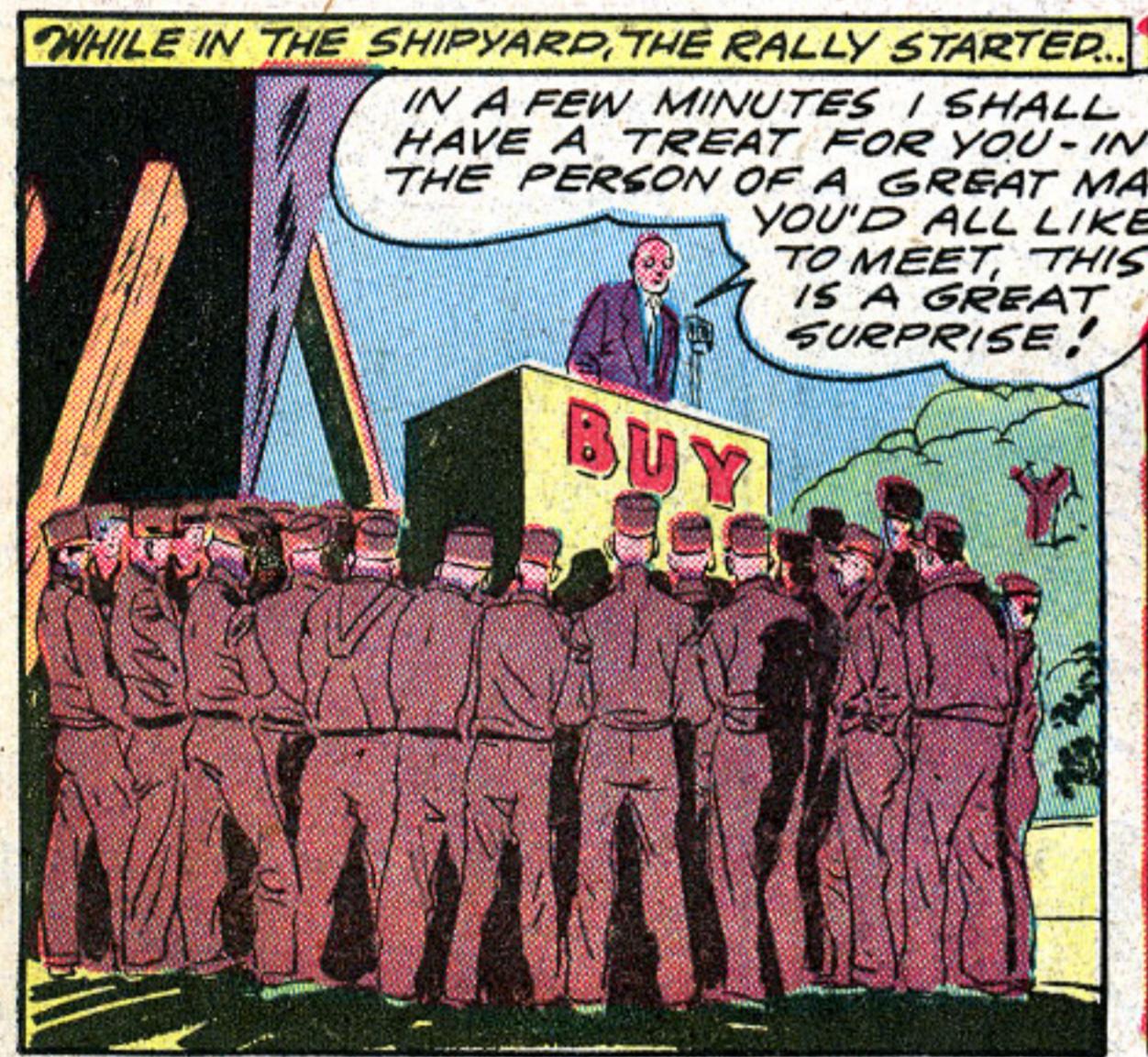
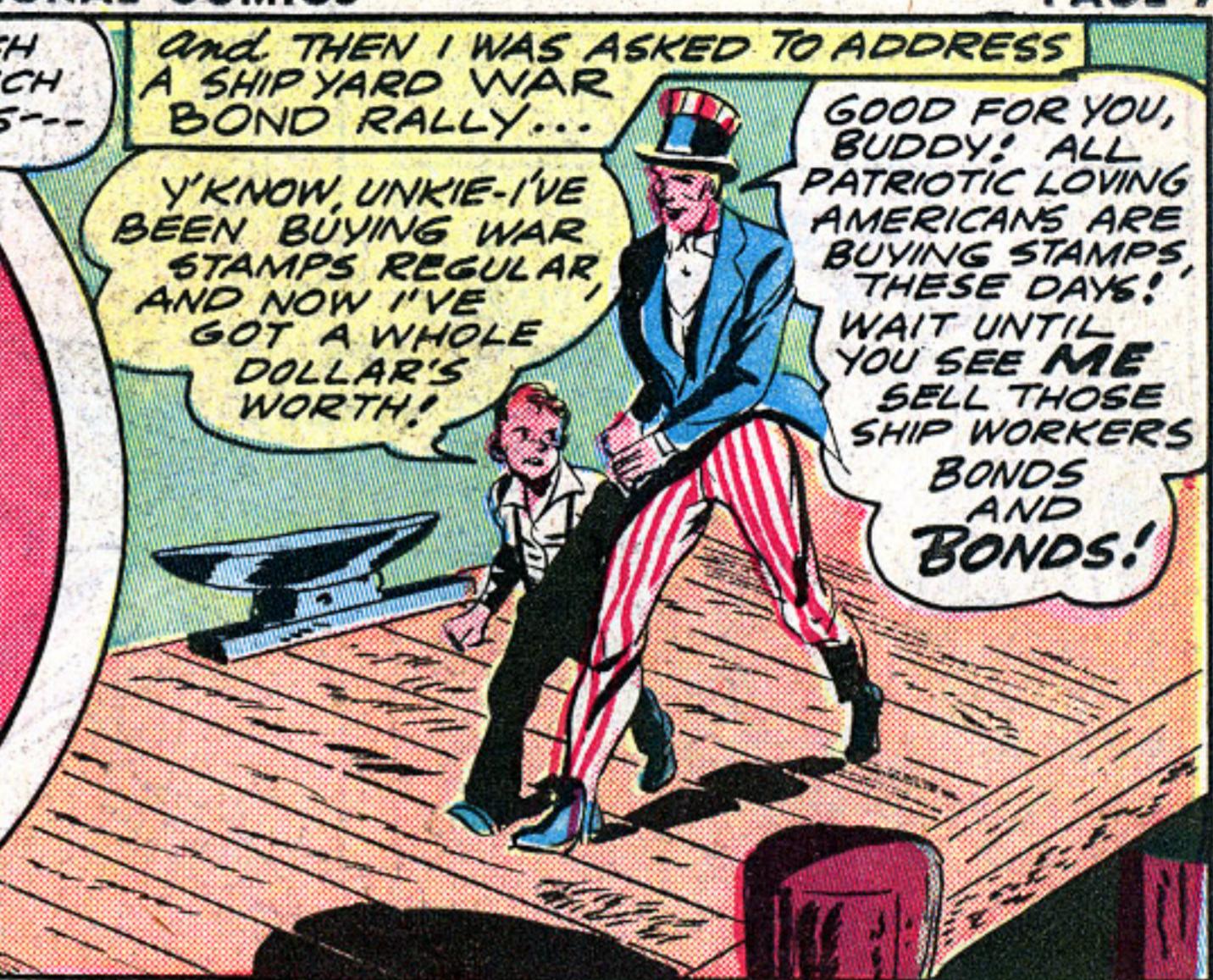


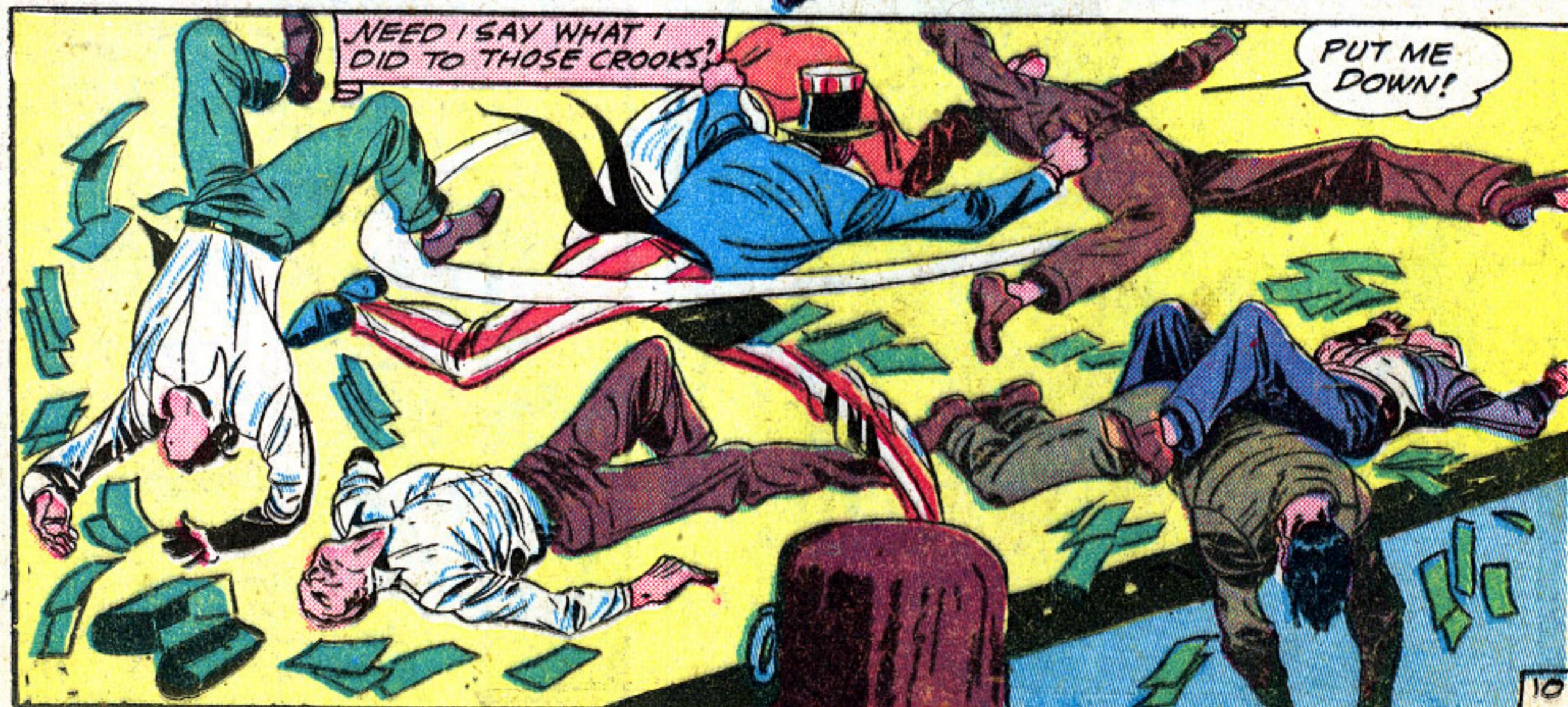
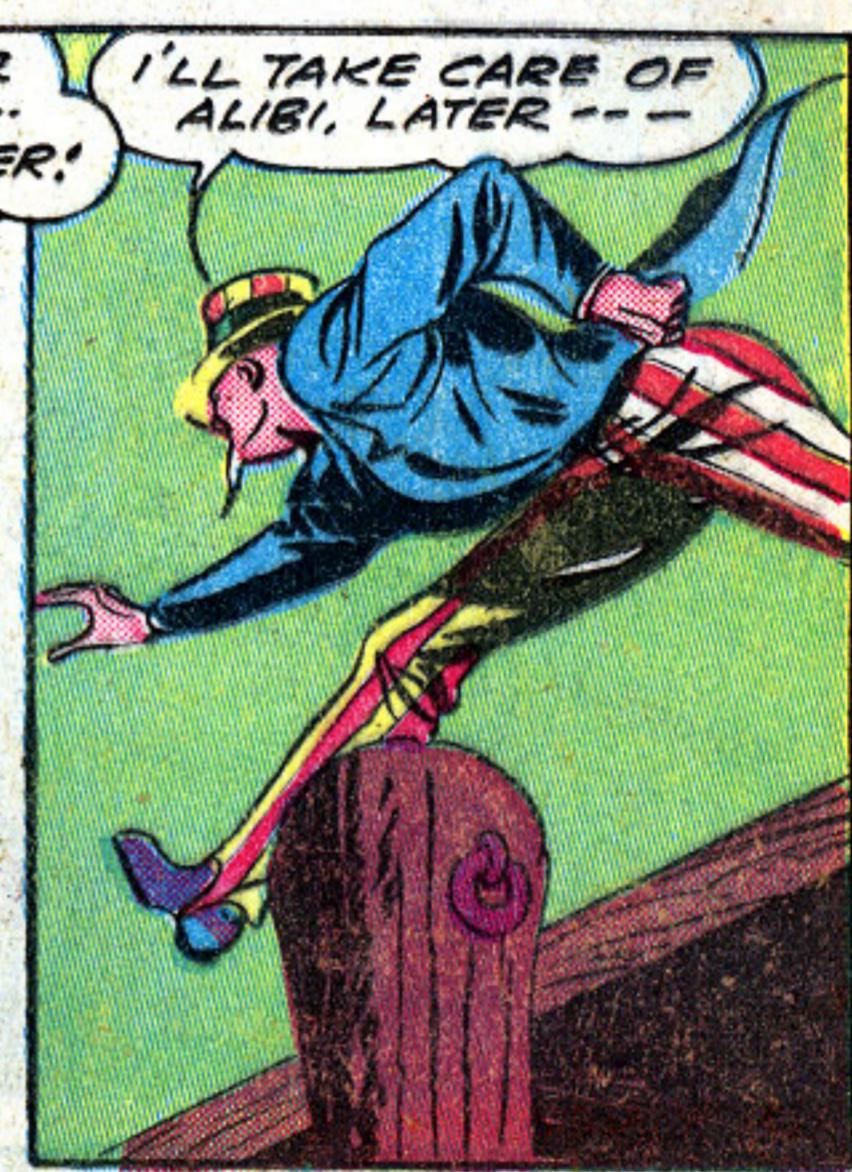
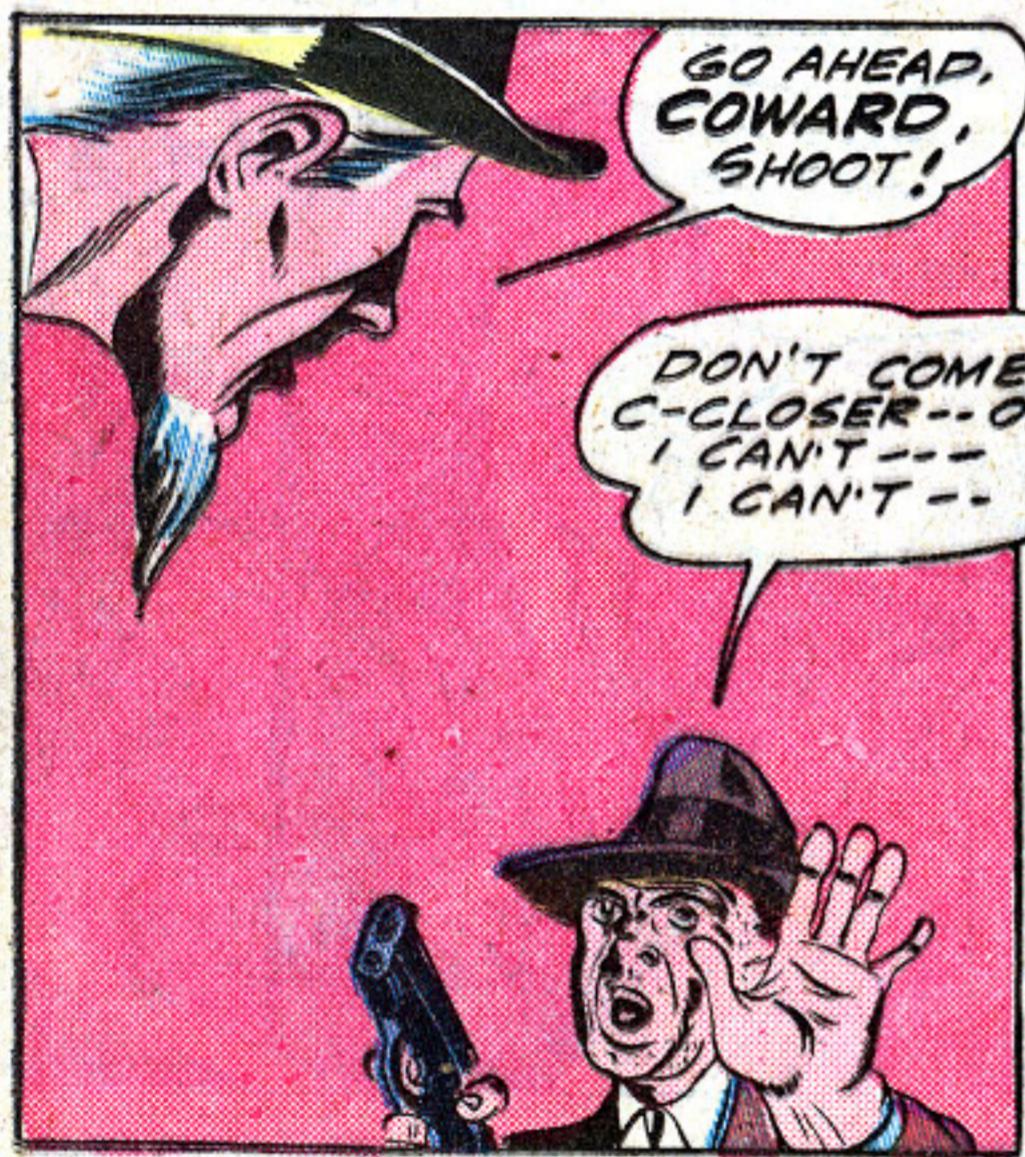


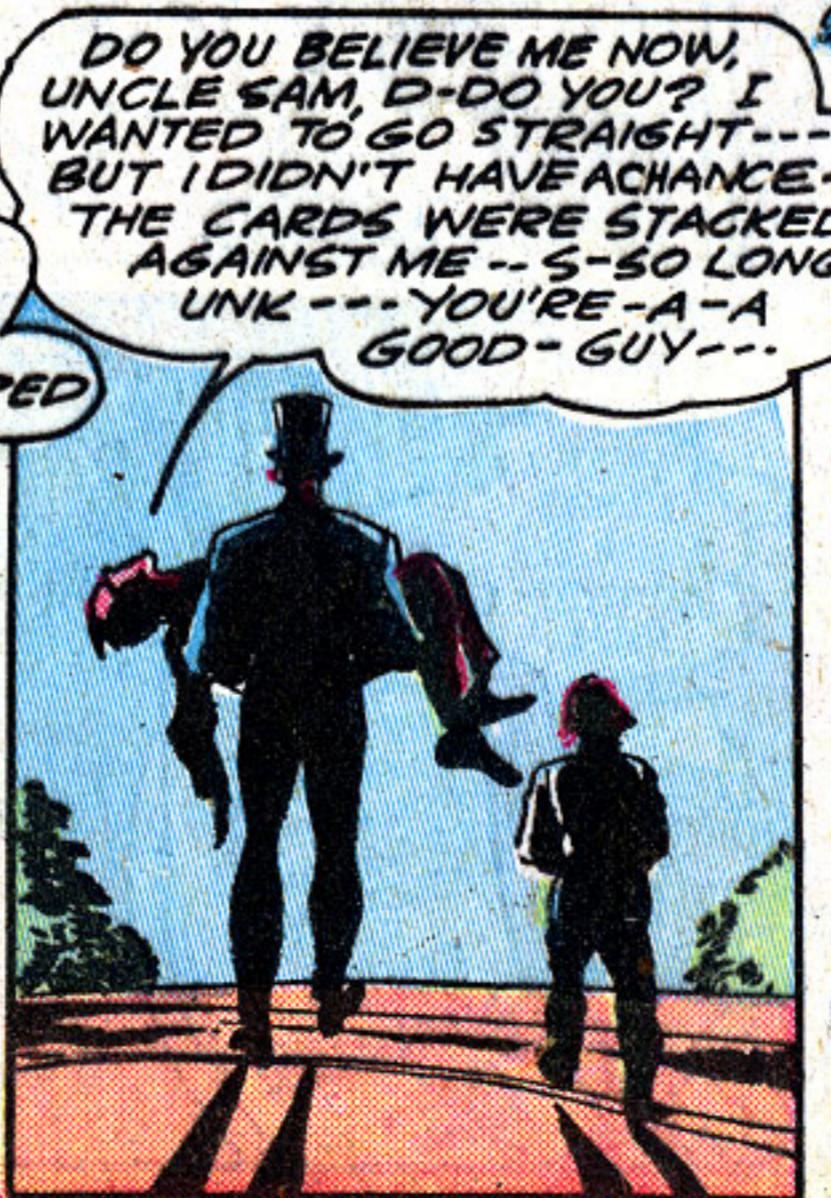
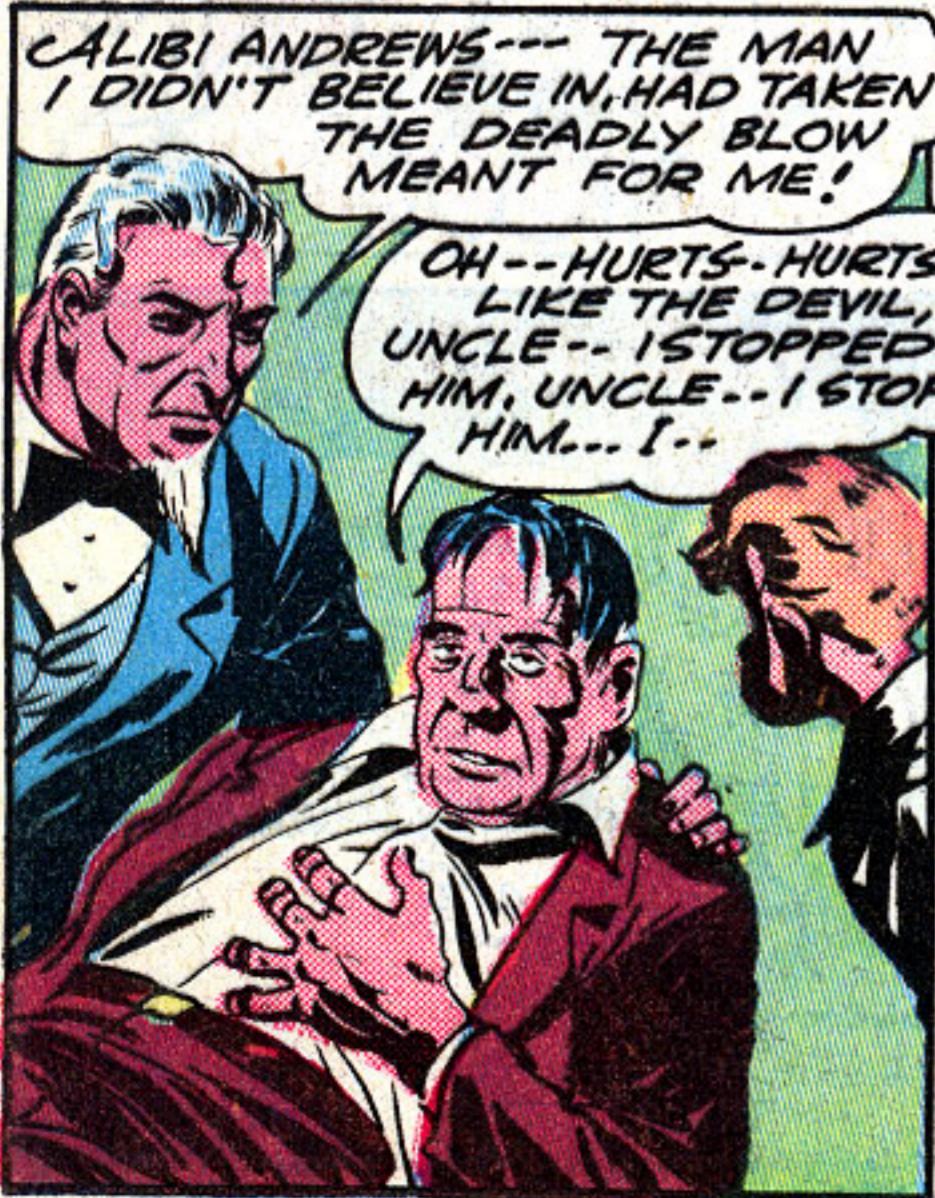
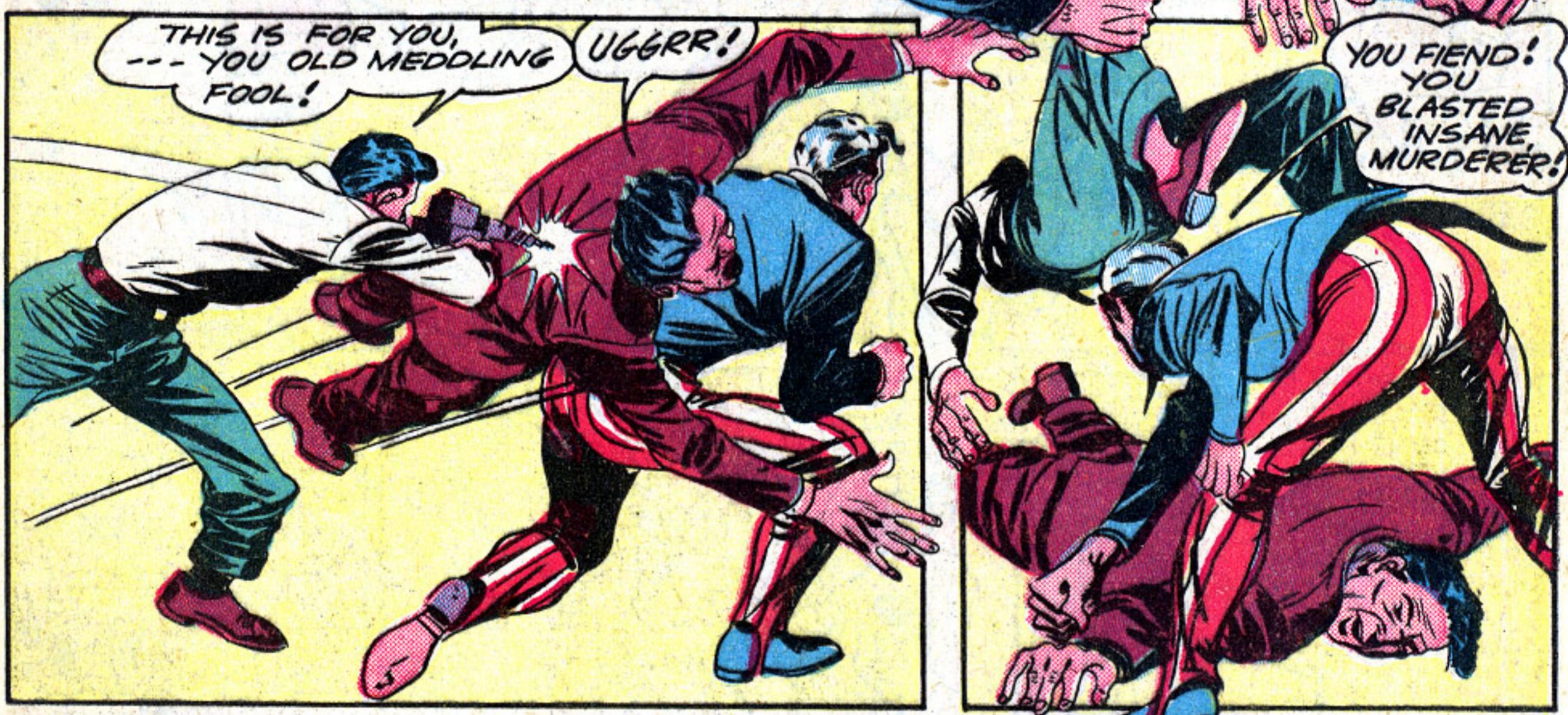
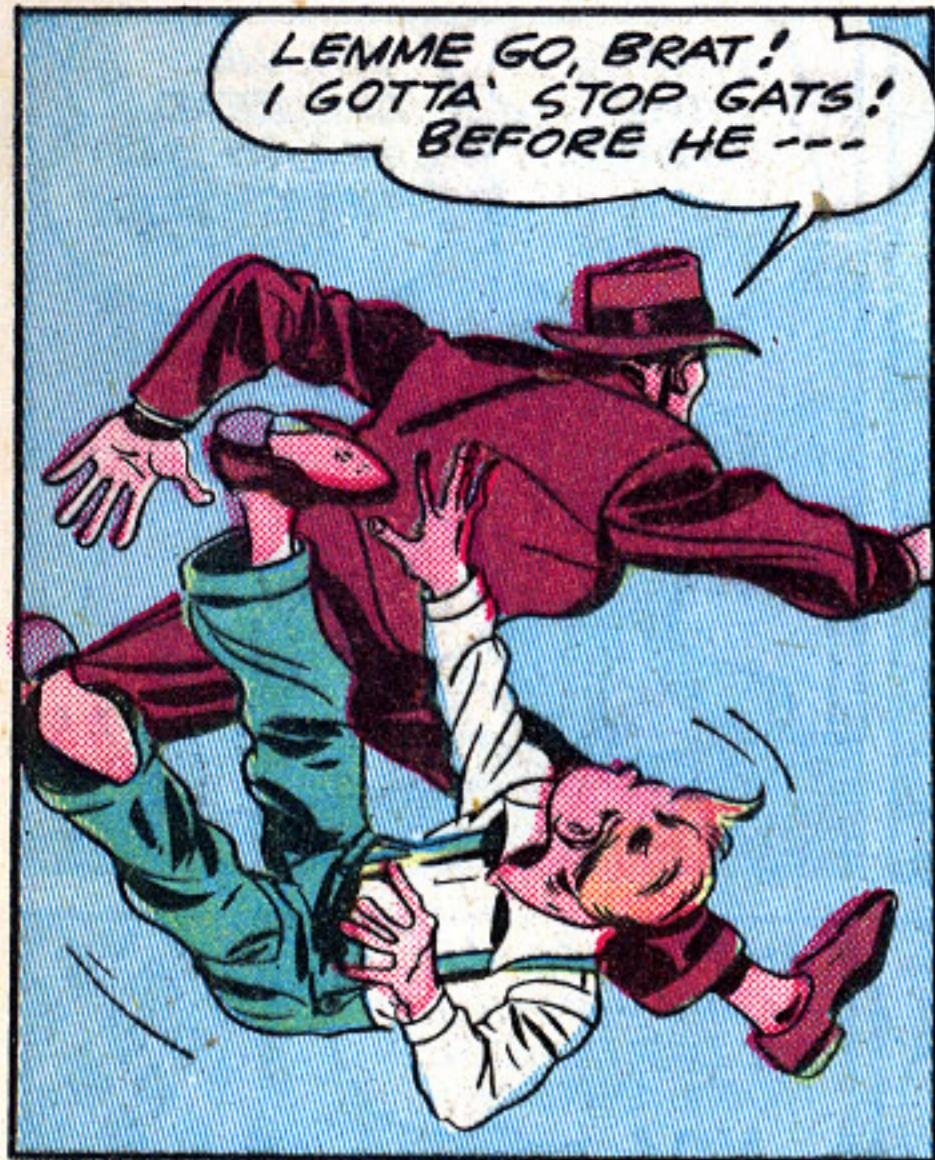


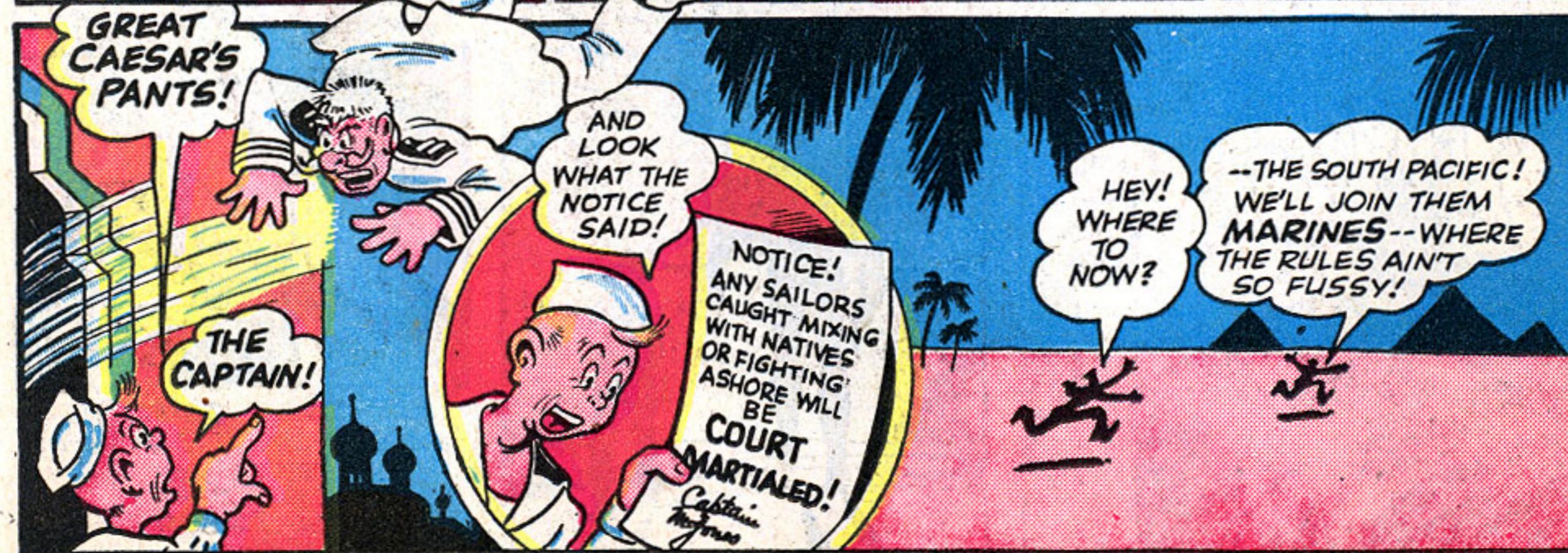
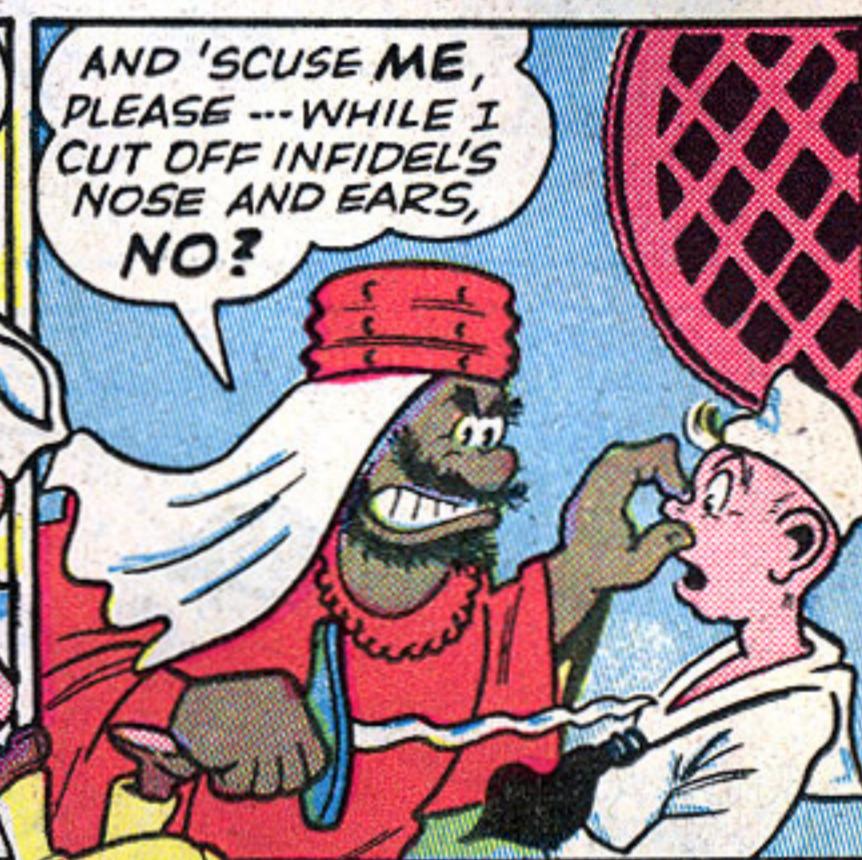
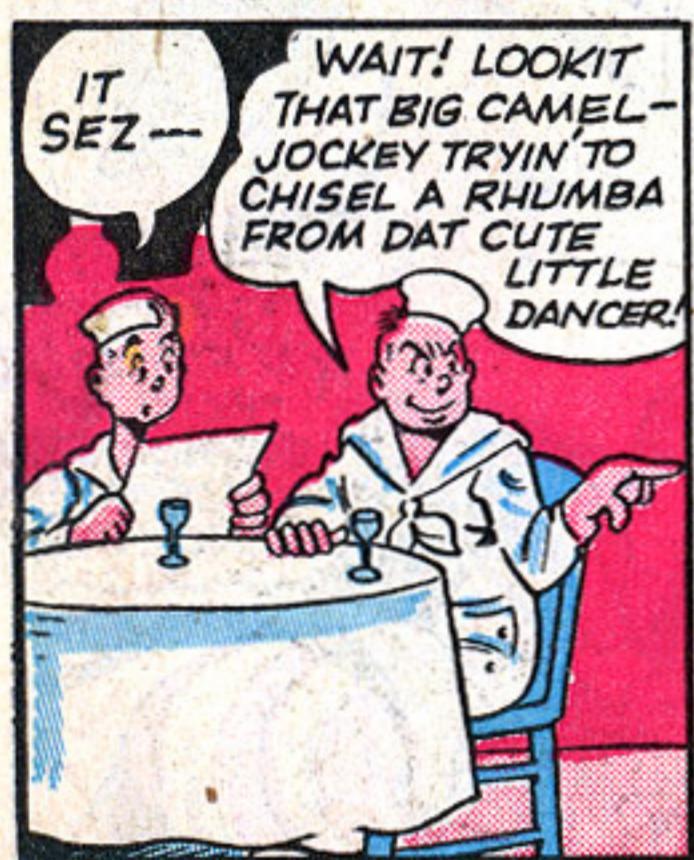












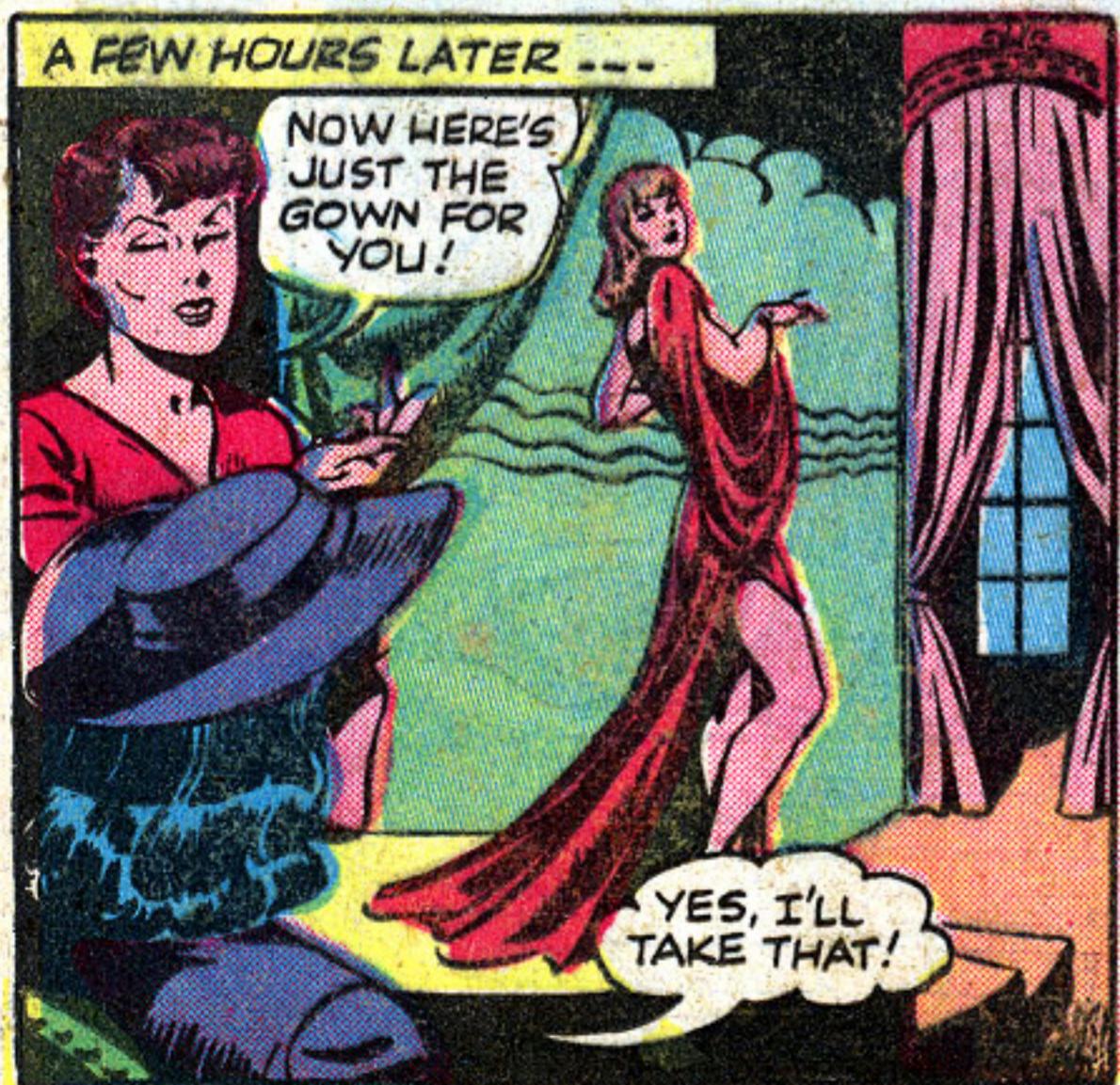
POLICEWOMAN
SALLY O'NEIL

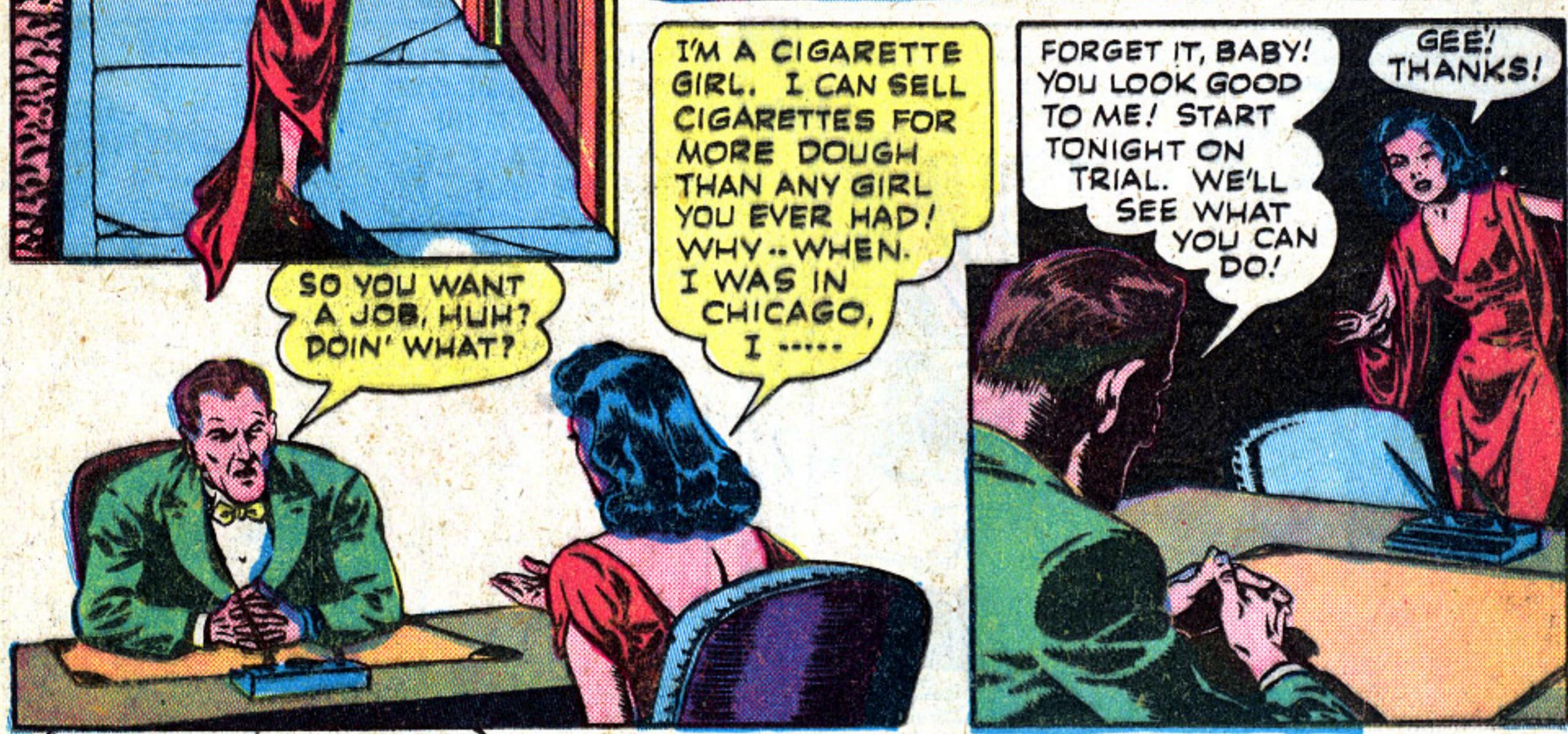
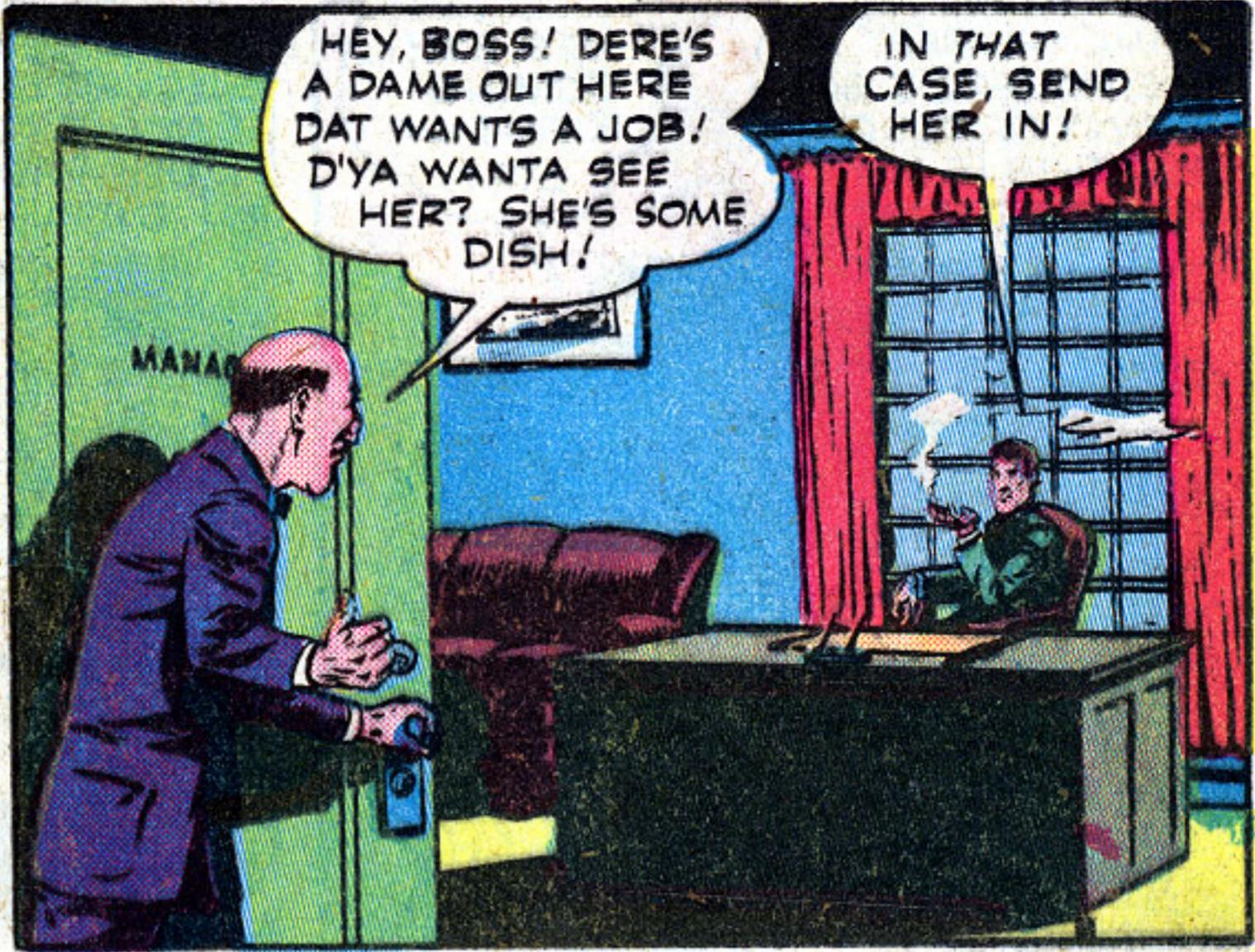
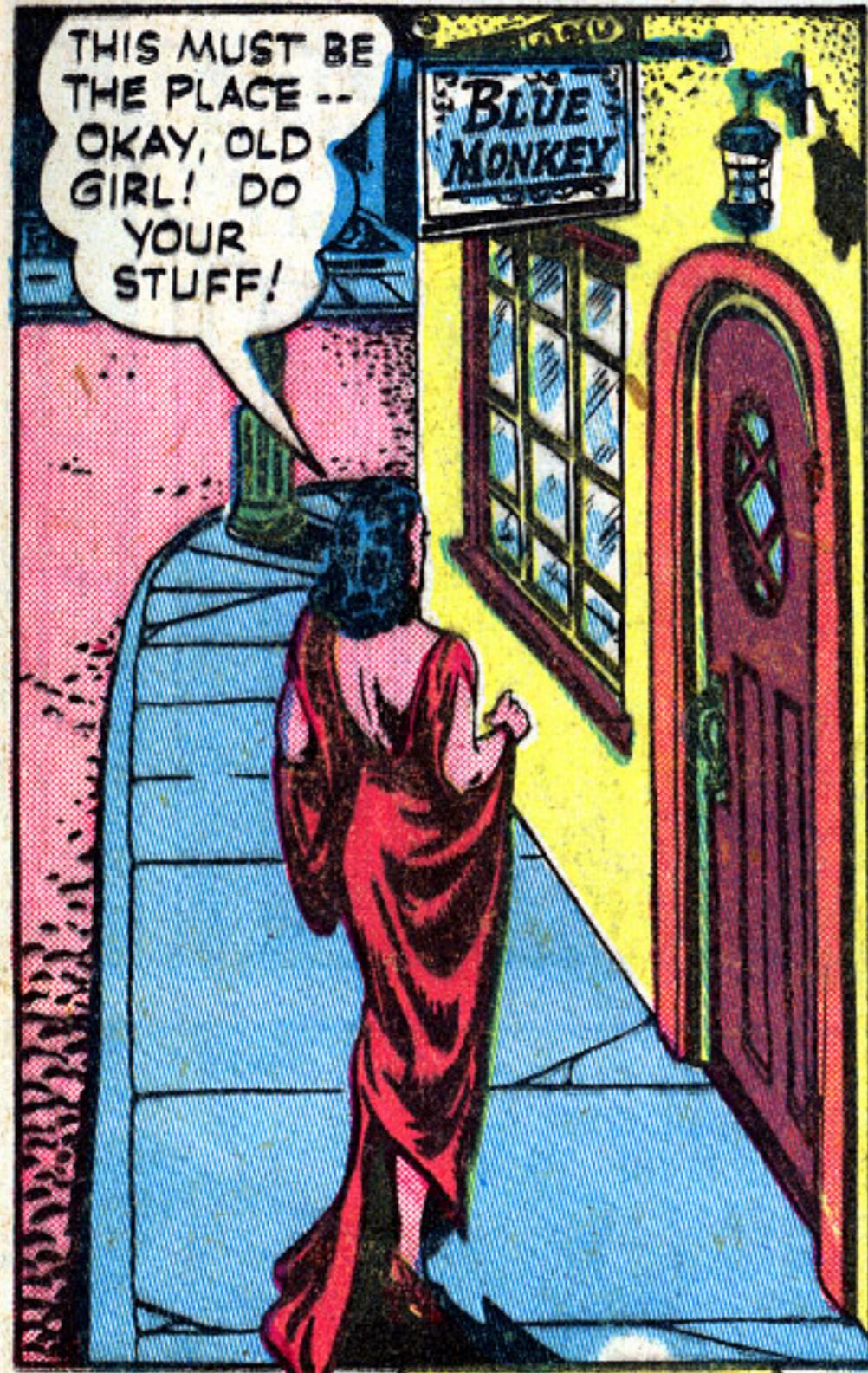
There is a mysterious
MASS MURDER!
"A WATERFRONT HIDE-
OUT!
CRIMES UNSOLVED!

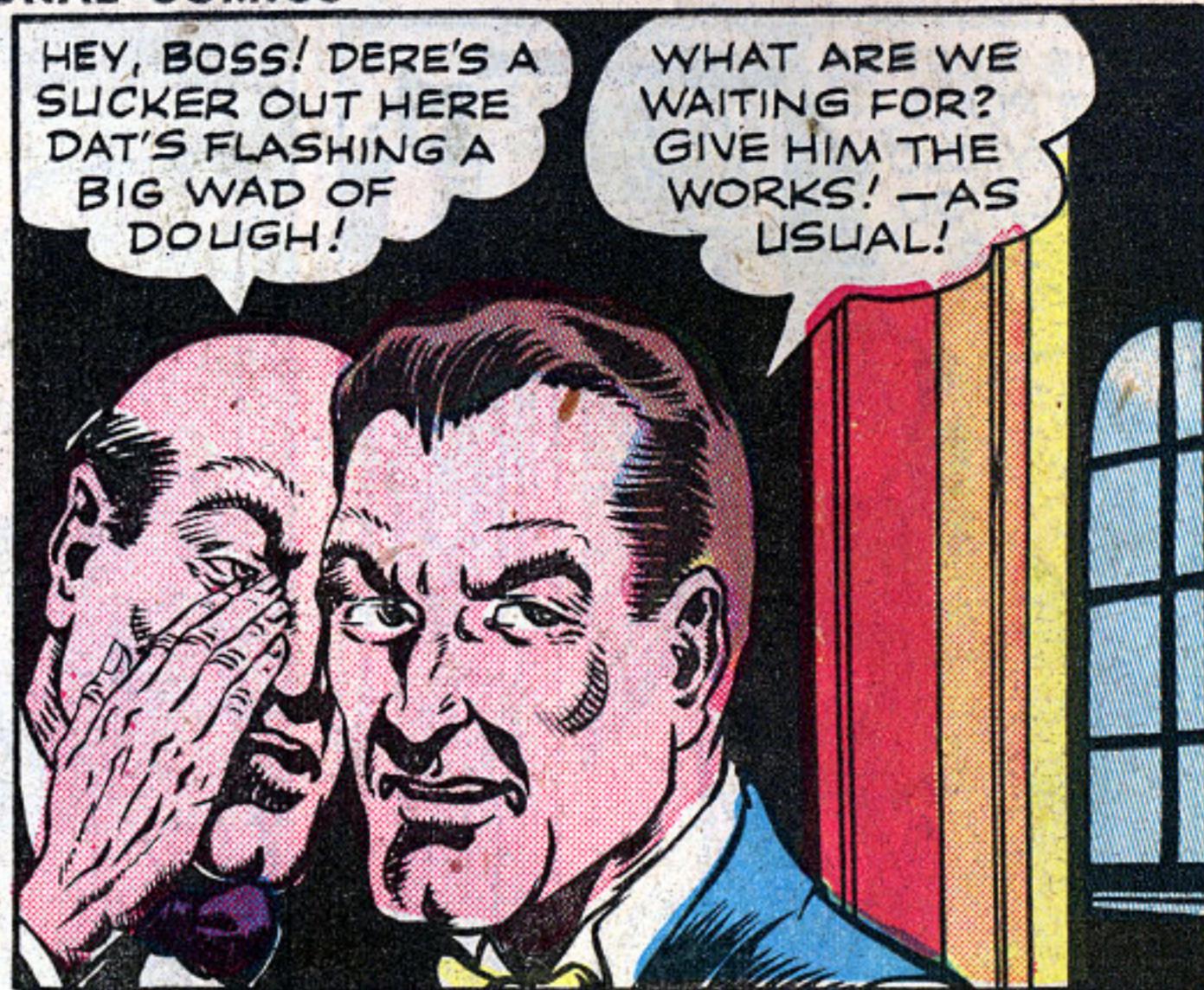
But
Read
for
Yourself
how...

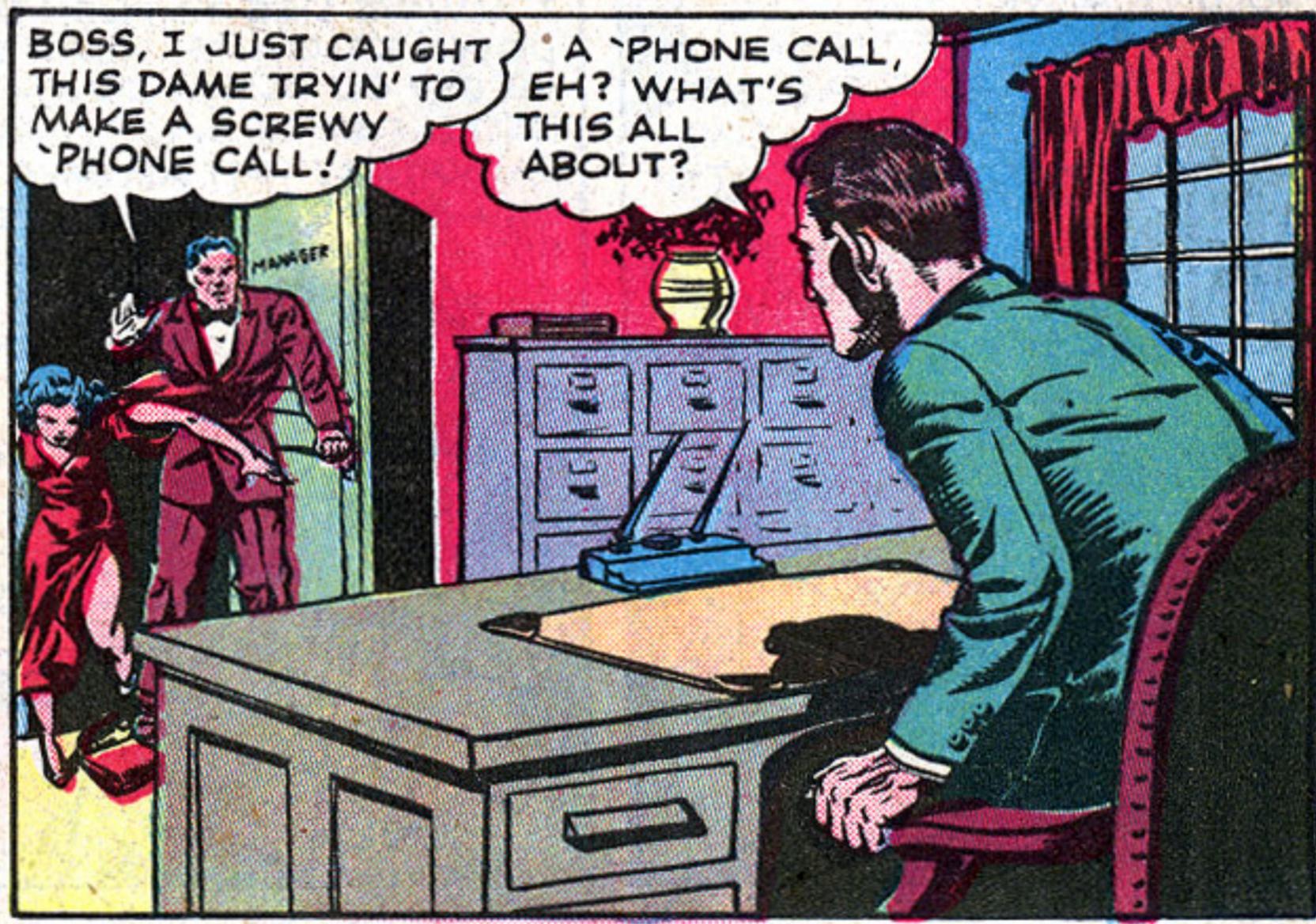
Sally O'neil becomes
Cigarette Girl for
a Night... to capture
one of the most
ruthless gangs of
the Century! ...

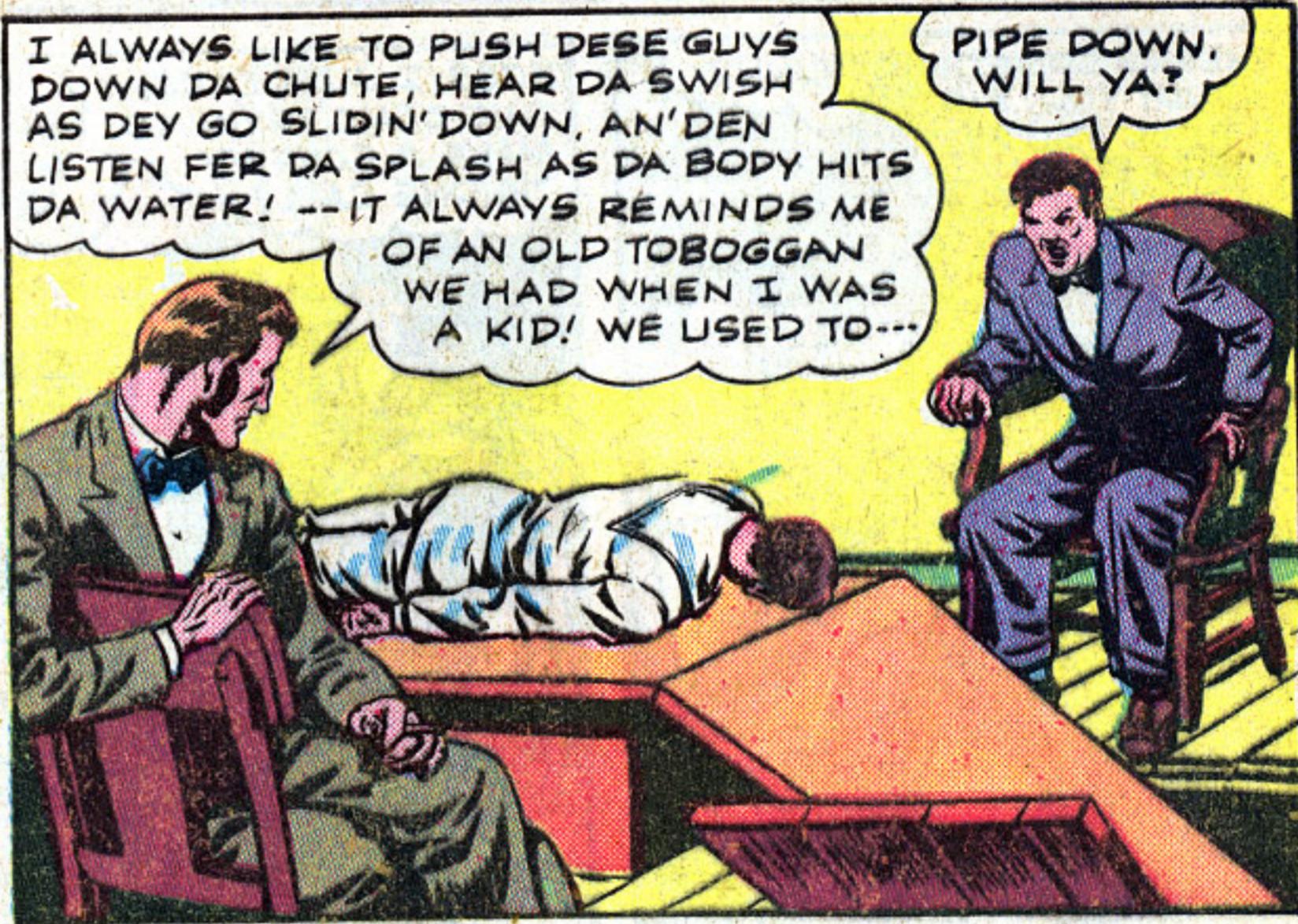
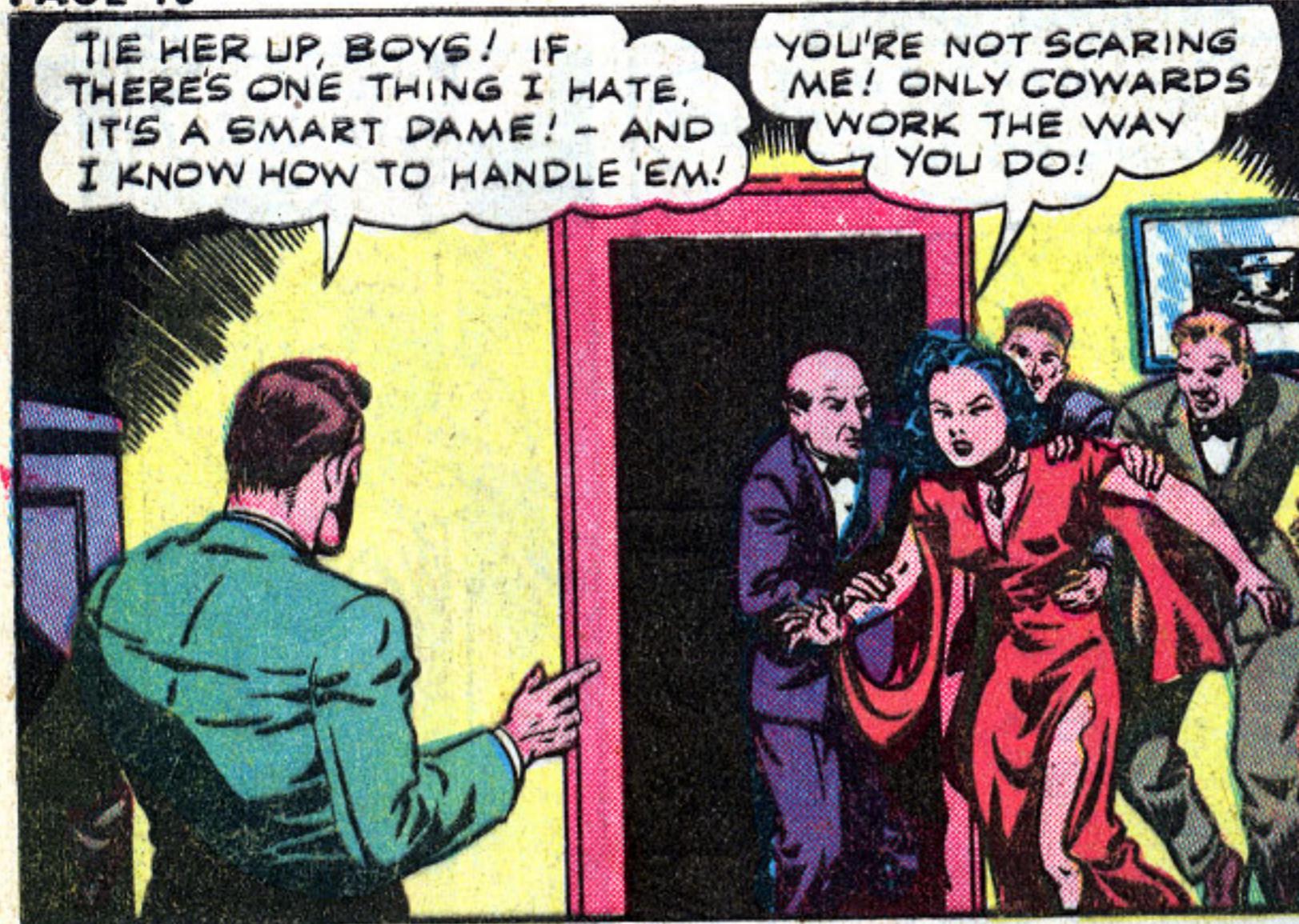
Can a Girl
outwit a
ring of
vicious
murderers
single-
handed?

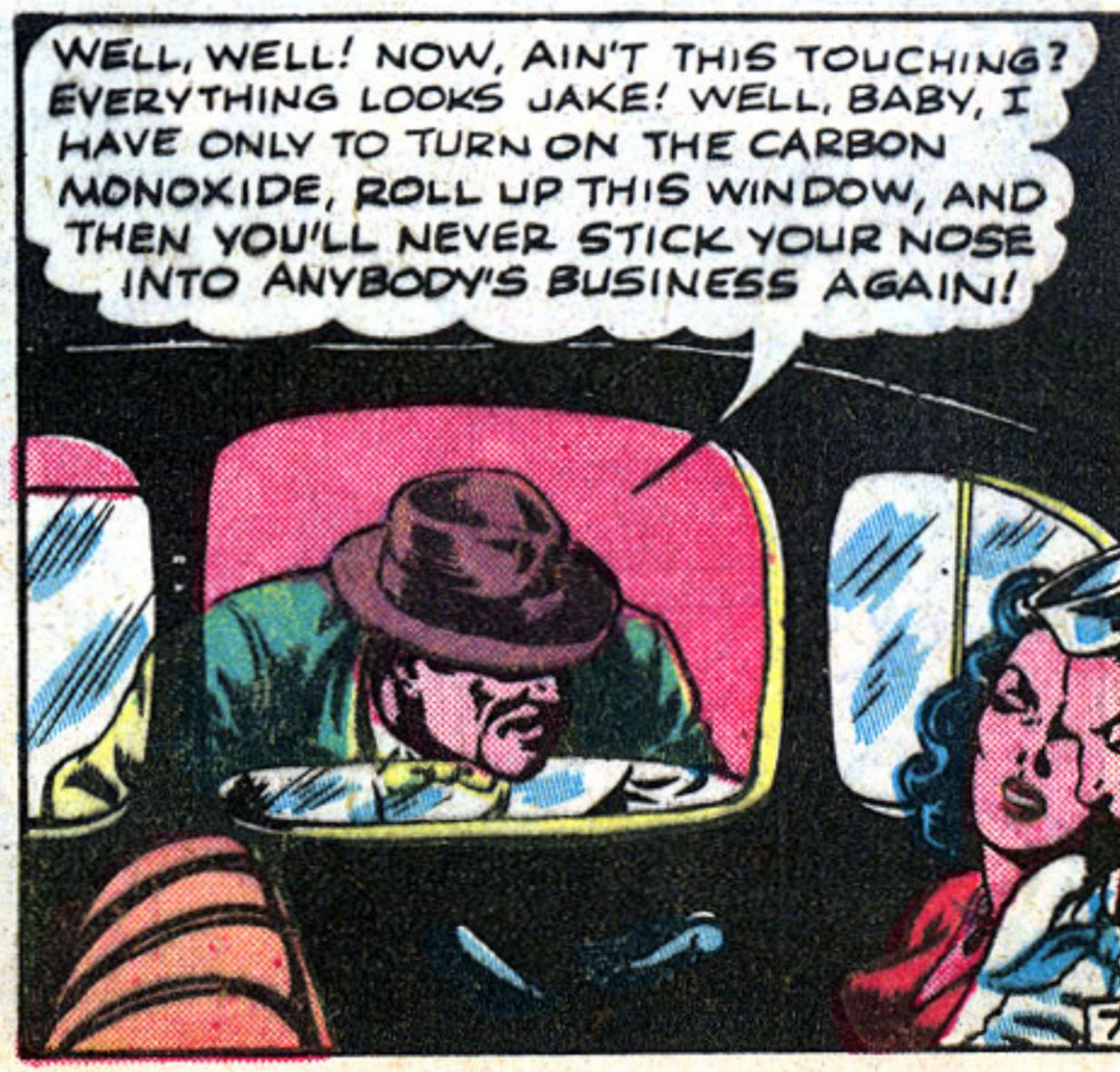
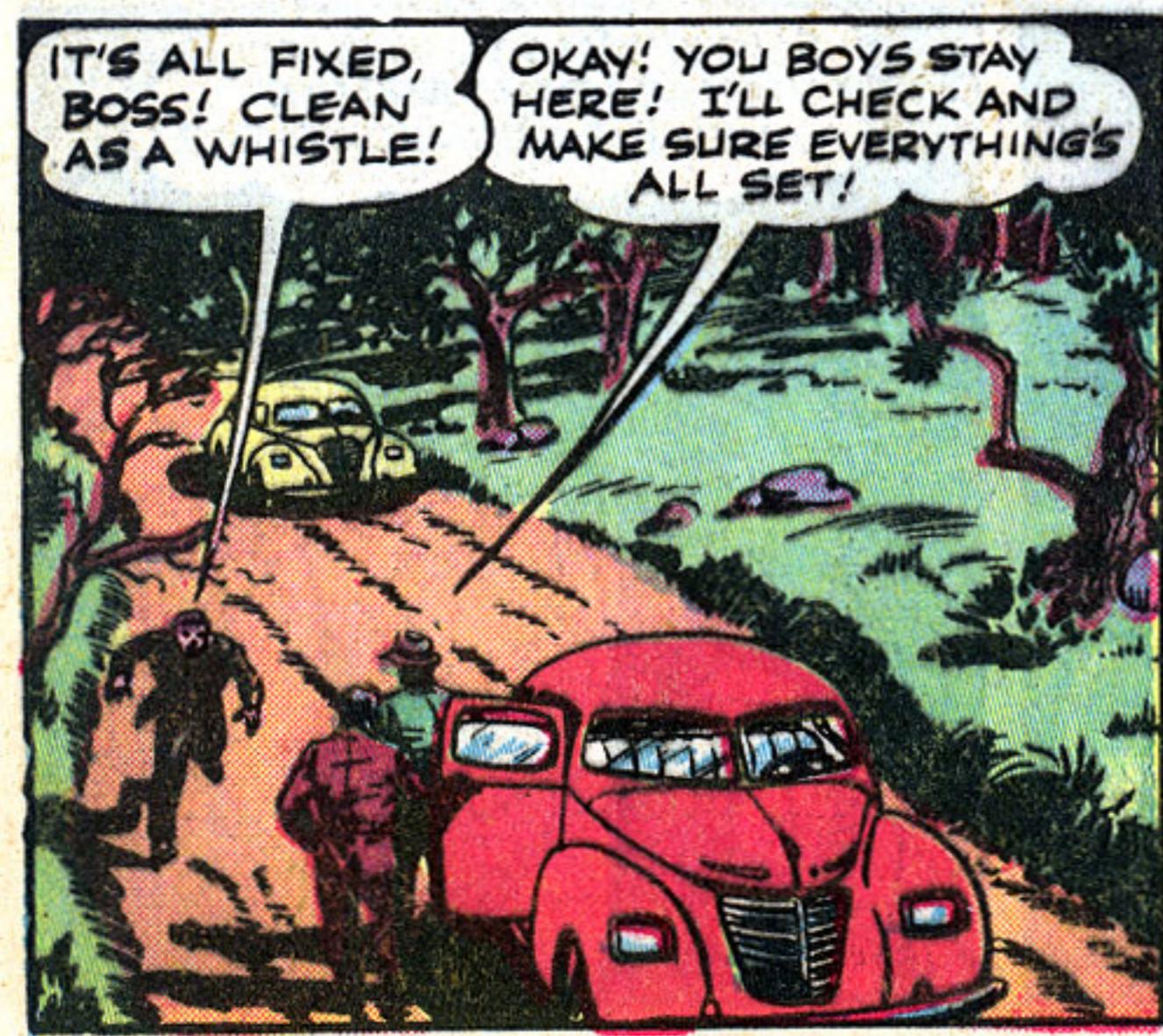
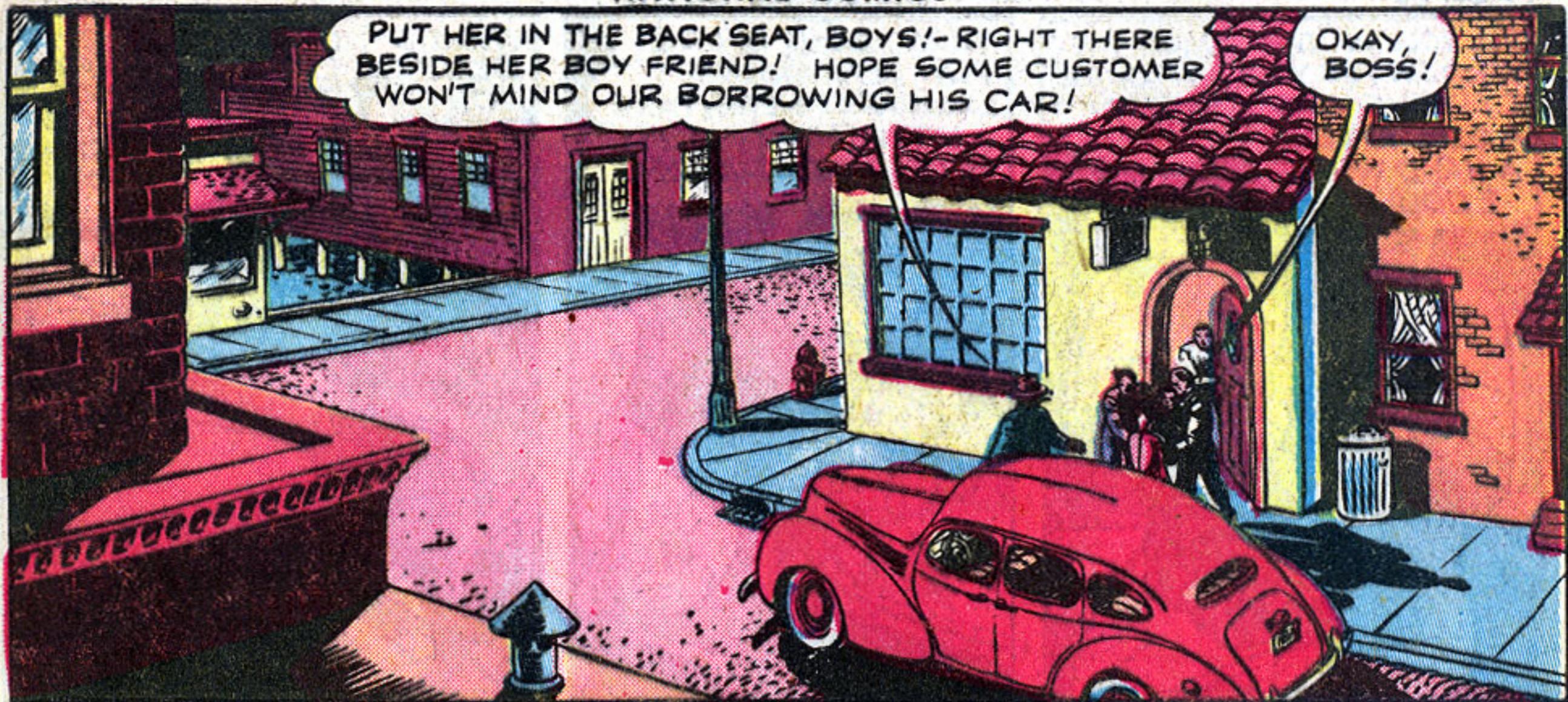


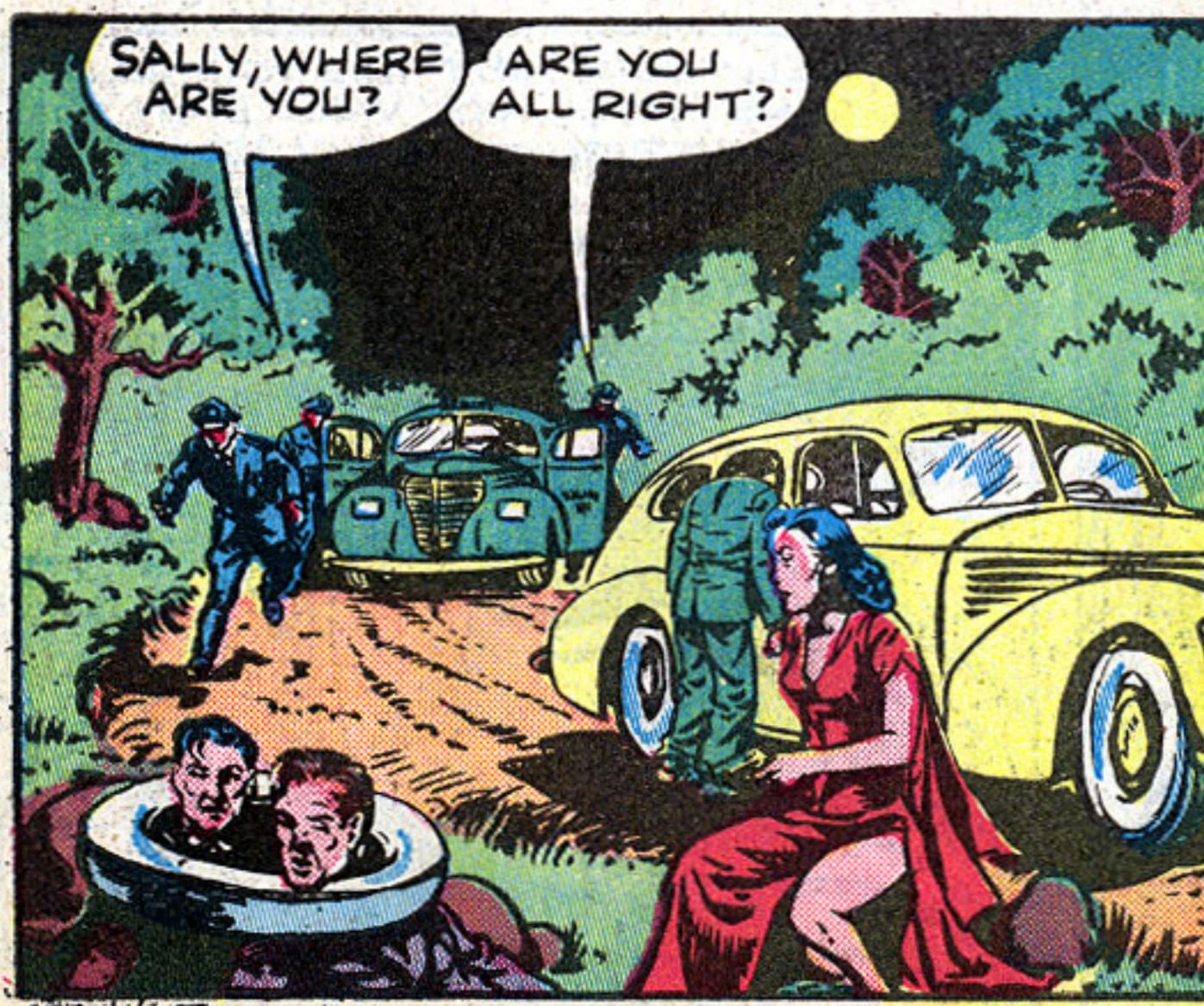
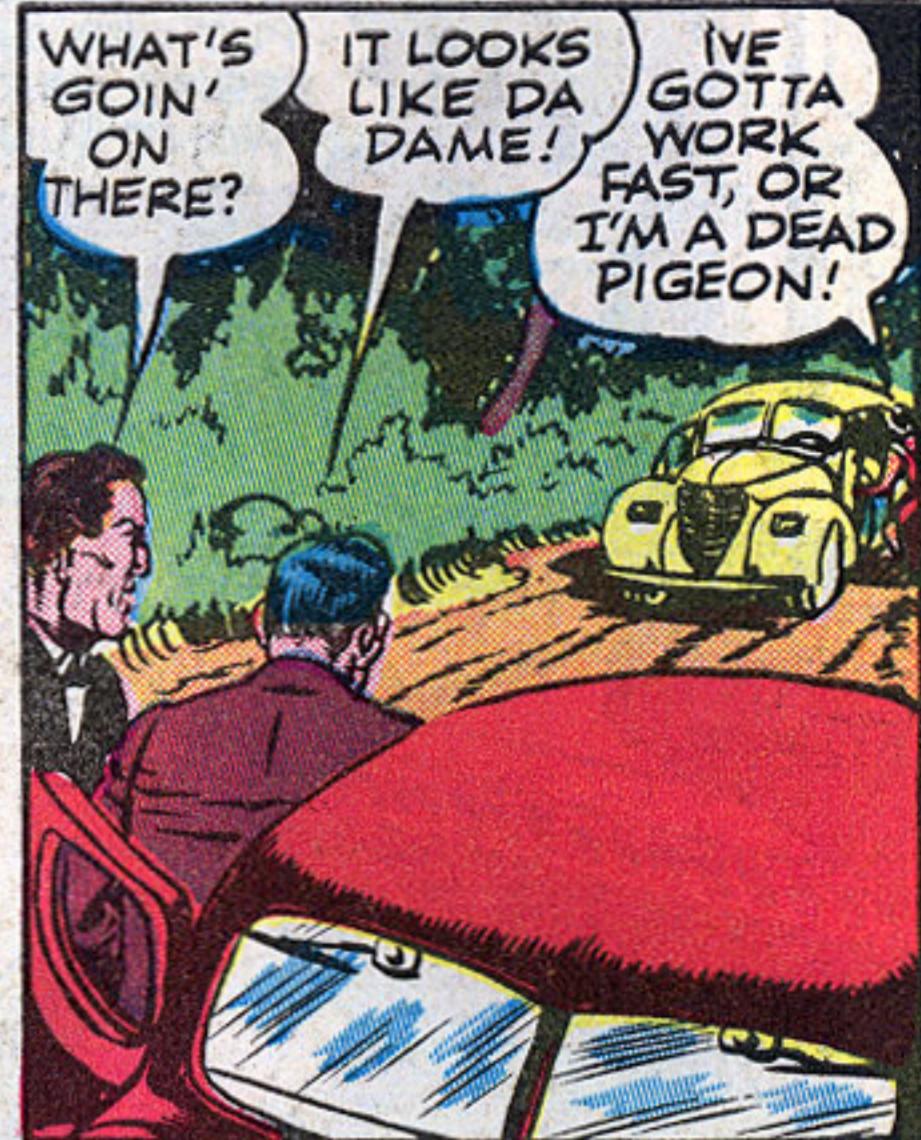


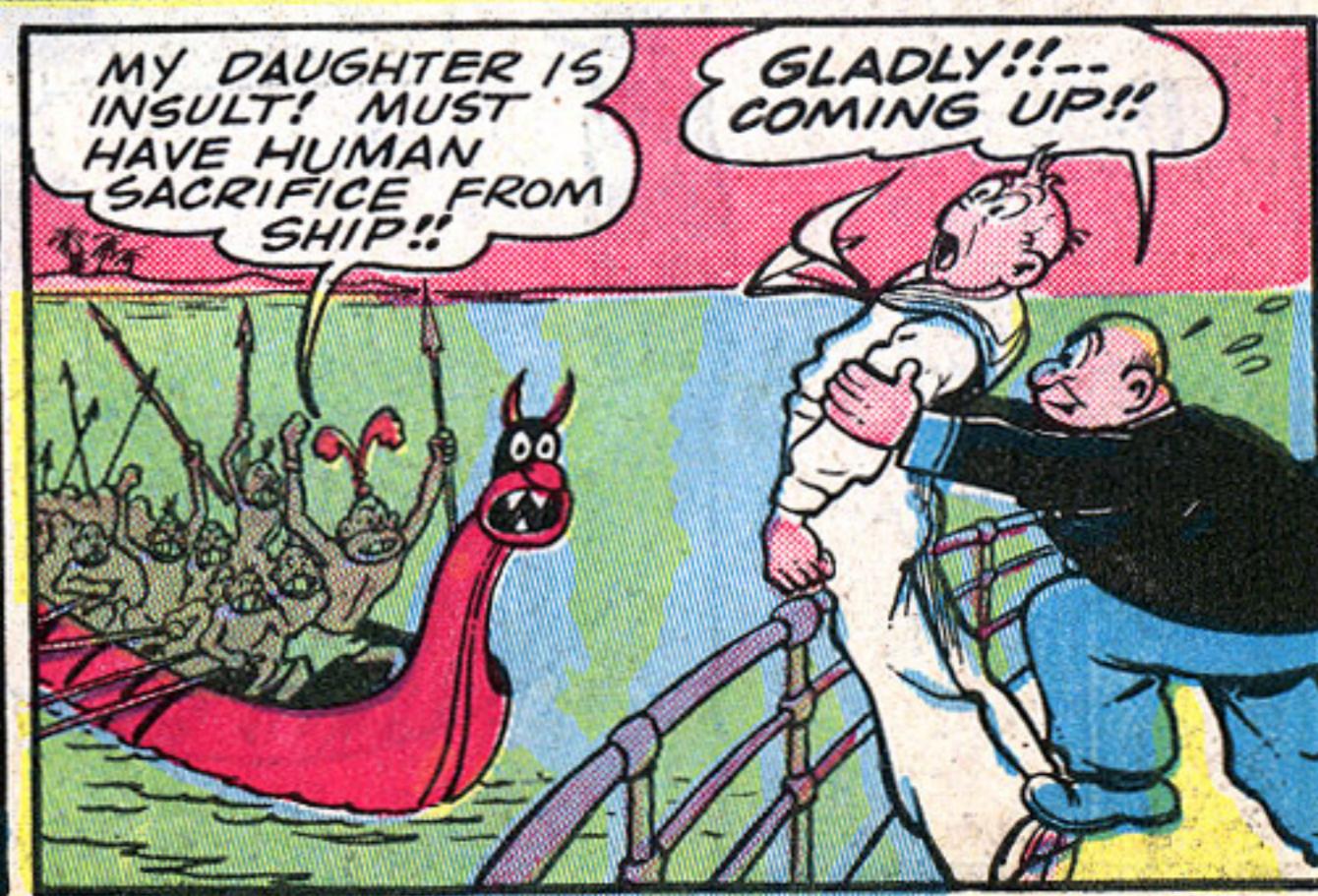
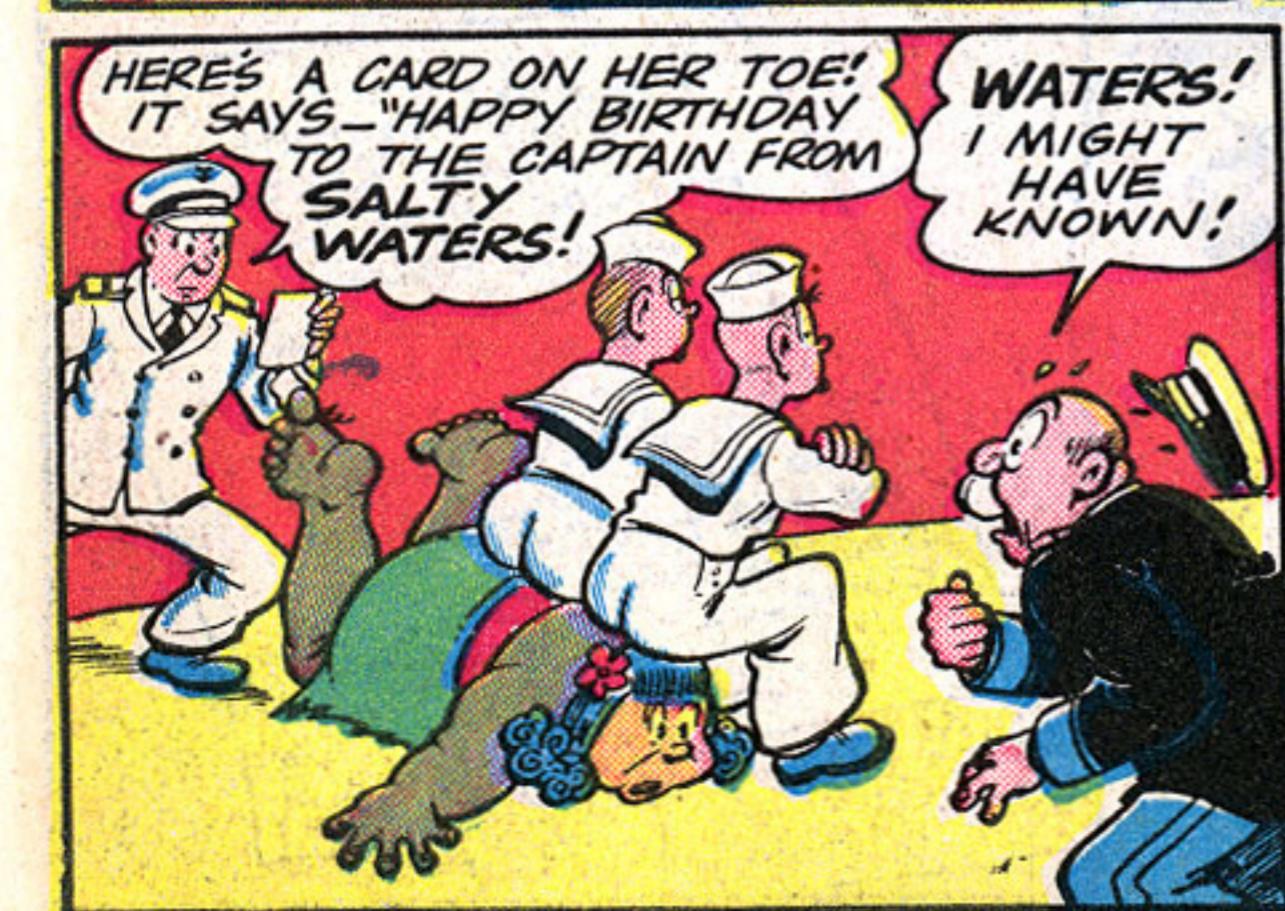
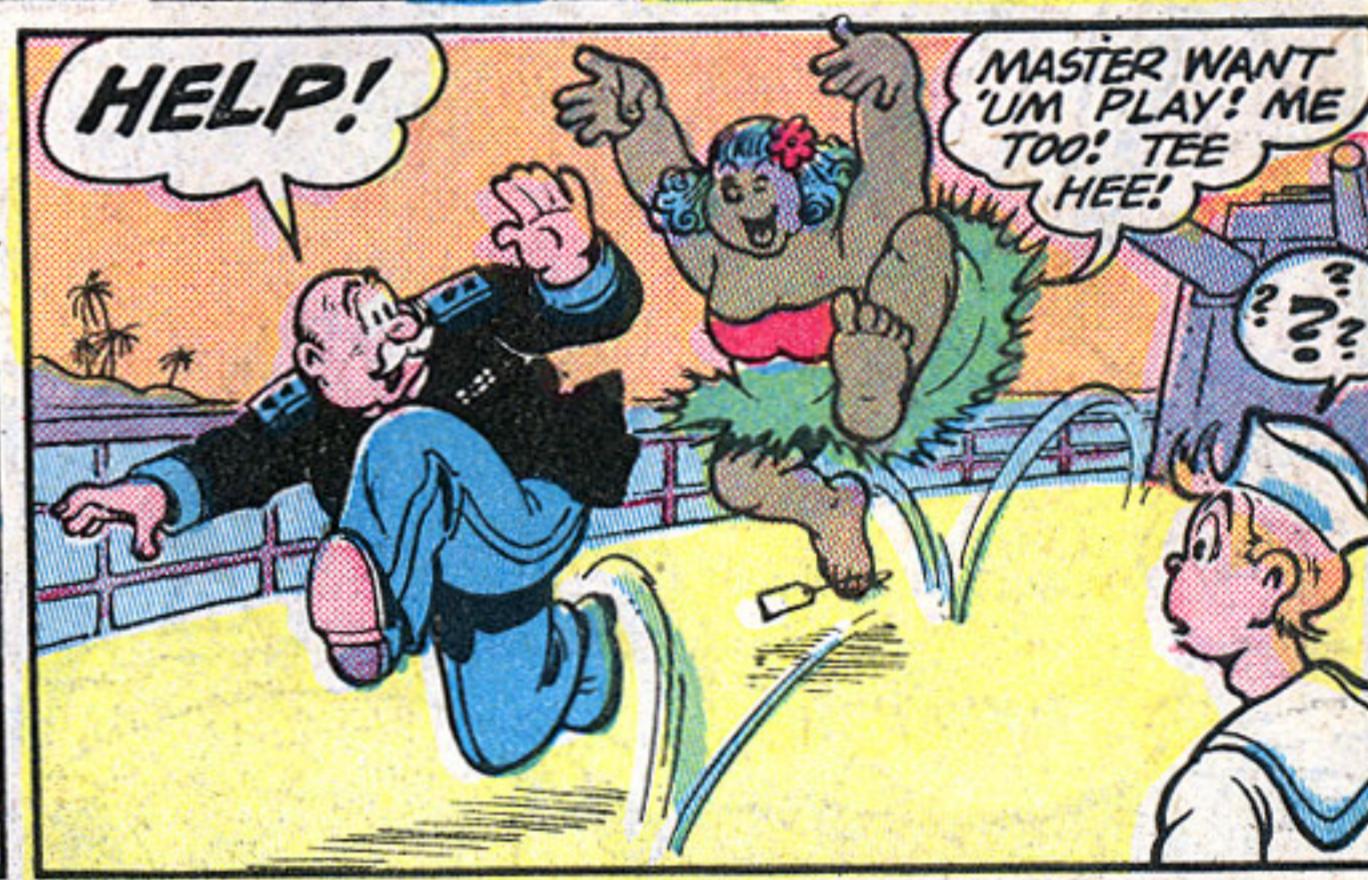
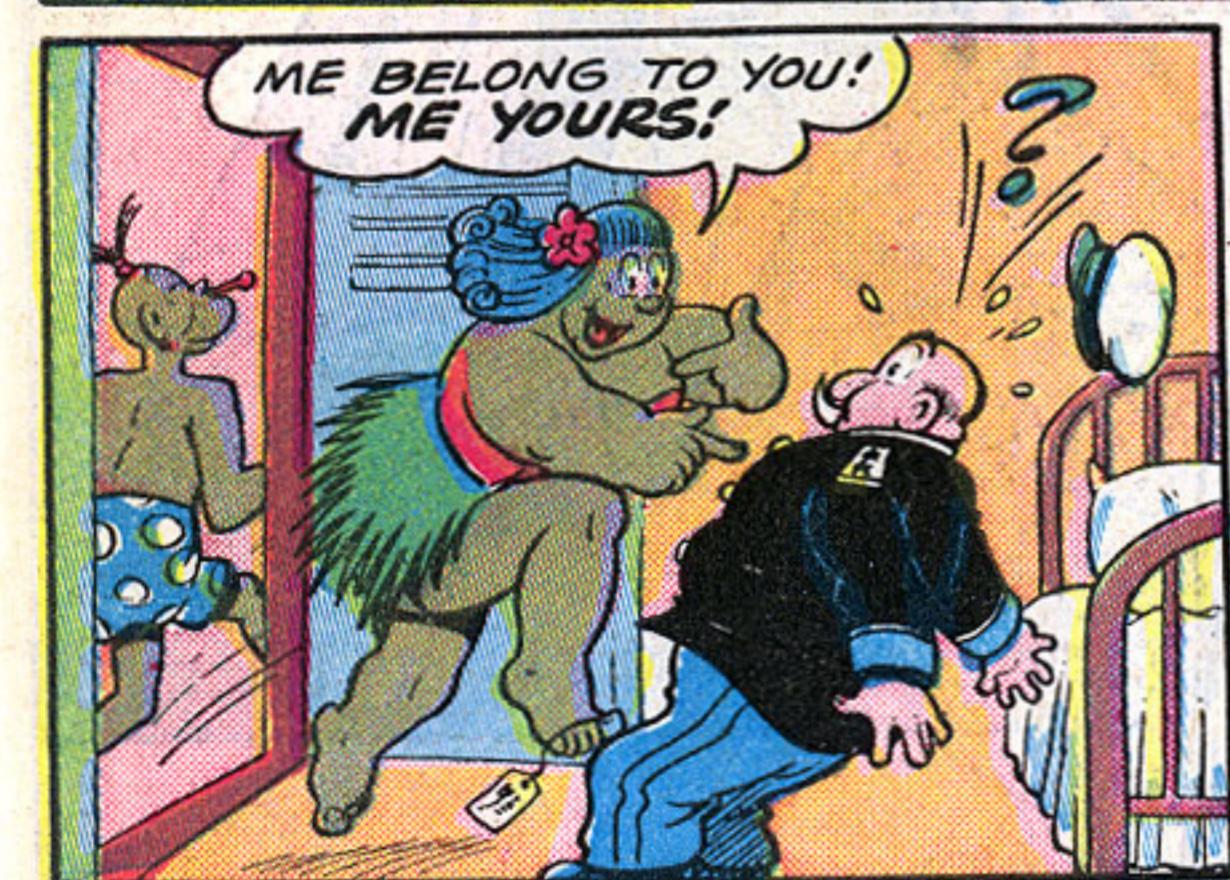
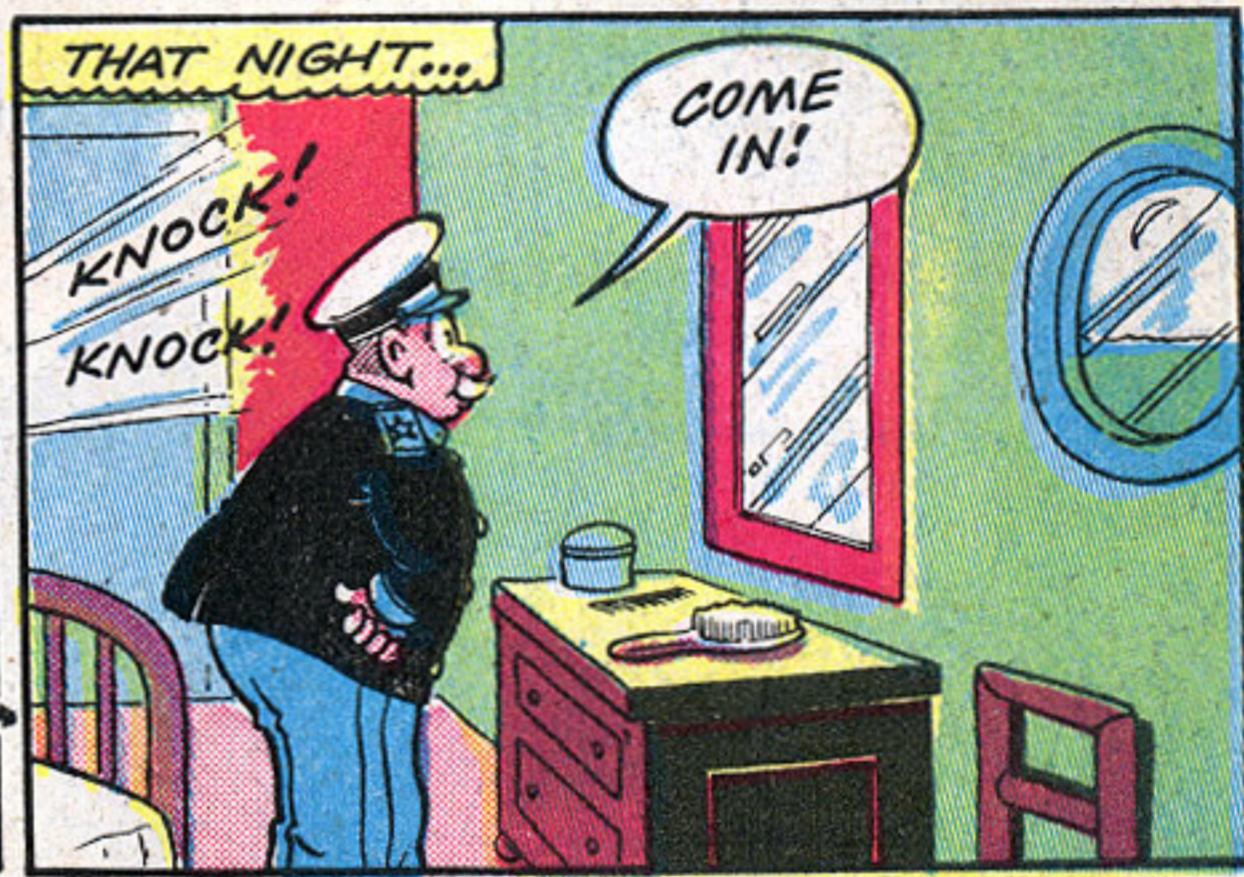
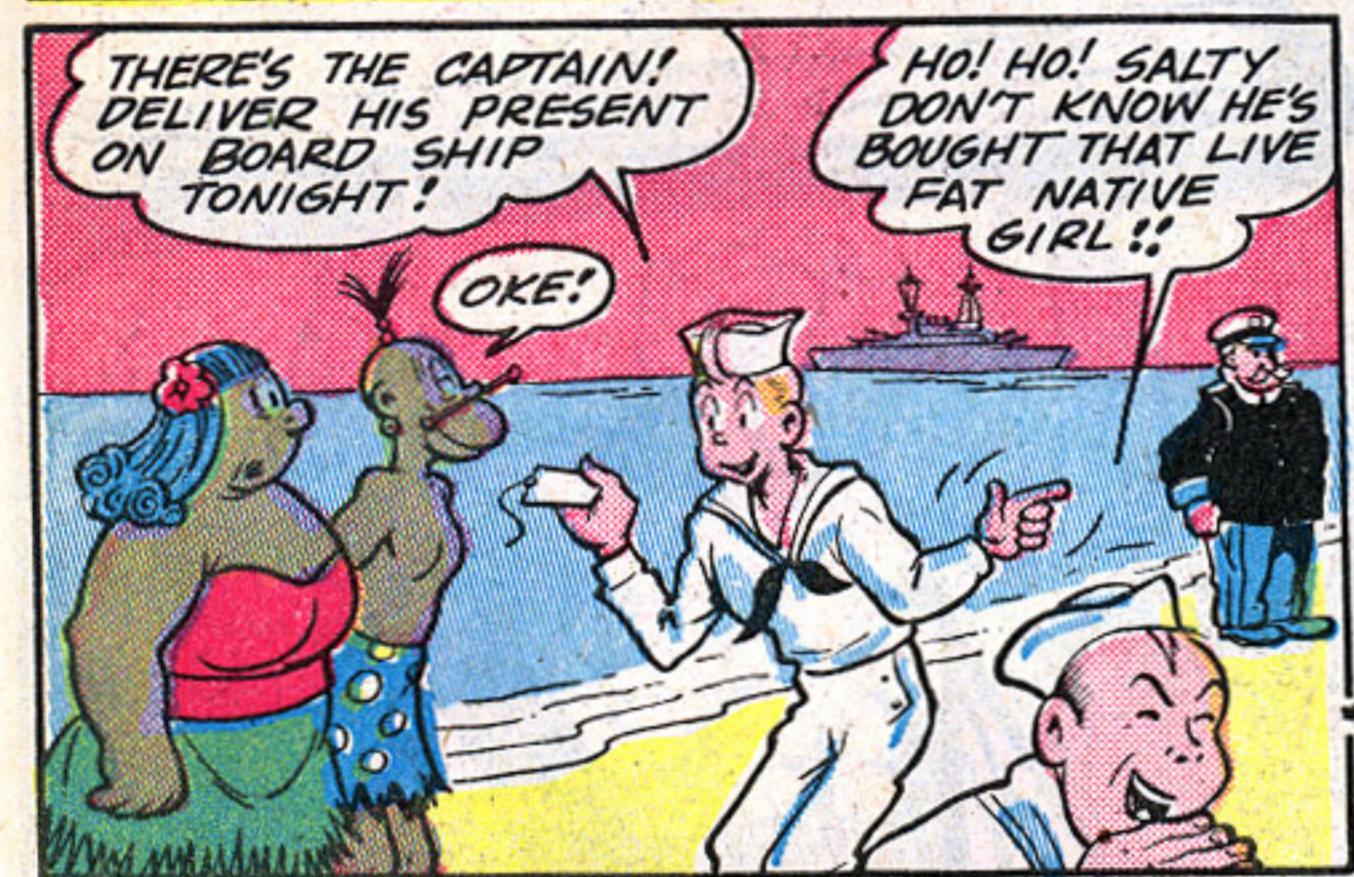
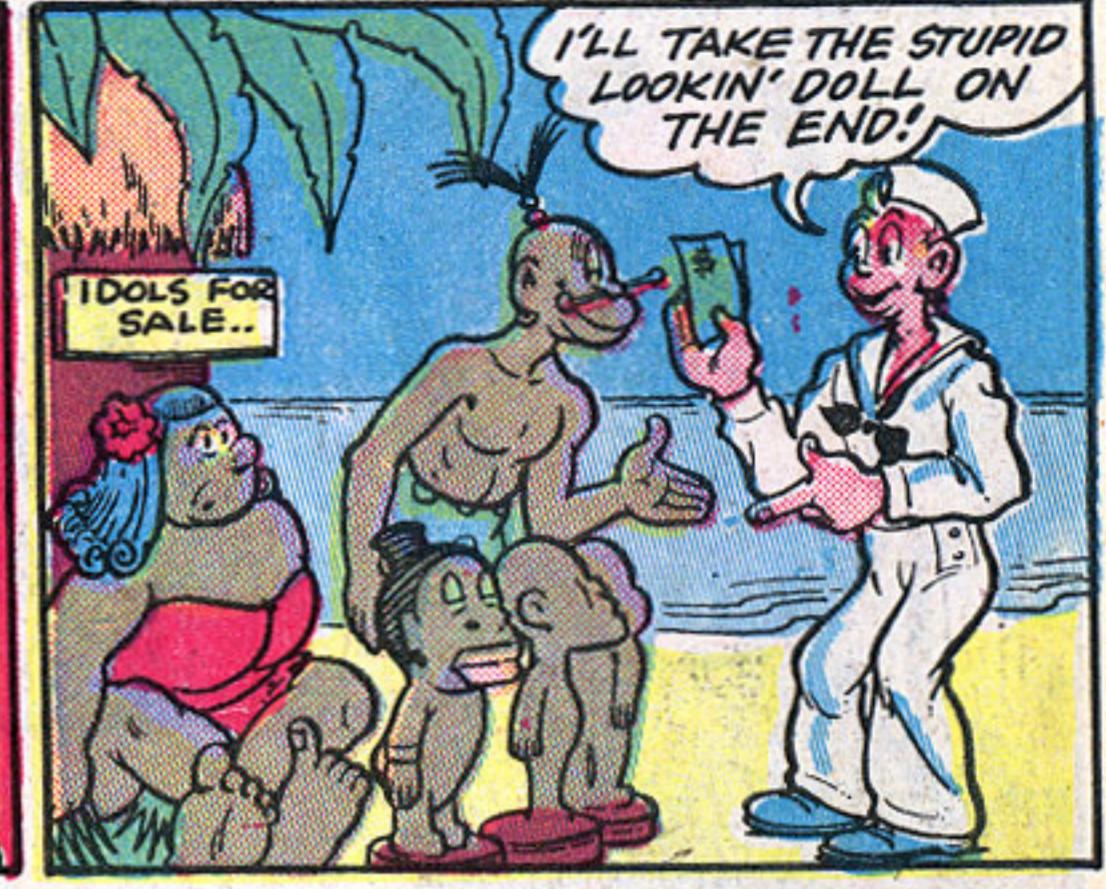




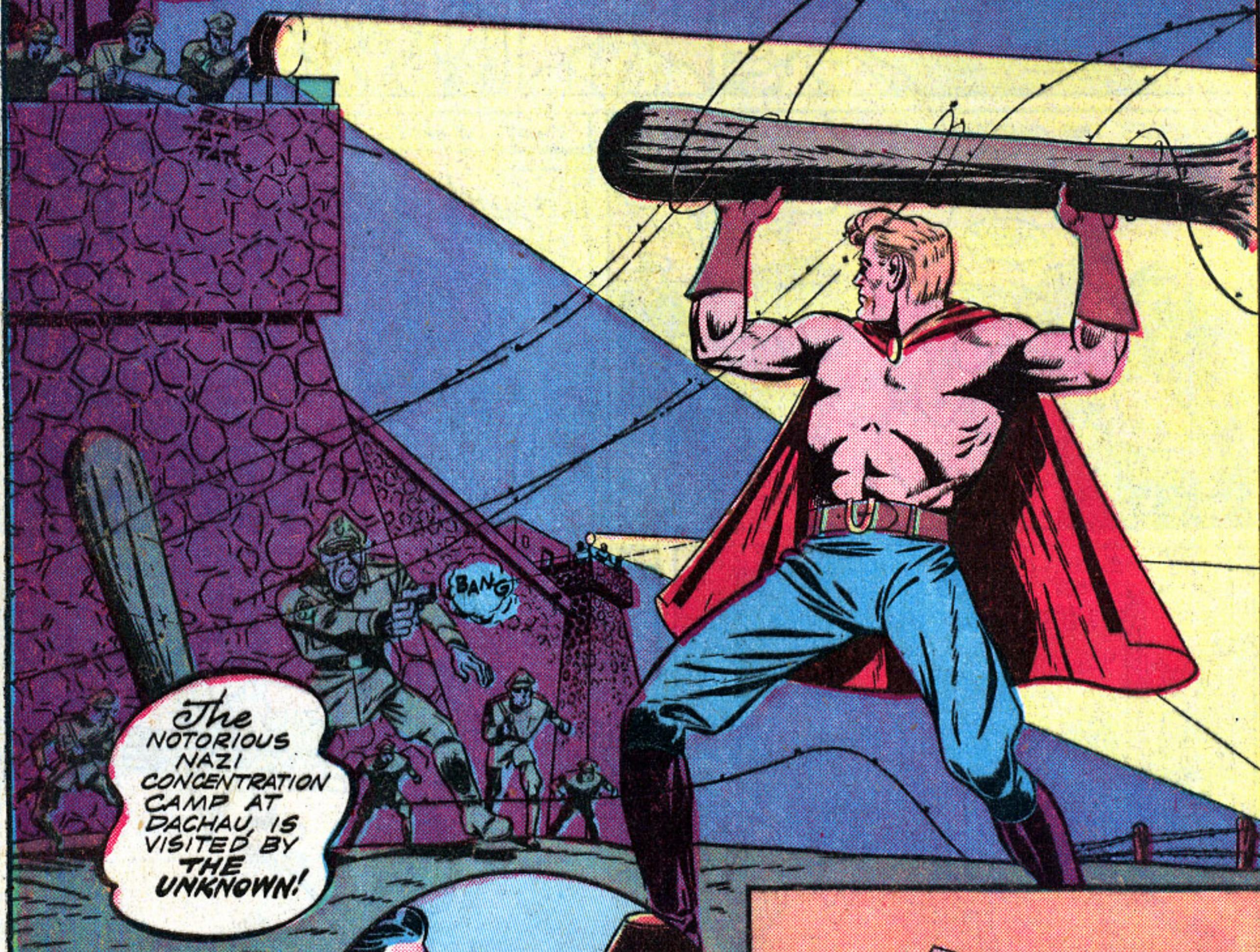




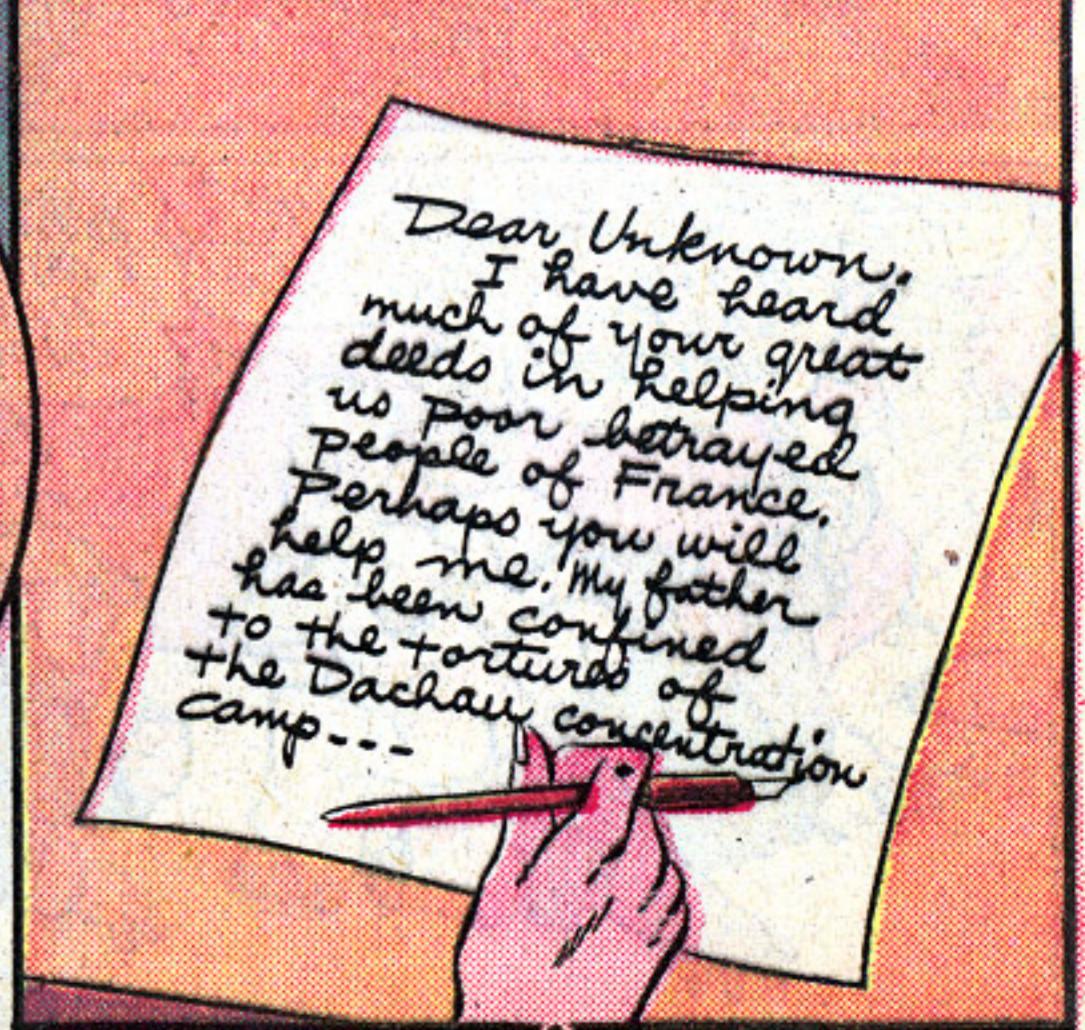
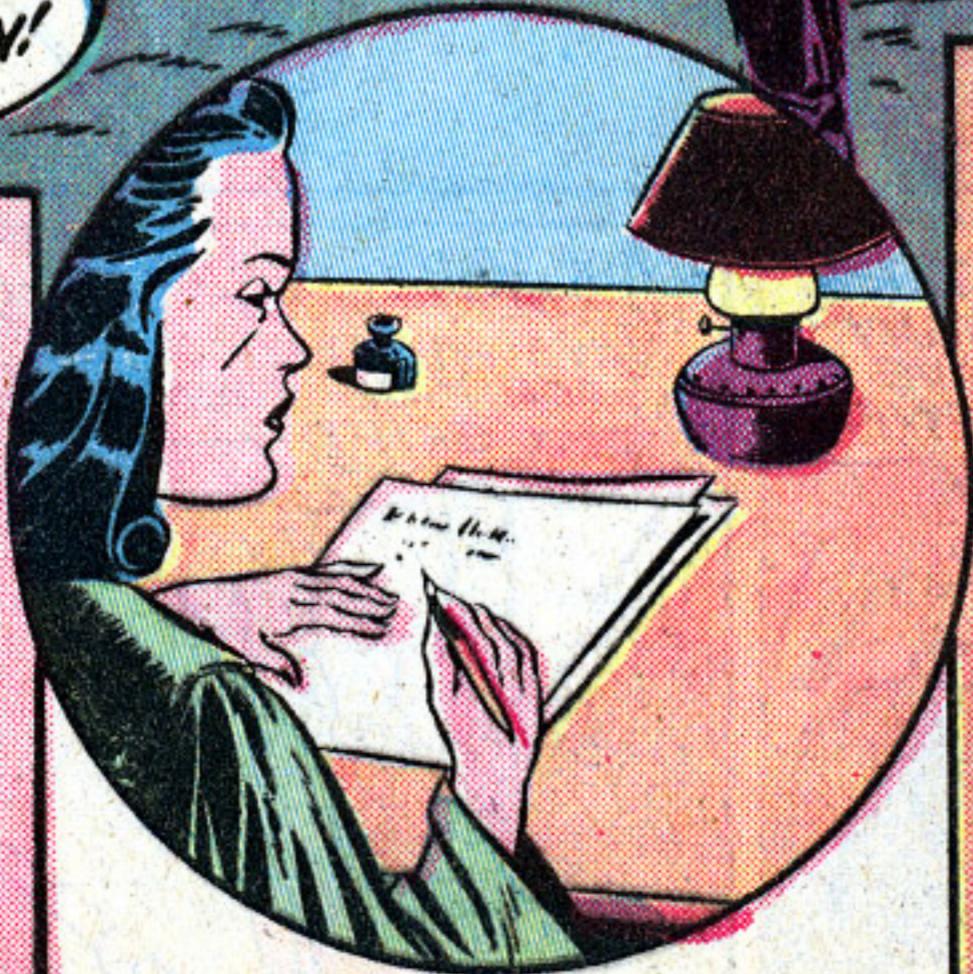




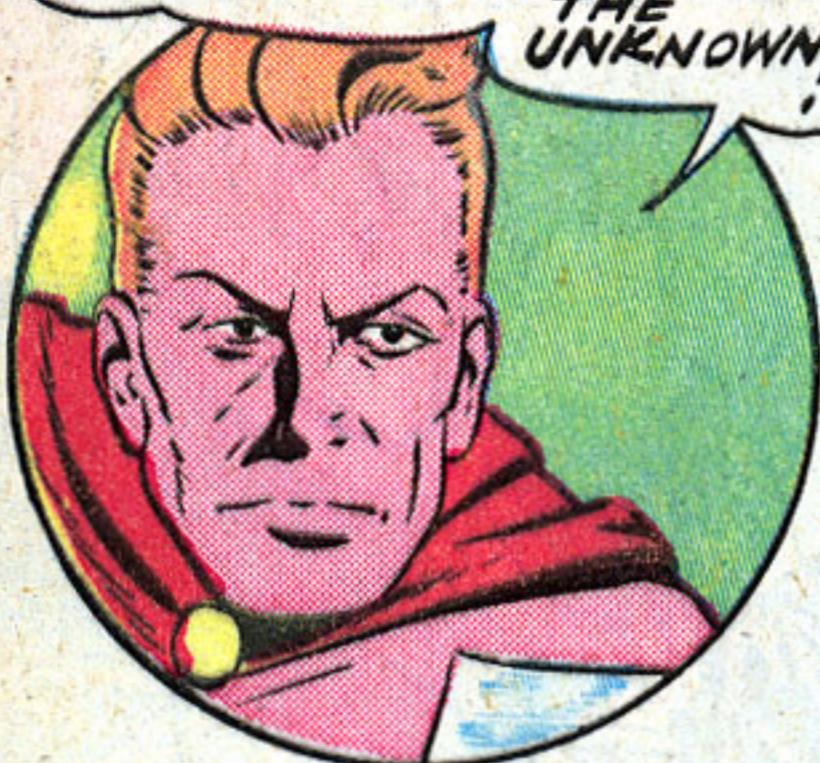
The UNKNOWN



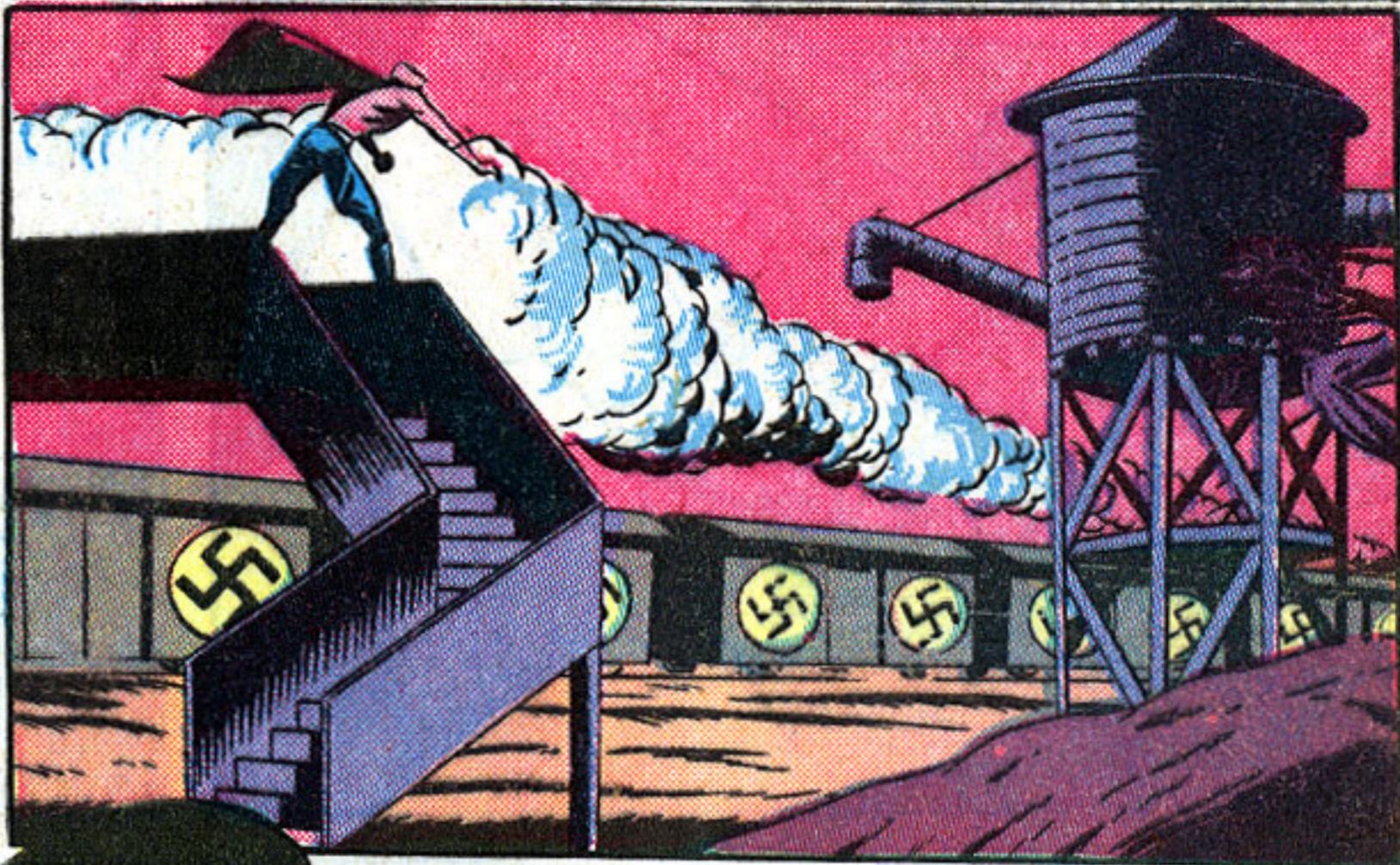
FROM THE WORLD OF THE LIVING DEAD --- OCCUPIED FRANCE A COURAGEOUS GIRL RISKS HER LIFE TO SEND A MESSAGE TO THE OUTSIDE!



ANOTHER LIFE RUINED
BY THE NAZI DOGS.
BUT THIS TIME THEY
WEREN'T COUNTING ON
THE UNKNOWN,



A NAZI PRISON TRAIN IS ON ITS WAY TO THE
DACHAU CONCENTRATION CAMP!!



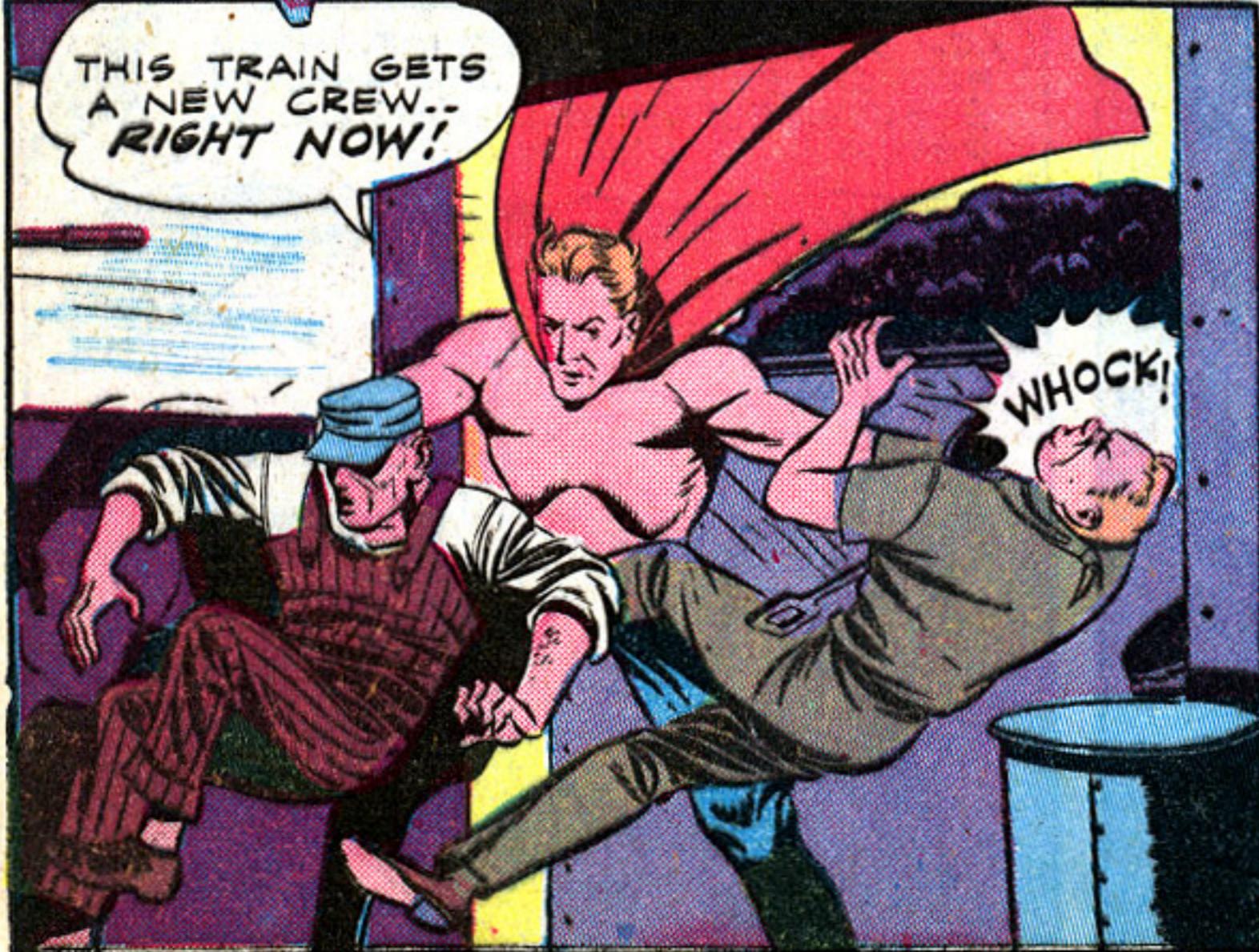
MIGHT AS
WELL USE
THESE FINE
GERMAN
RAILROADS!!



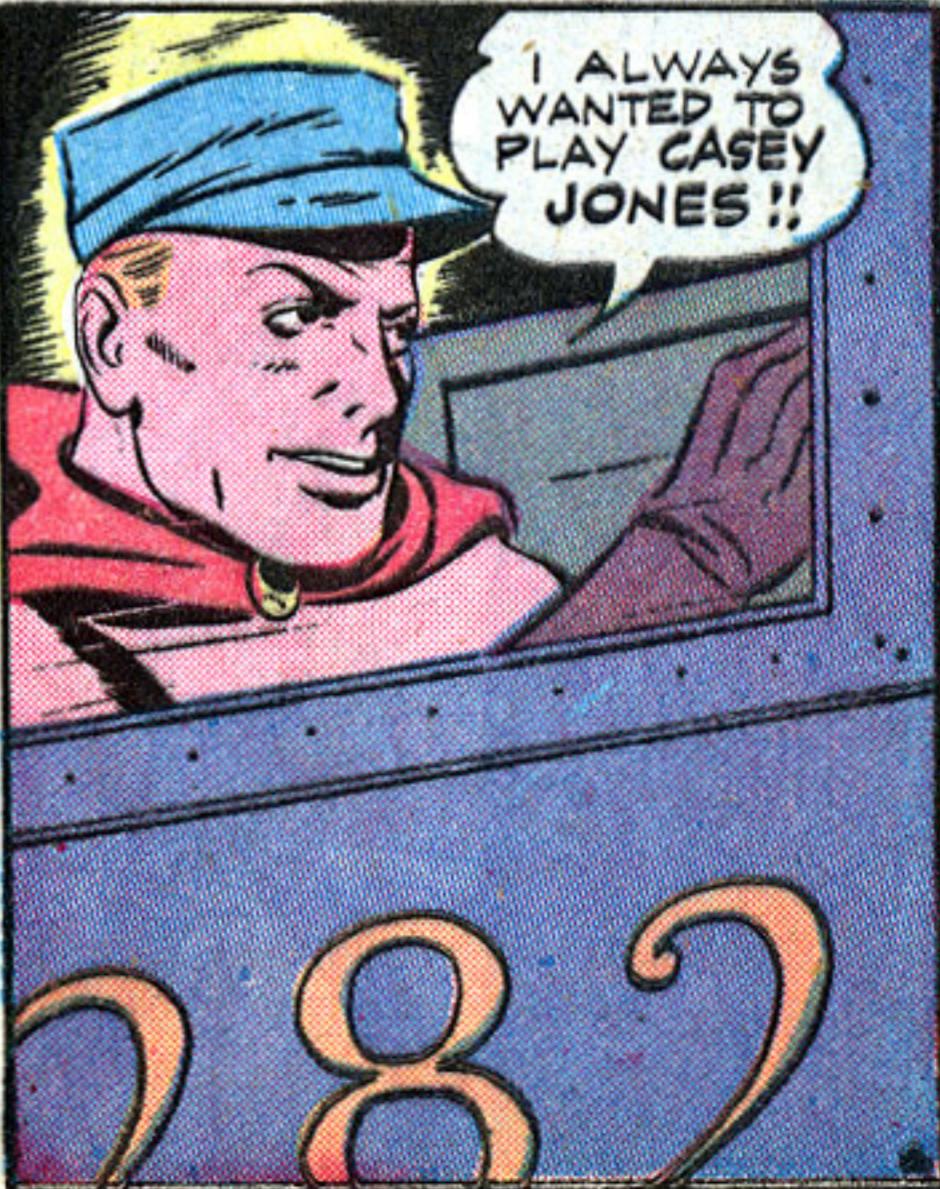
CARL! CARL!
QUICK! STOP
DE TRAIN!!
IT ISS DE
UNKNOWN!!

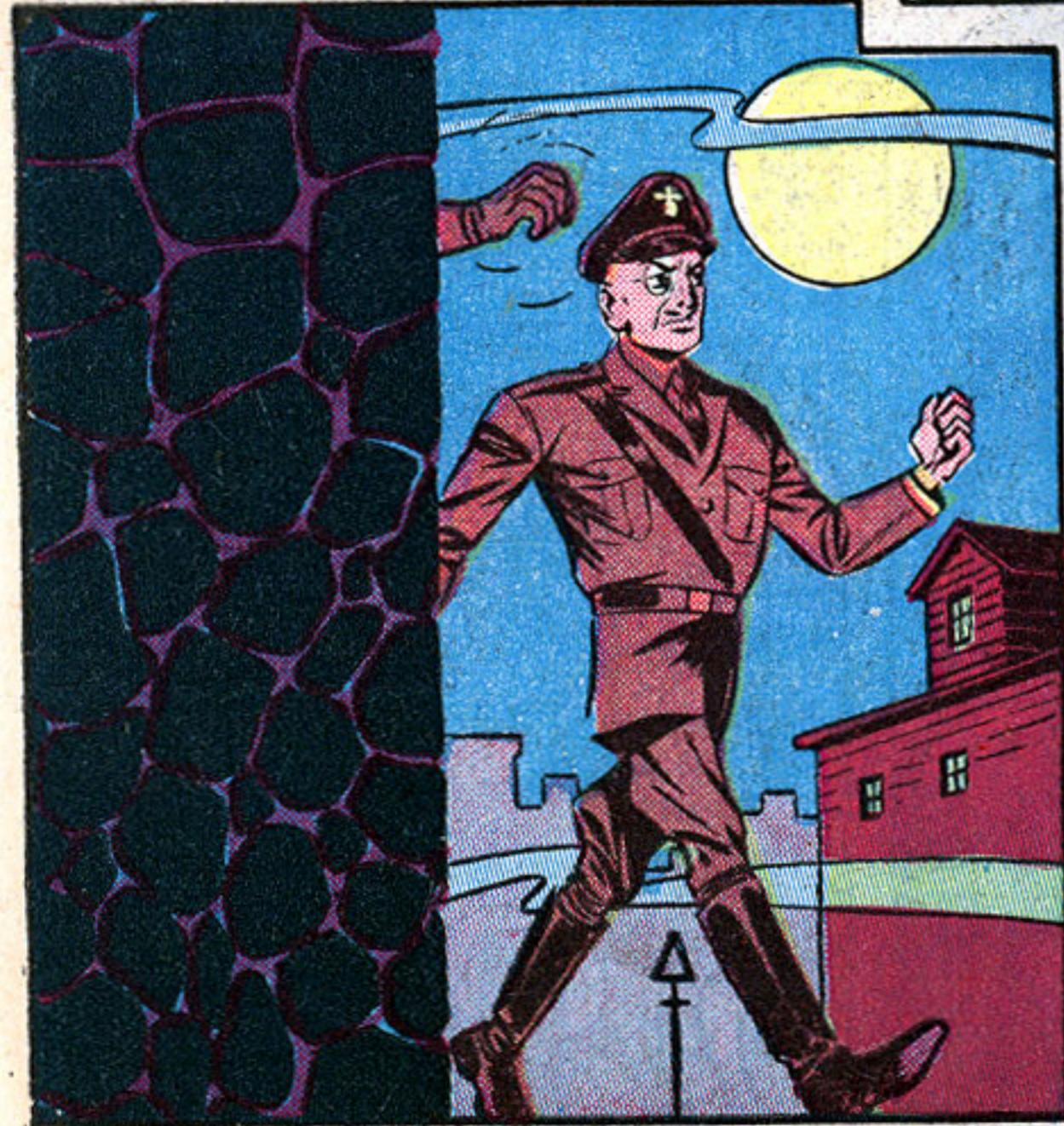
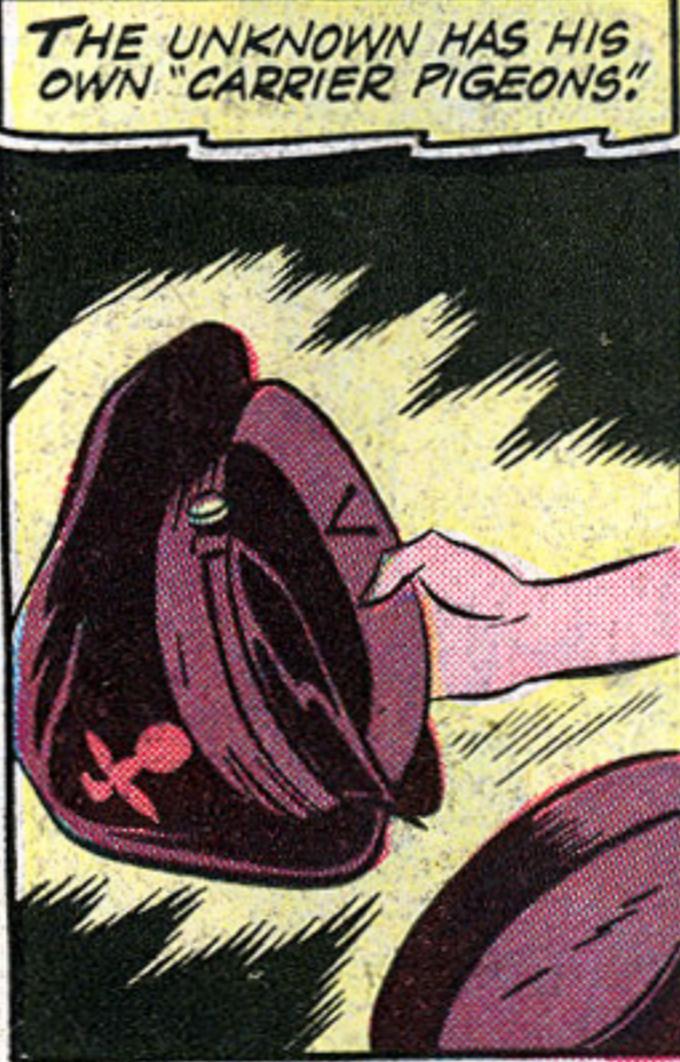
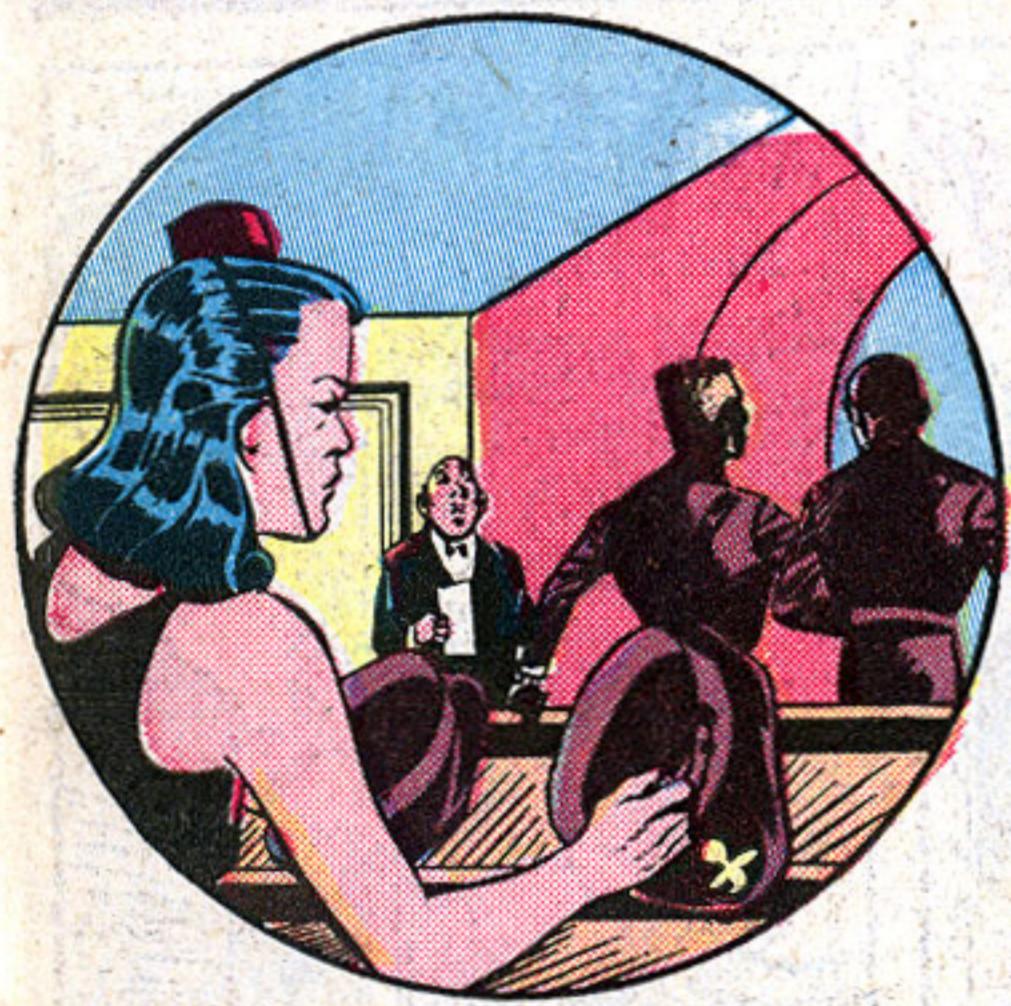
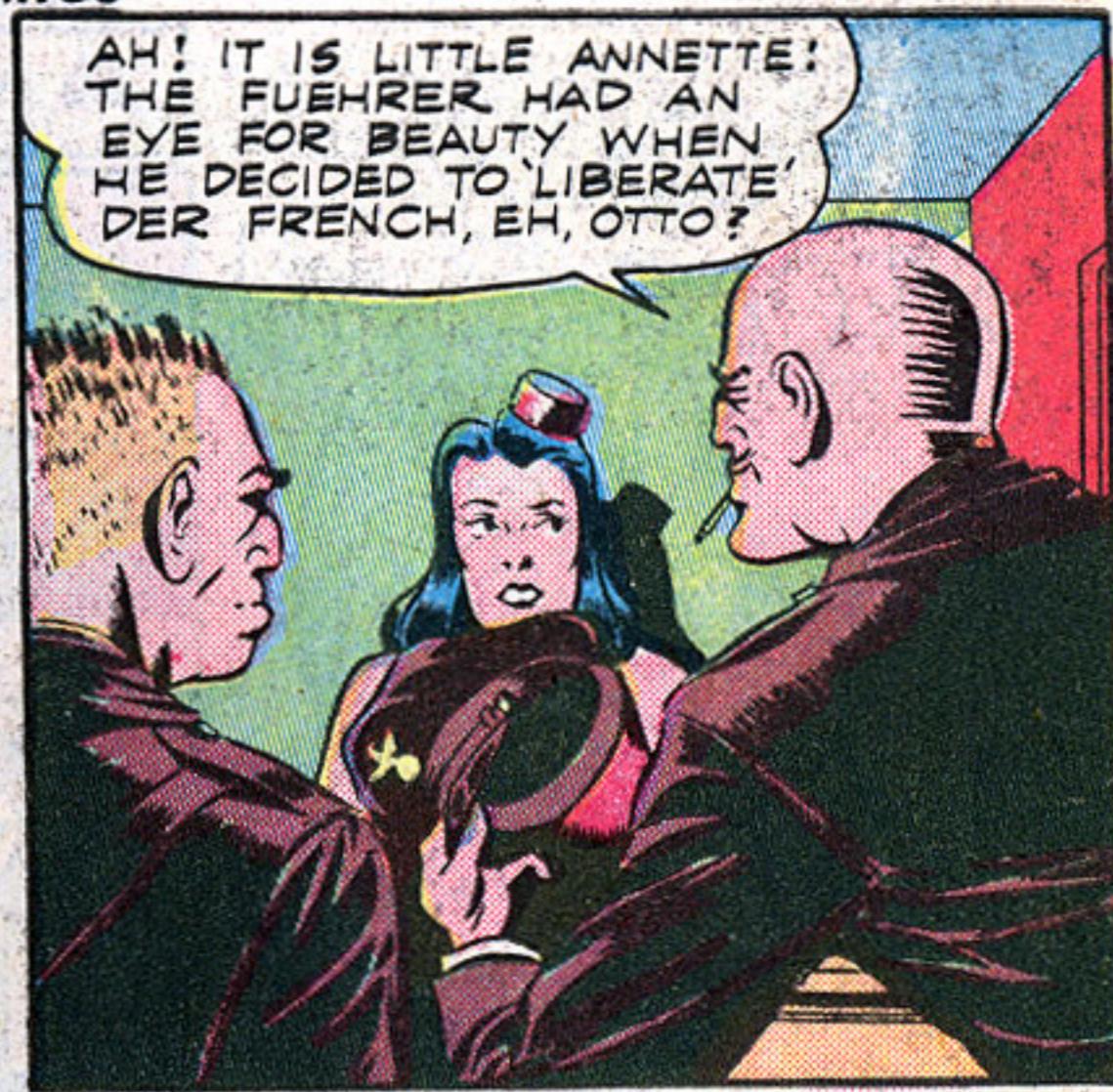
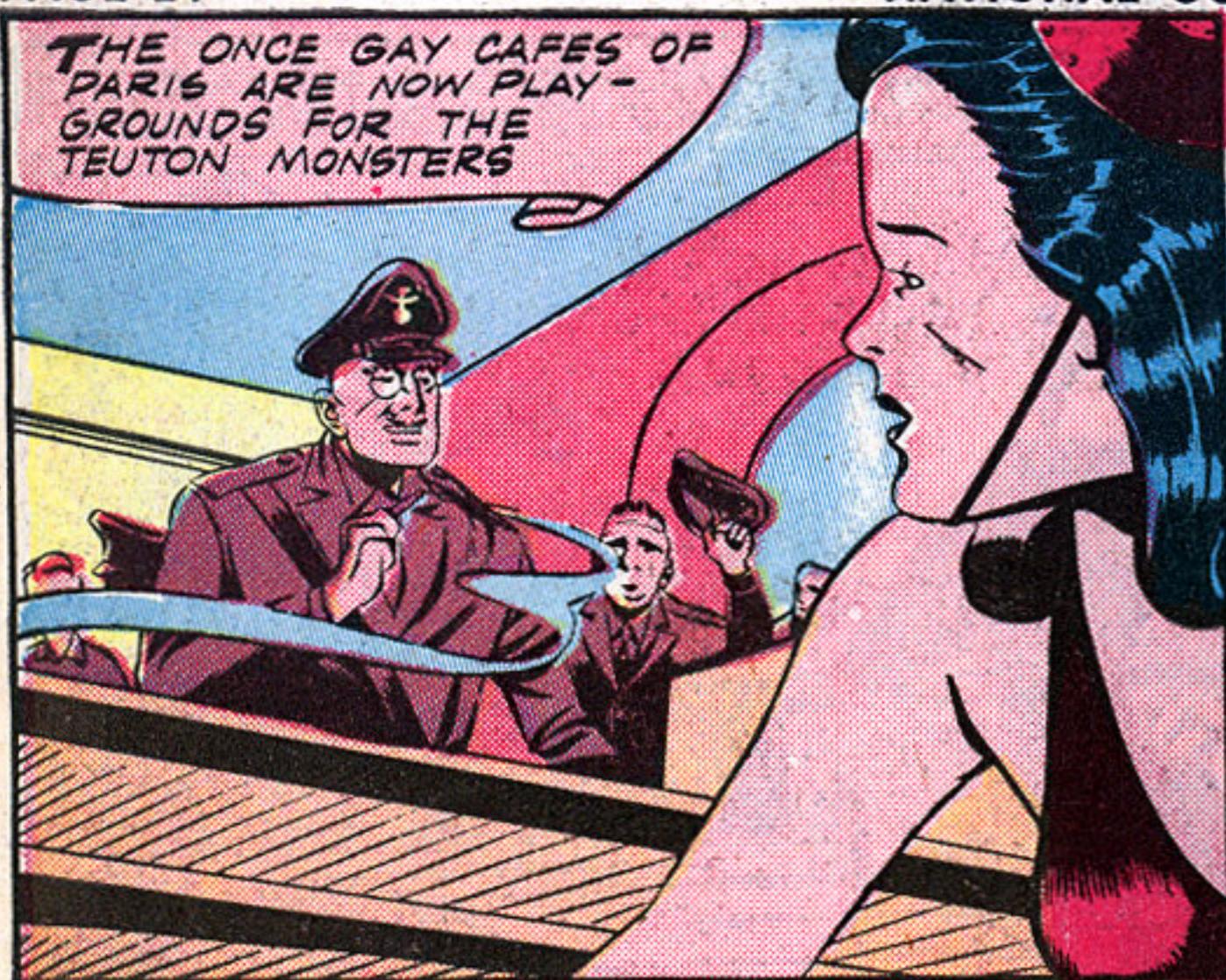


THIS TRAIN GETS
A NEW CREW--
RIGHT NOW!

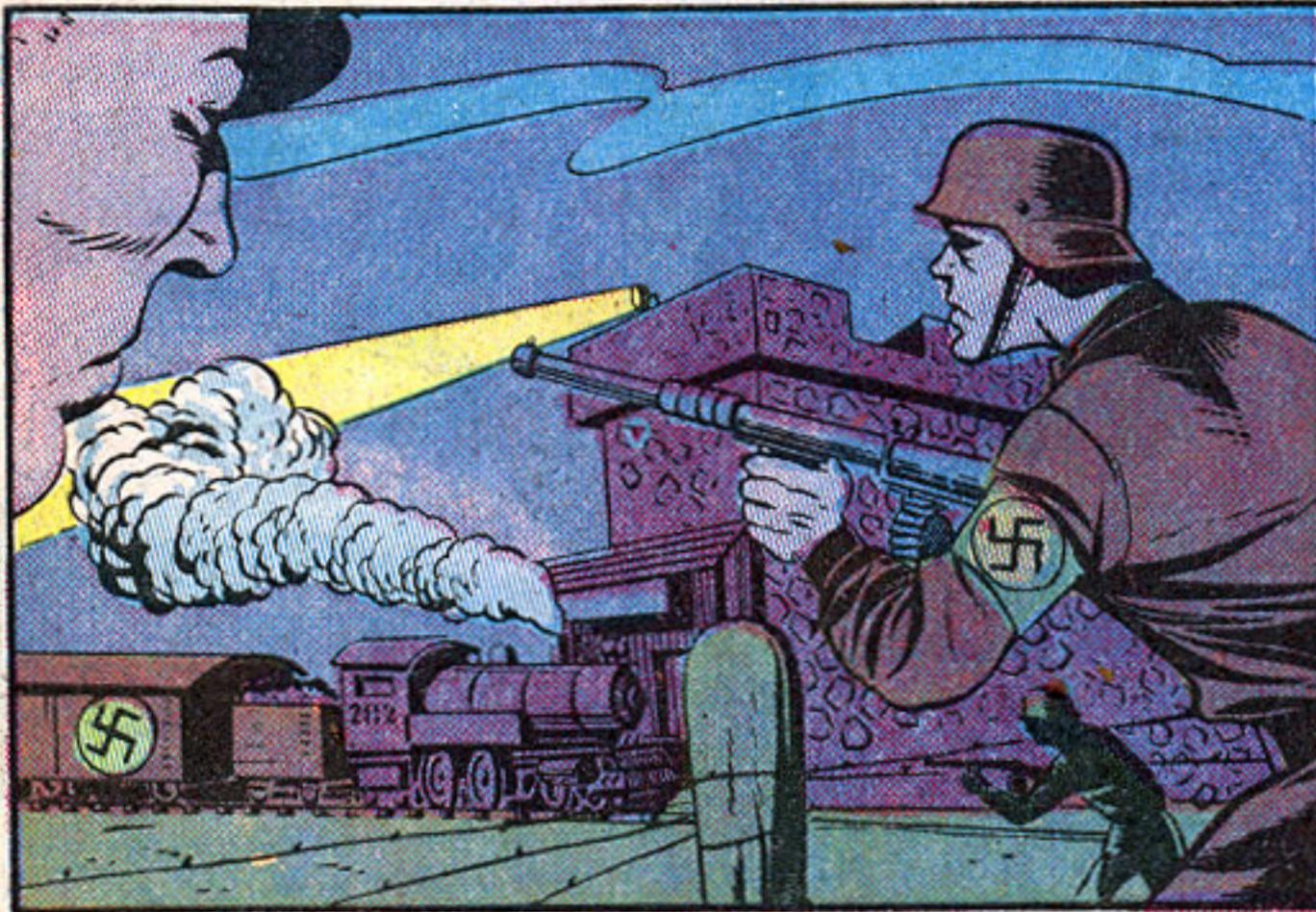


I ALWAYS
WANTED TO
PLAY CASEY
JONES!!

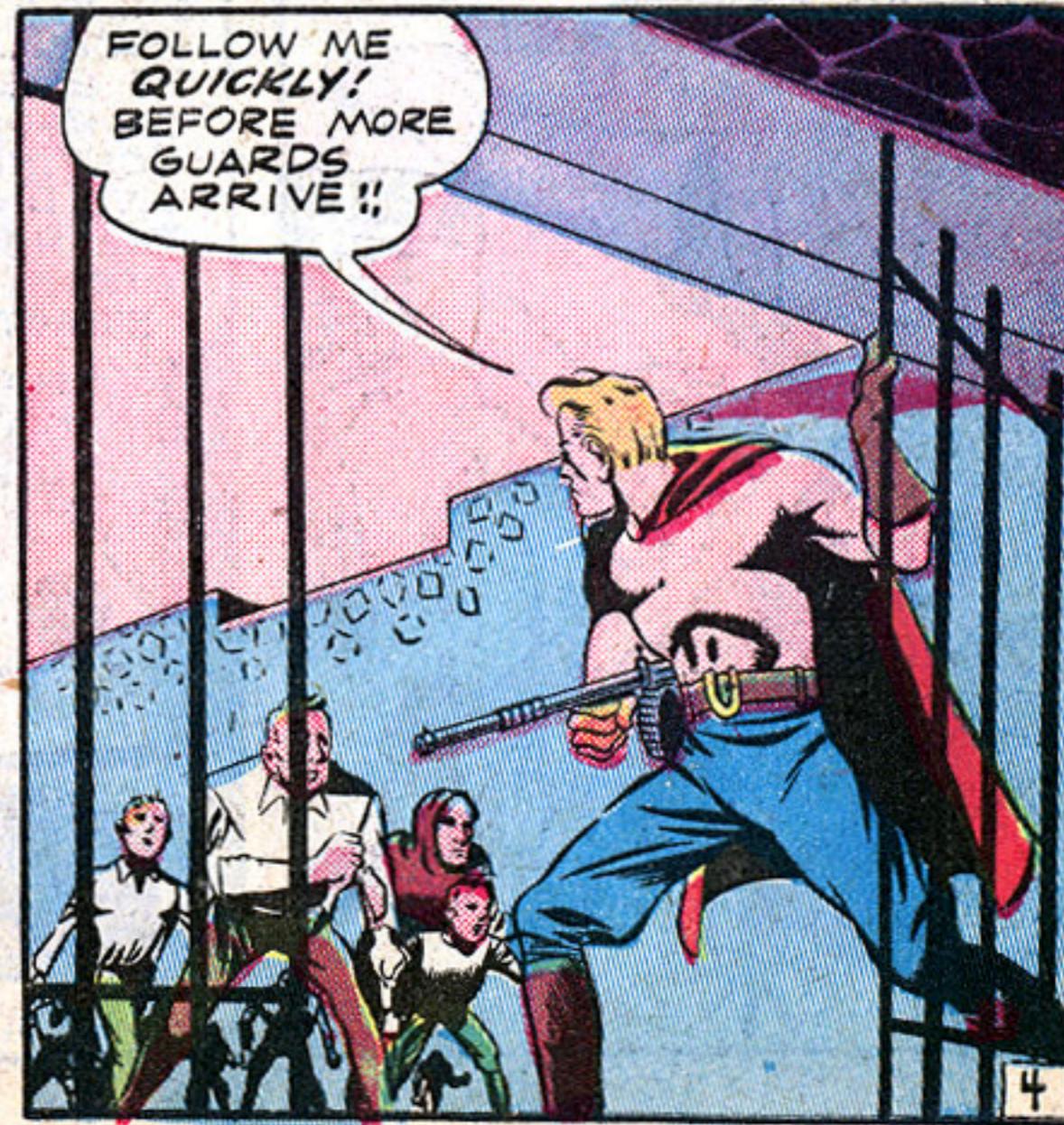
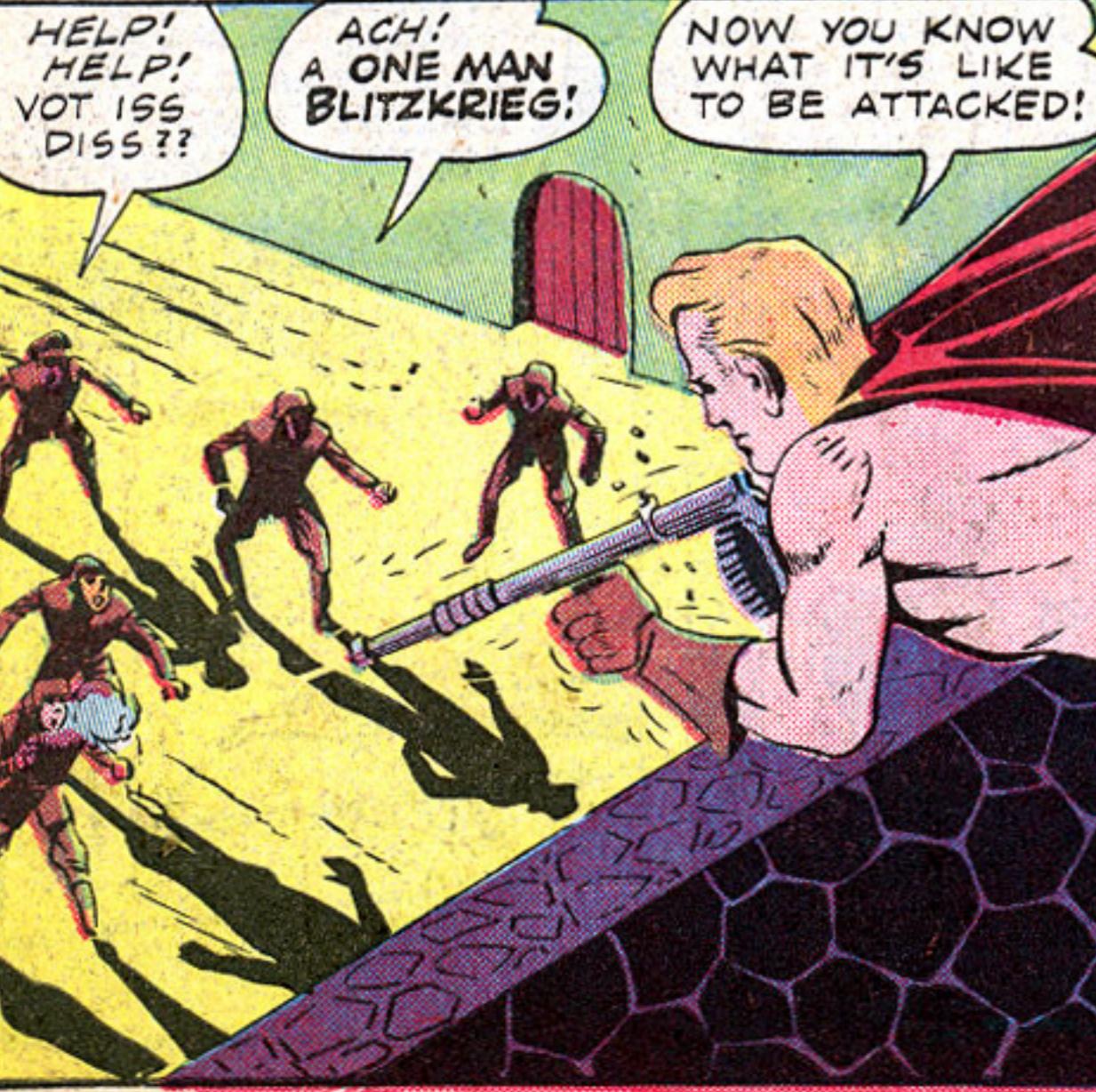
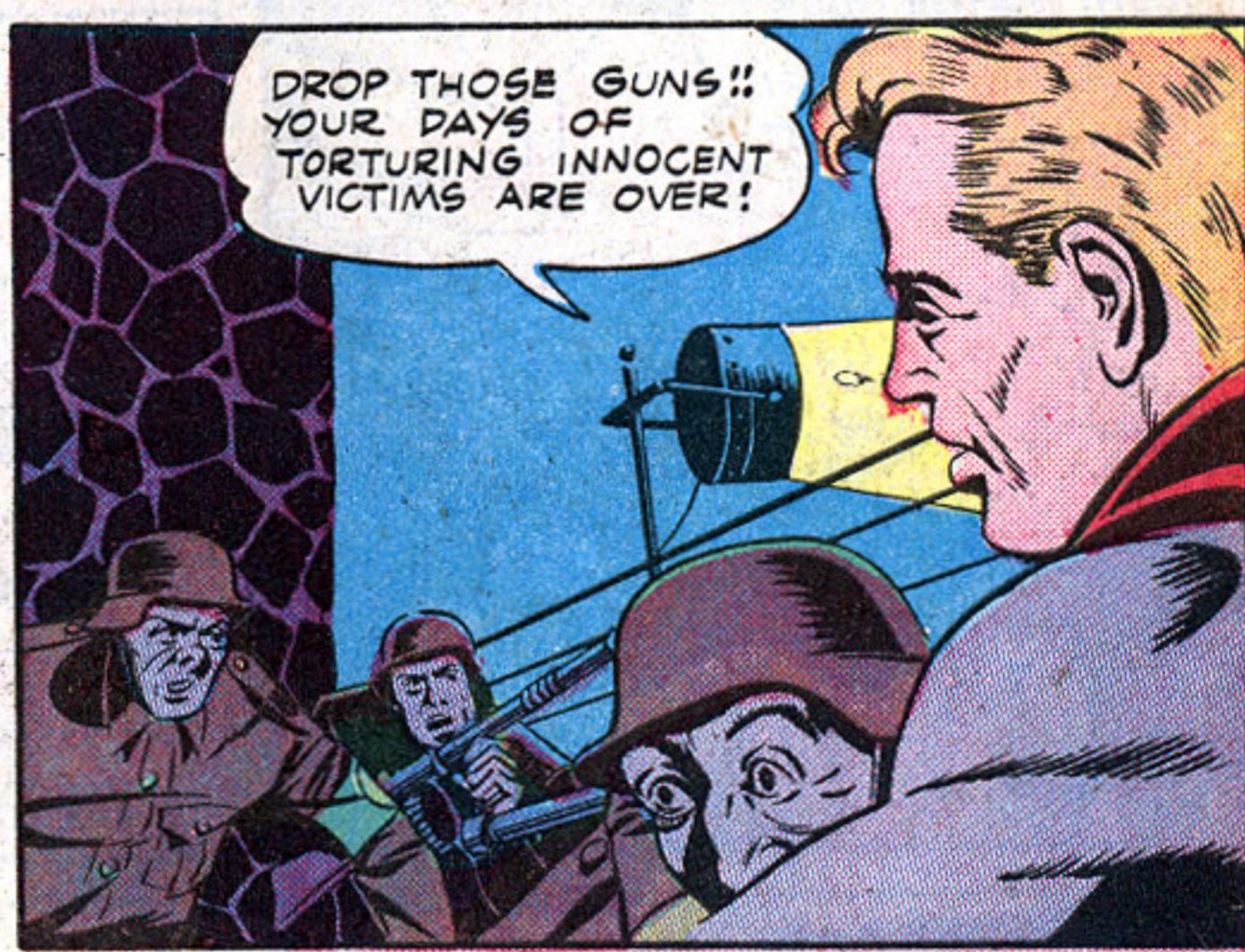
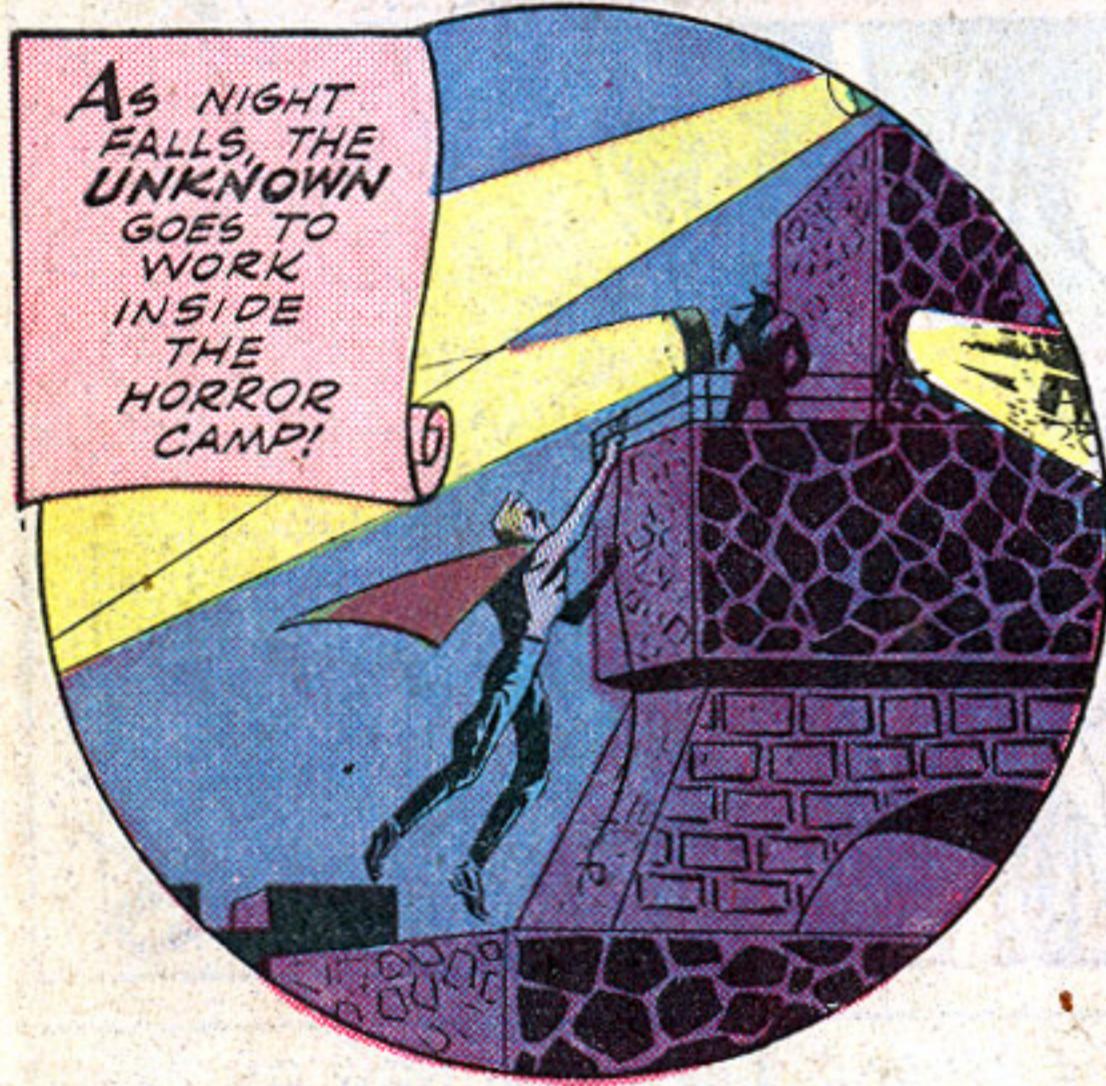




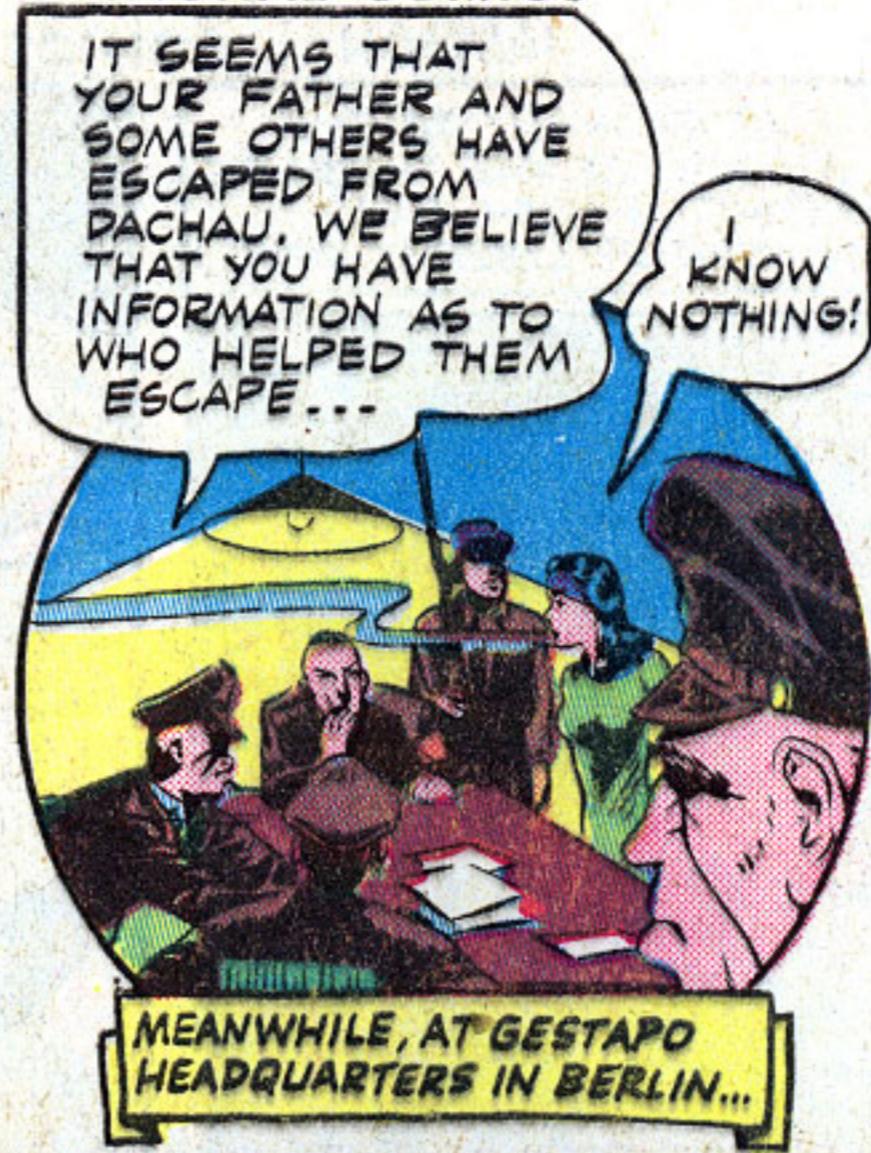
THE CONCENTRATION CAMP AT DACHAU! BEHIND THIS GRIM BARBED WIRE ENCLOSURE, ARE THOUSANDS OF INNOCENT NAZI VICTIMS, WAITING WITH GRIM DETERMINATION FOR THEIR HOUR OF LIBERATION!!

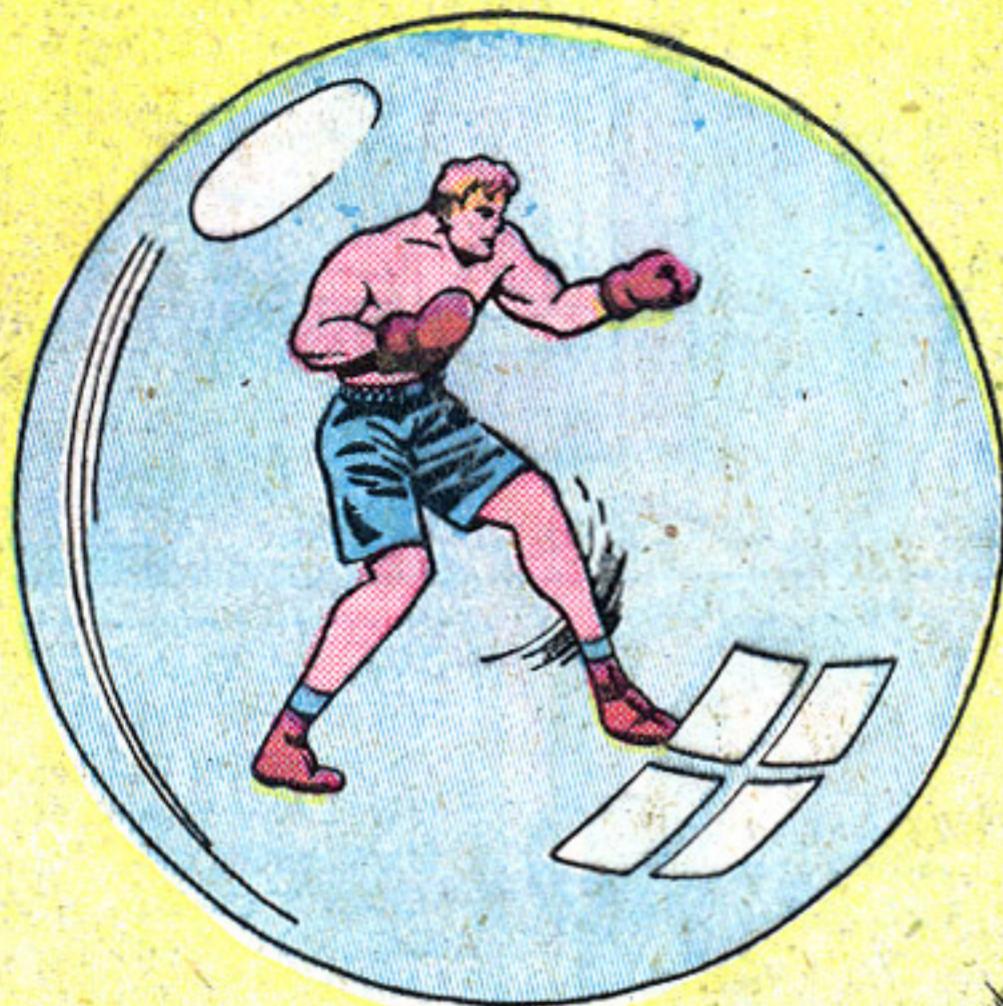


AS NIGHT FALLS, THE UNKNOWN GOES TO WORK INSIDE THE HORROR CAMP!



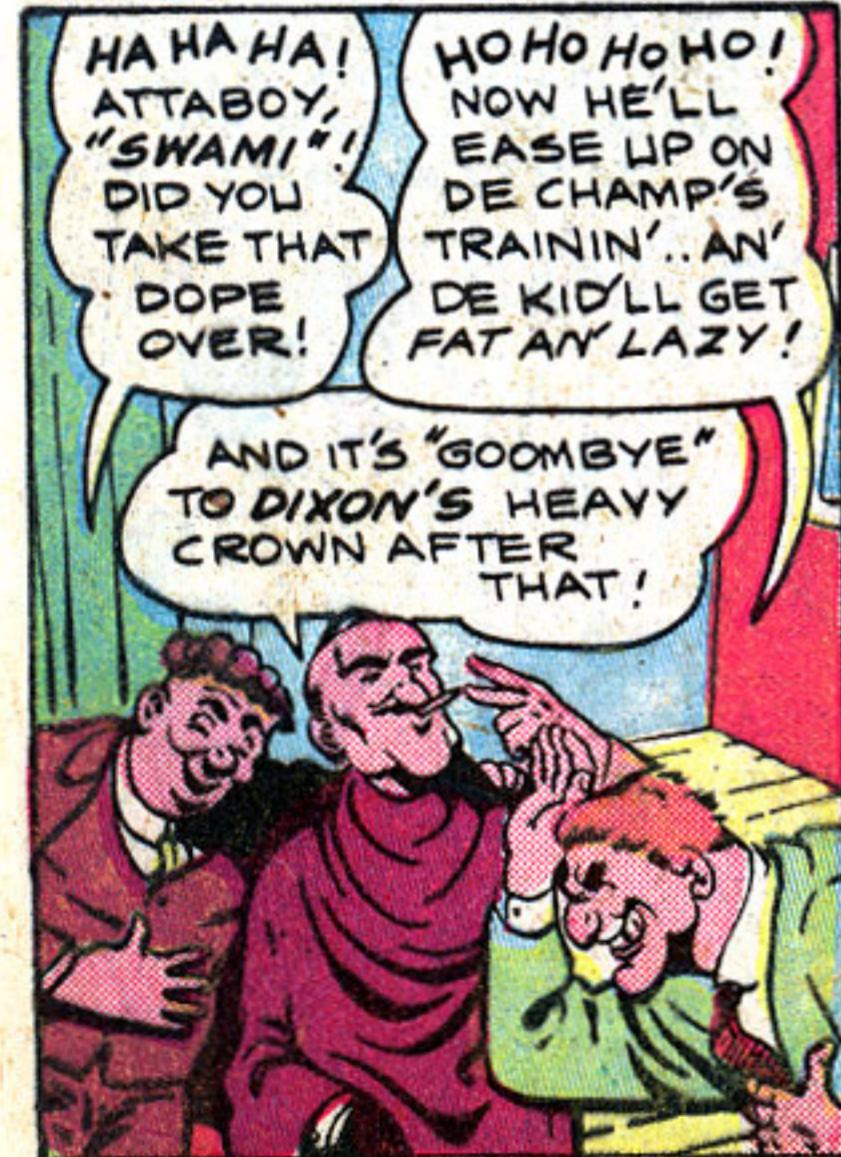
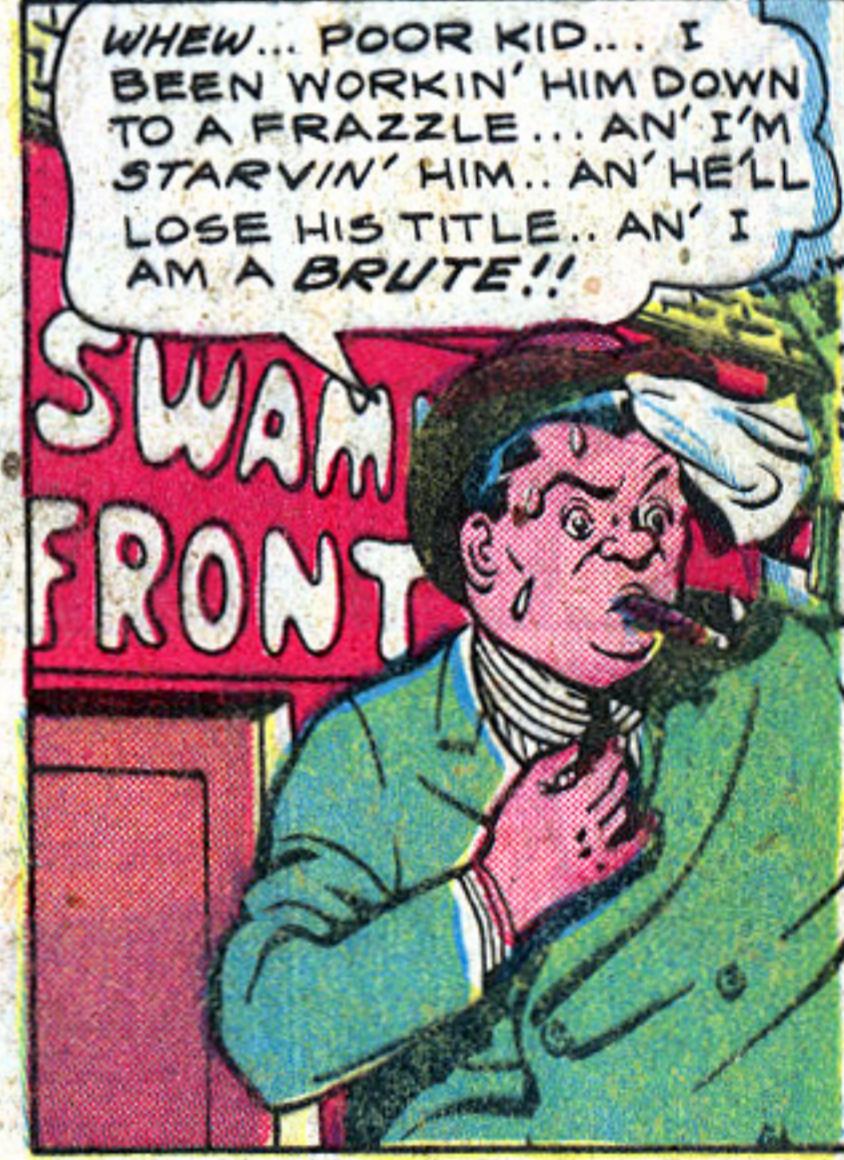
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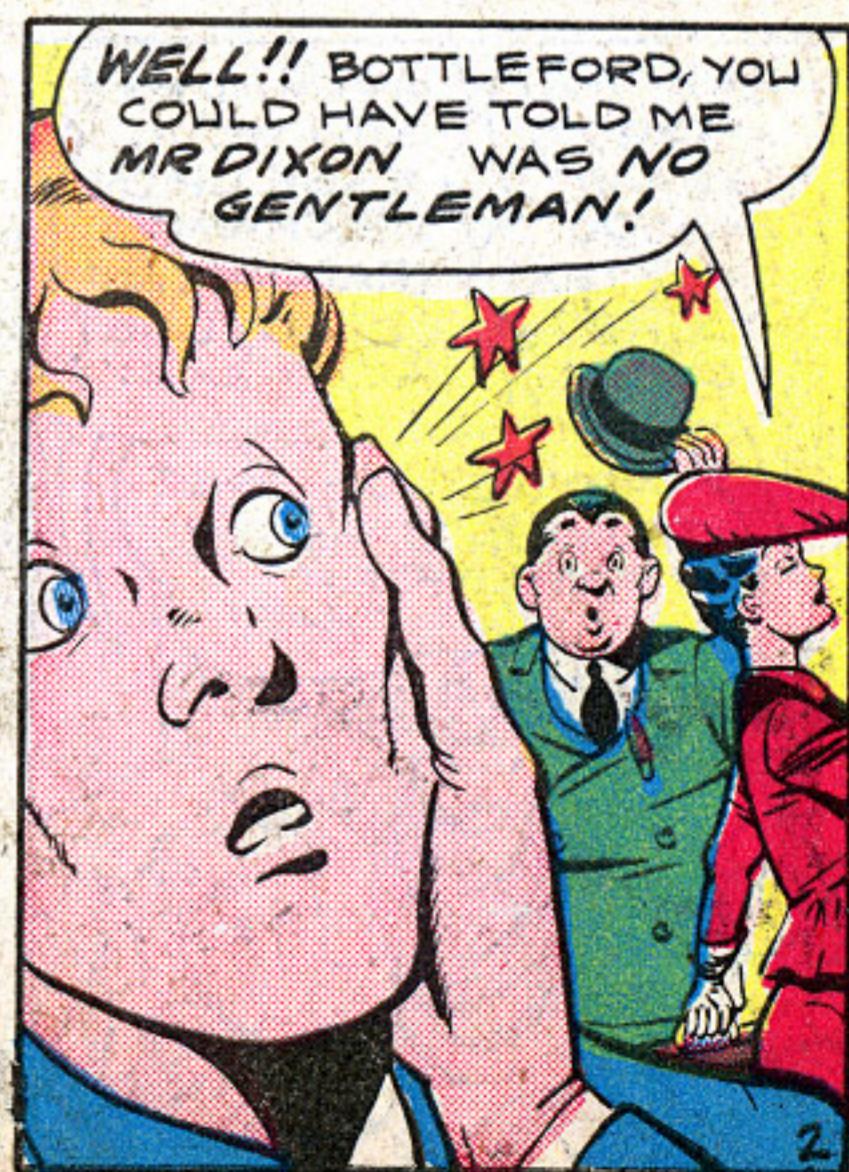
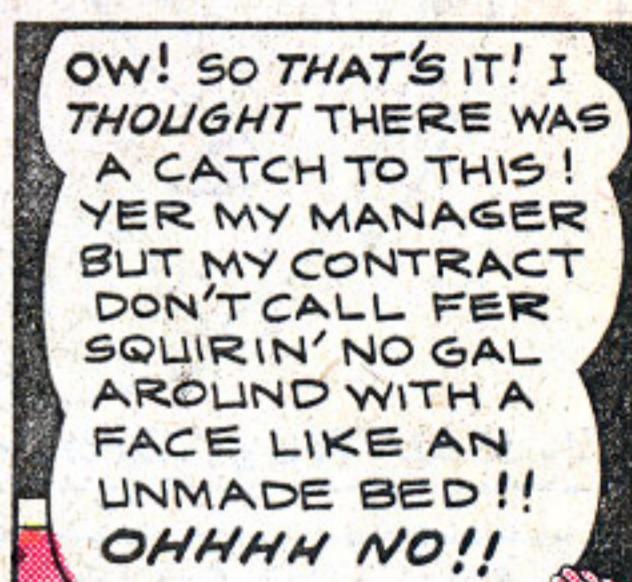
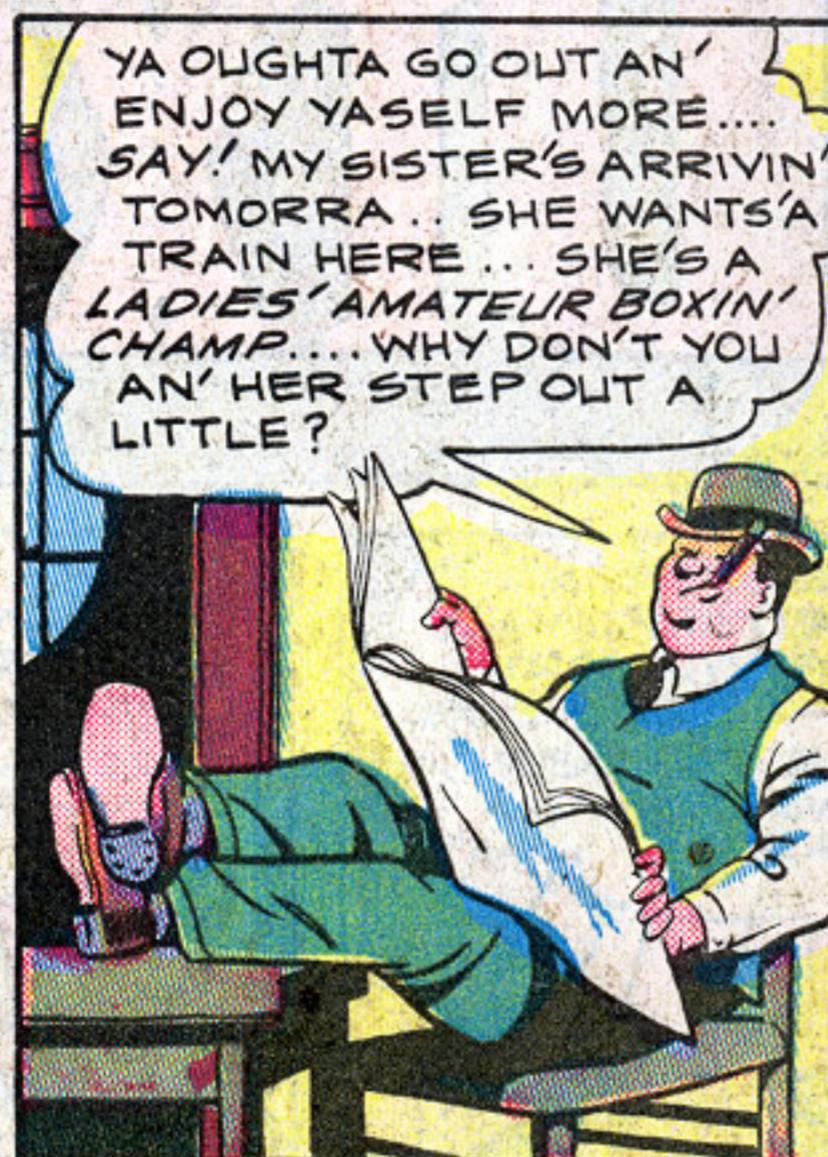
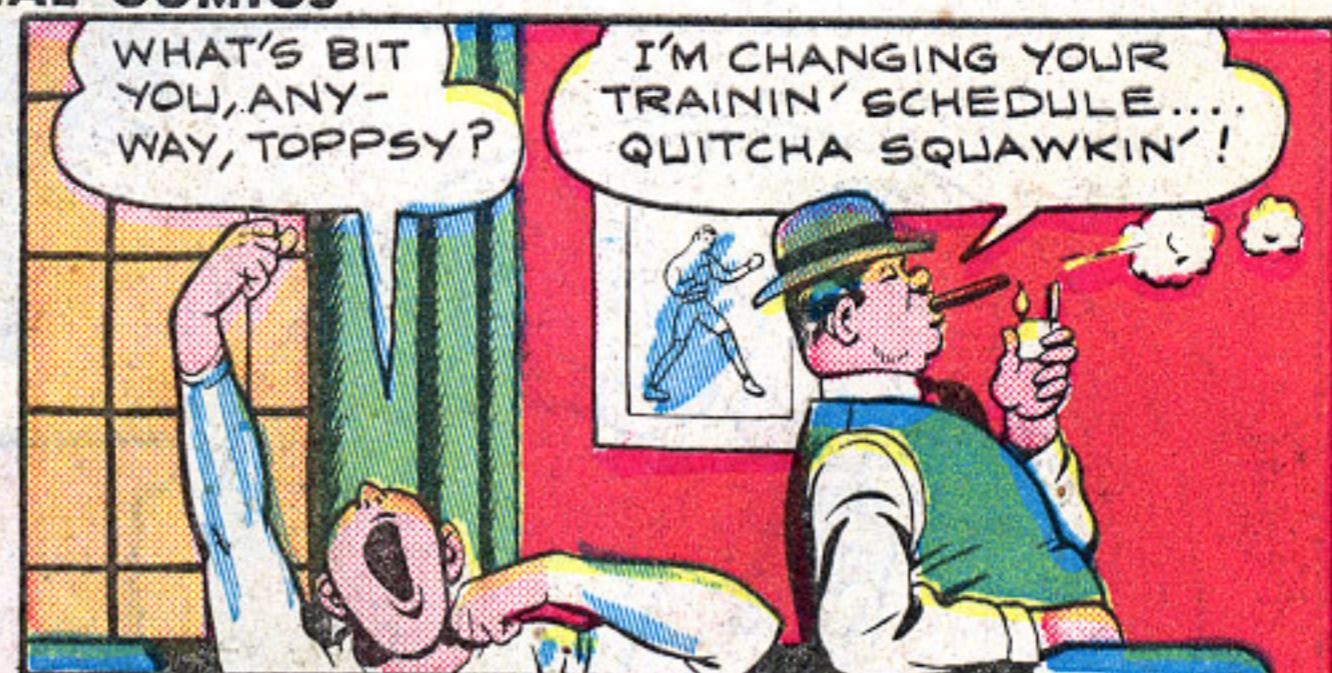
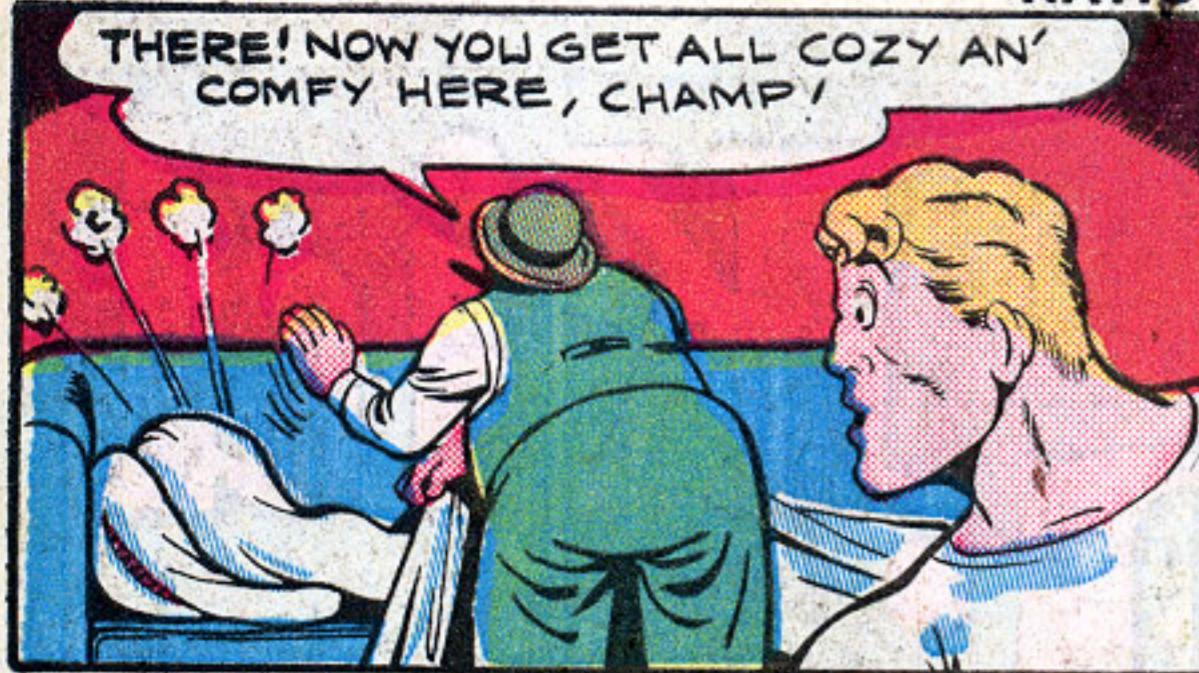




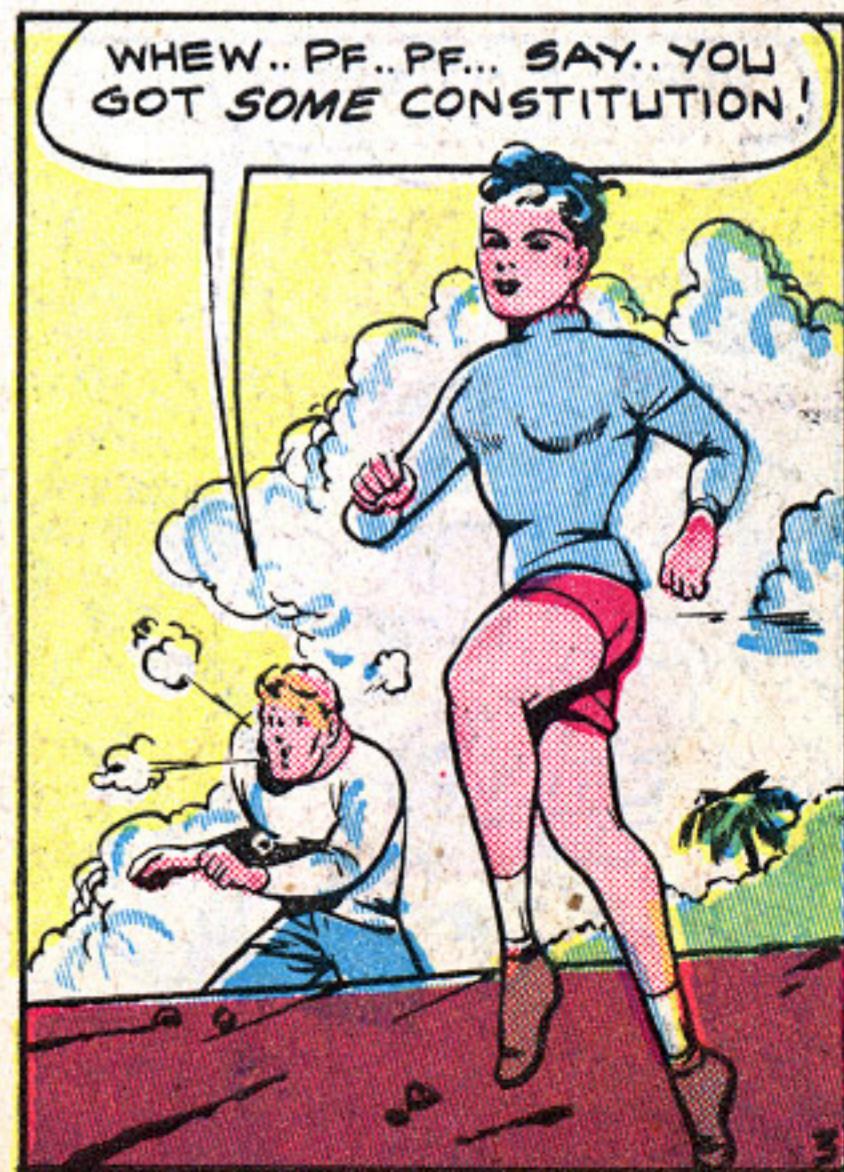
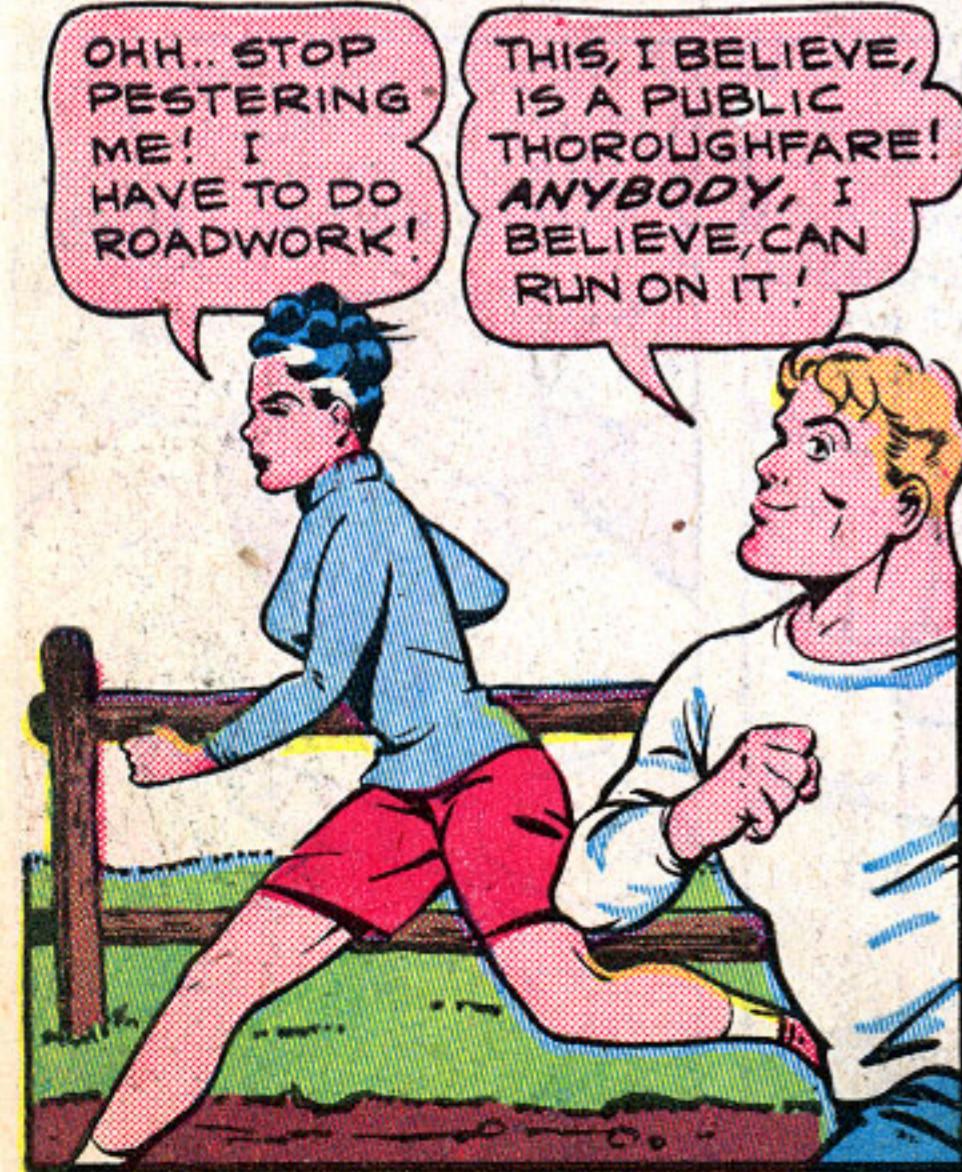
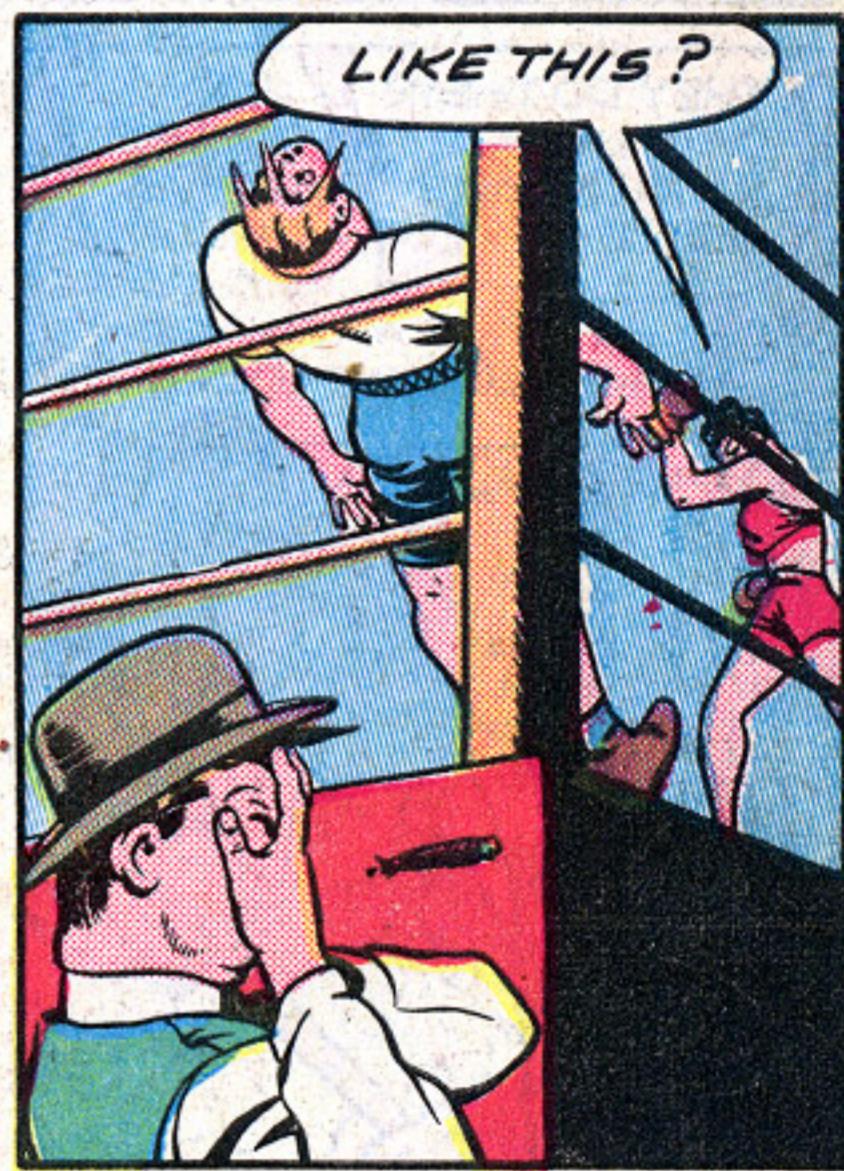
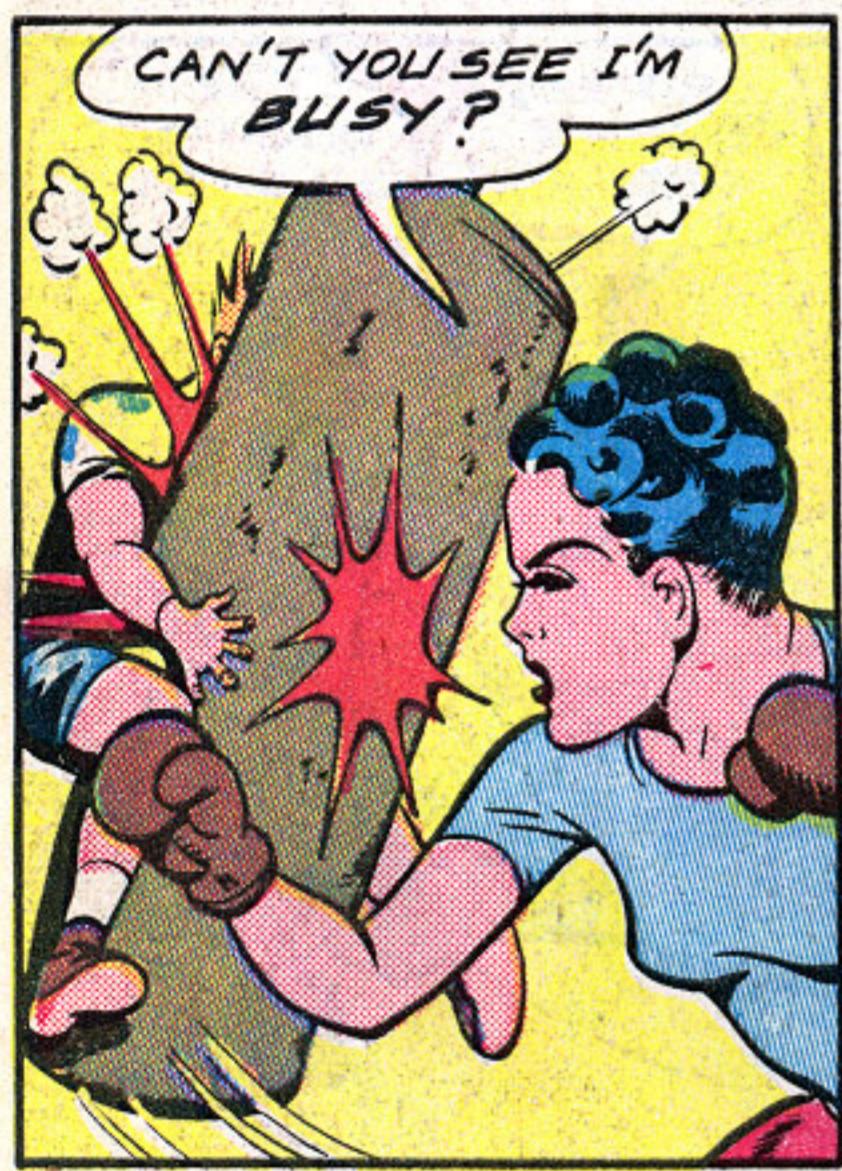
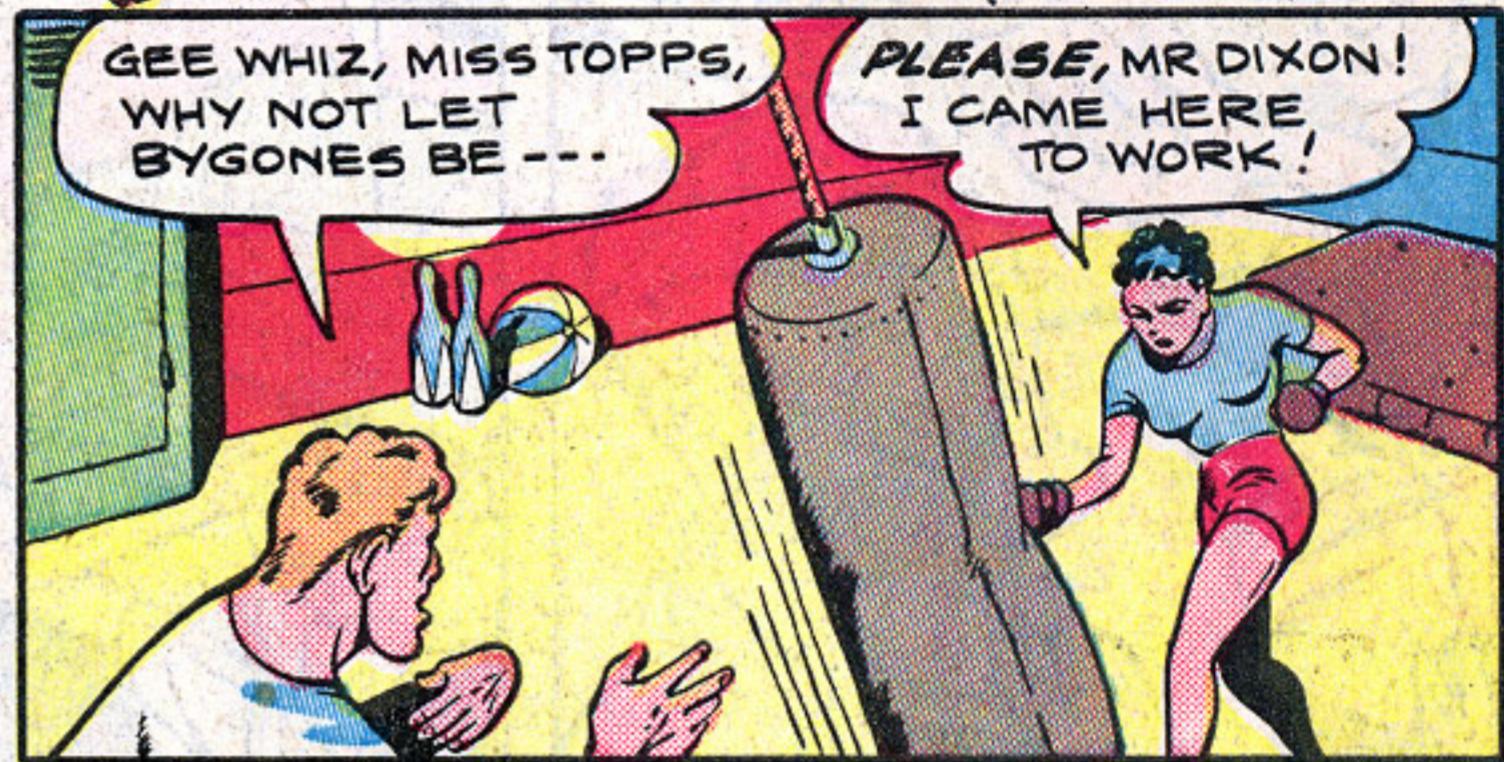
Kid Dixon

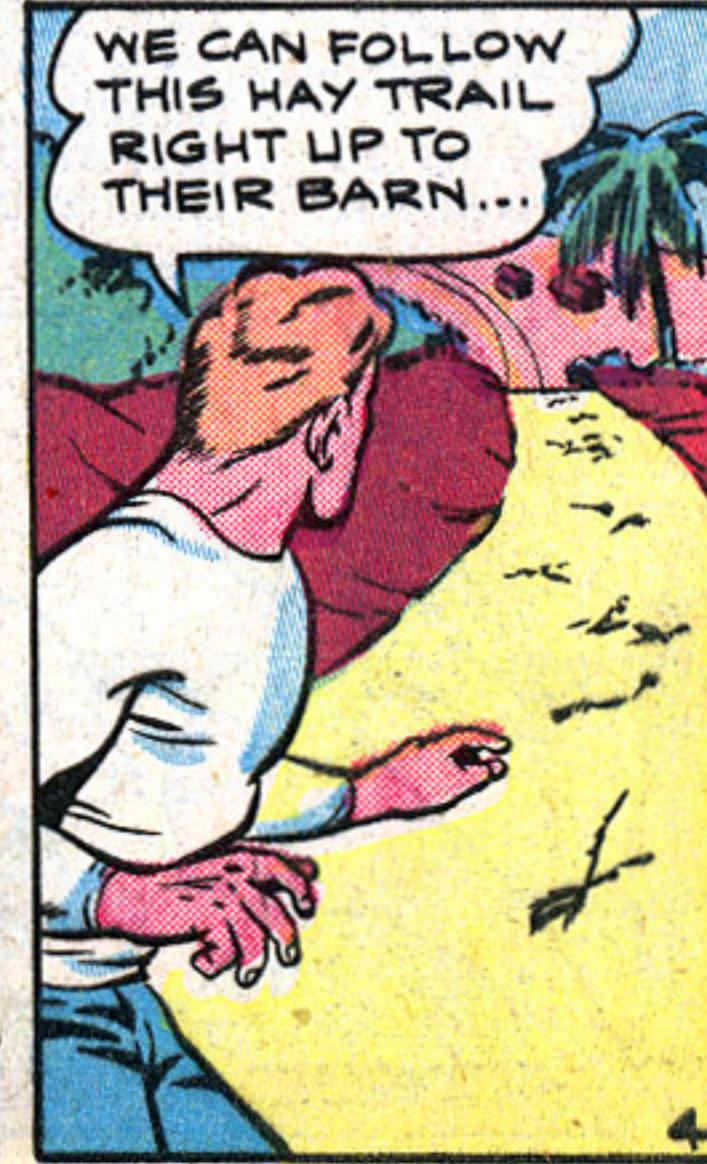
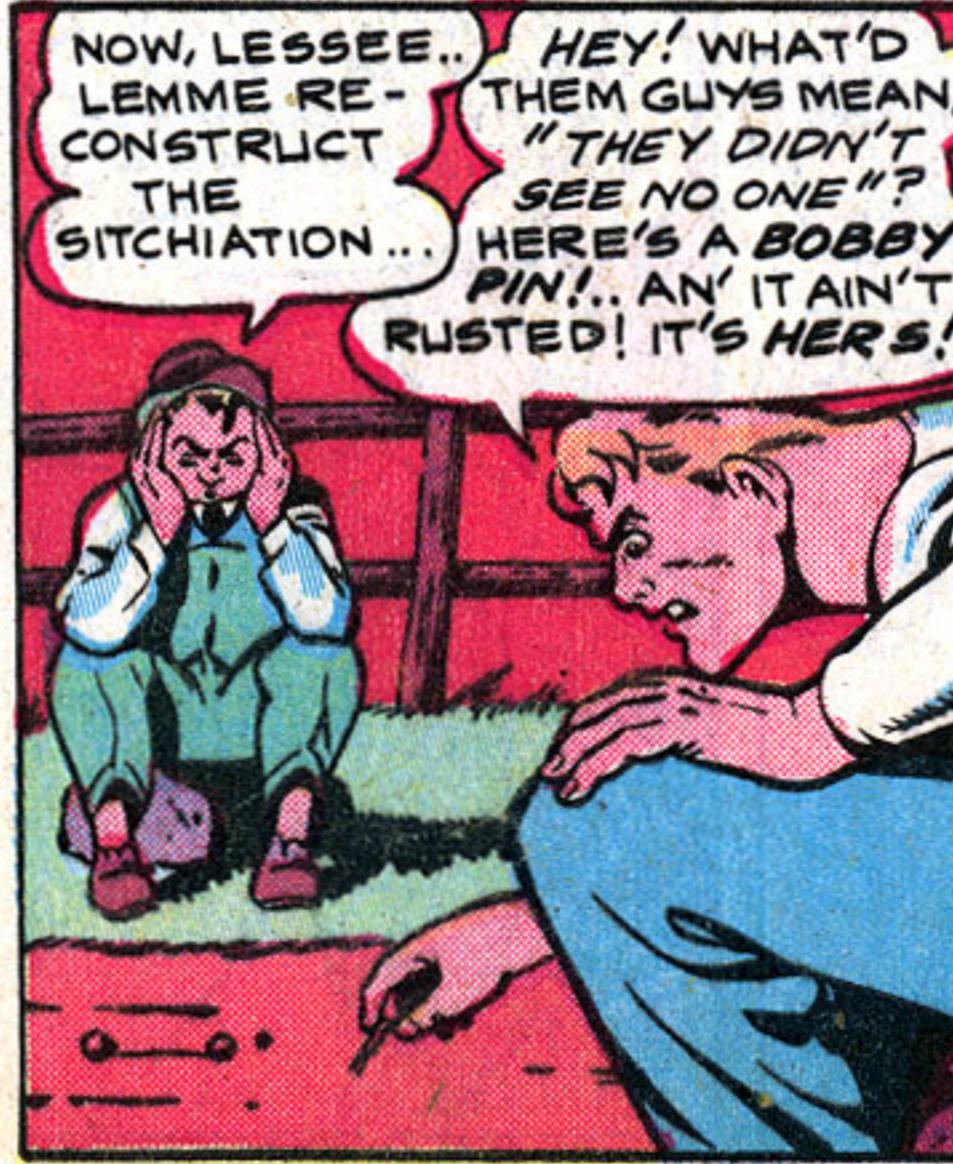
By Bob Reynolds -

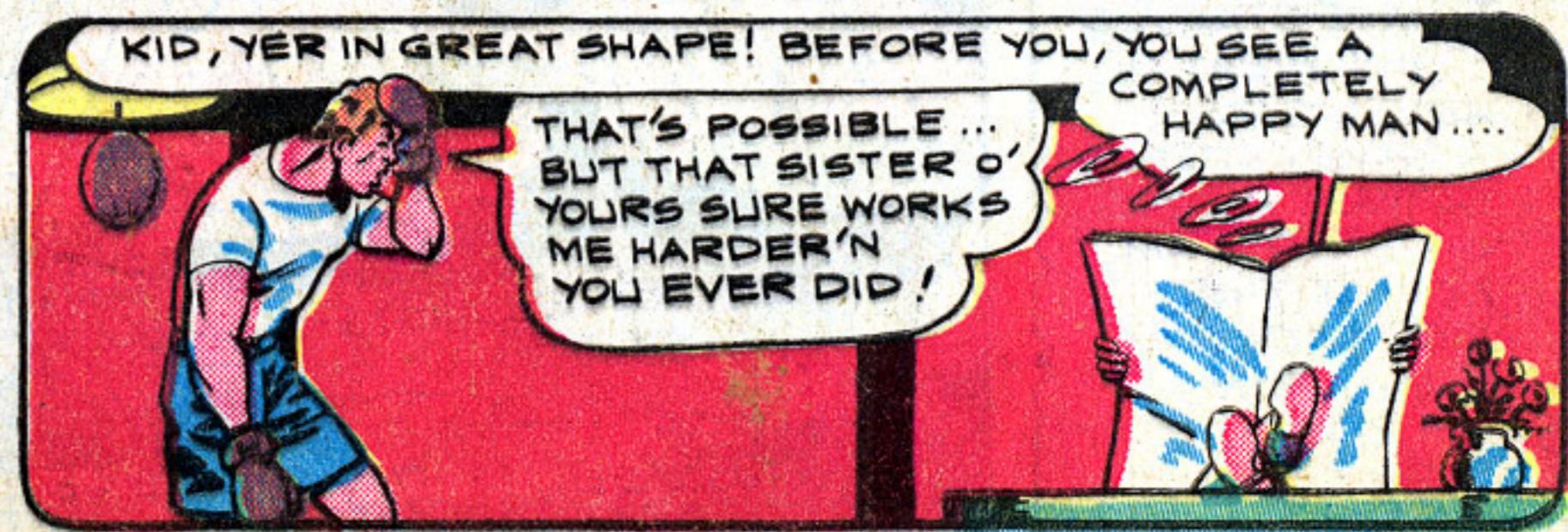
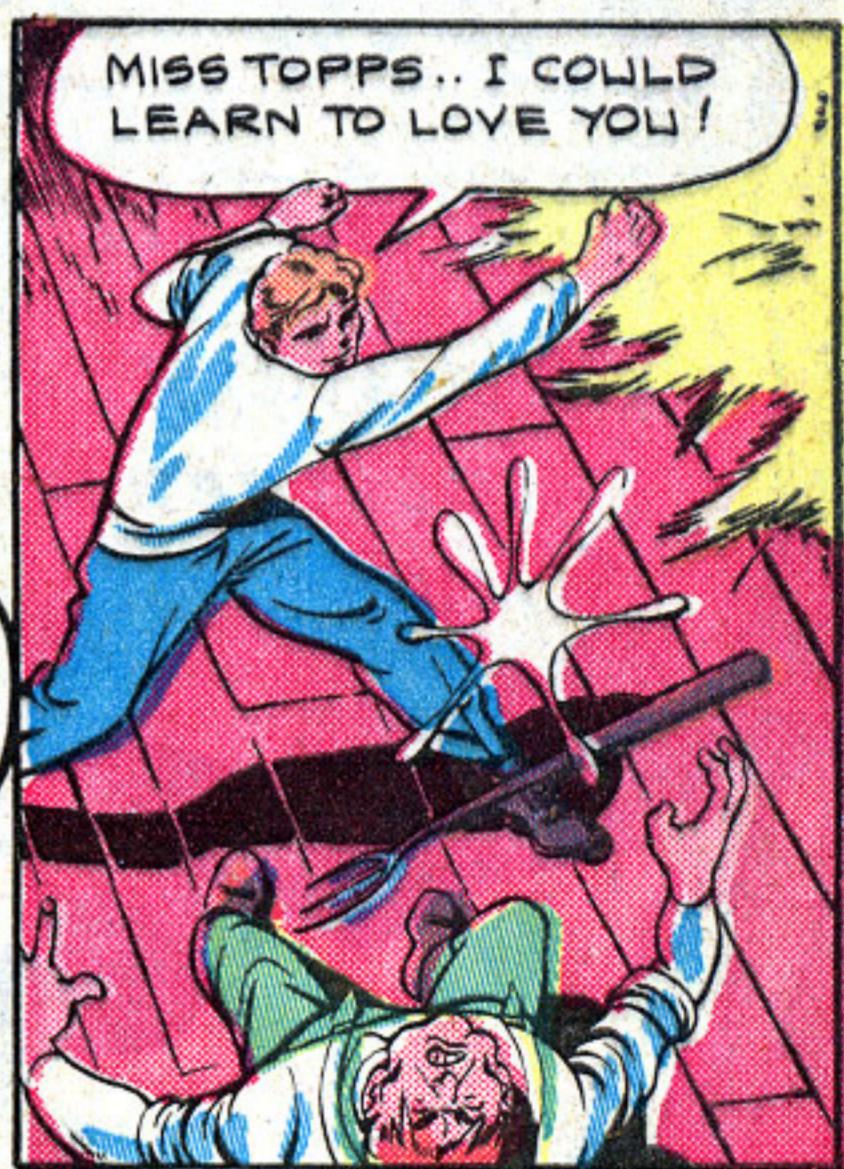
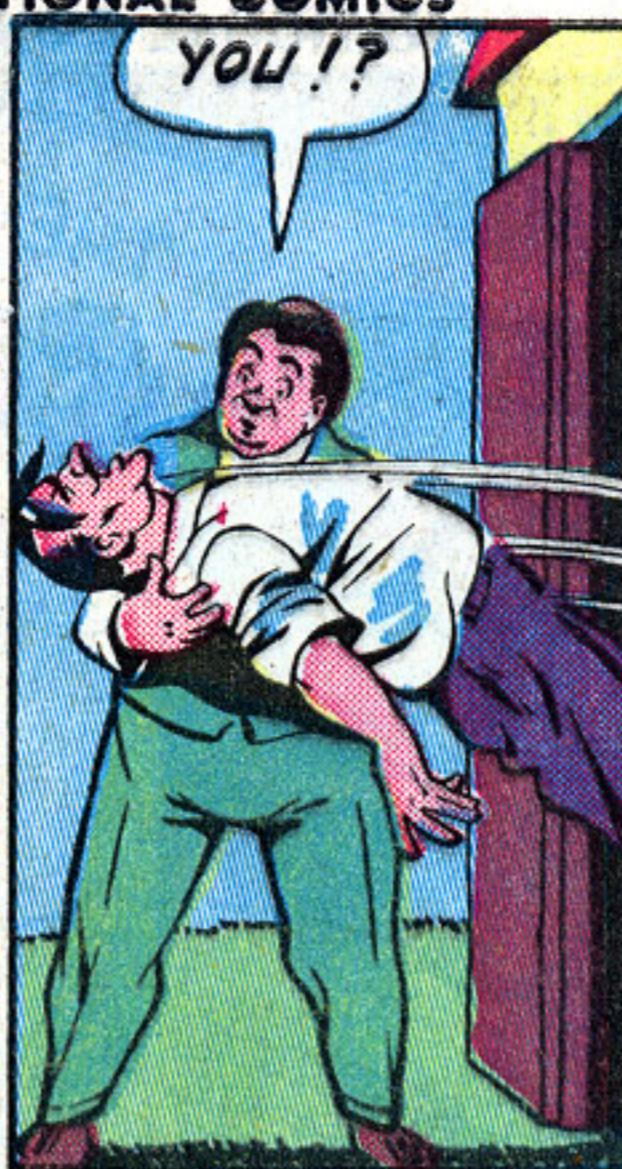




HOLY SMOKE! GEE WHIZ,
MISS TOPPS! HOW
WAS I TO KNOW --- ?
OH, GOLLY!!

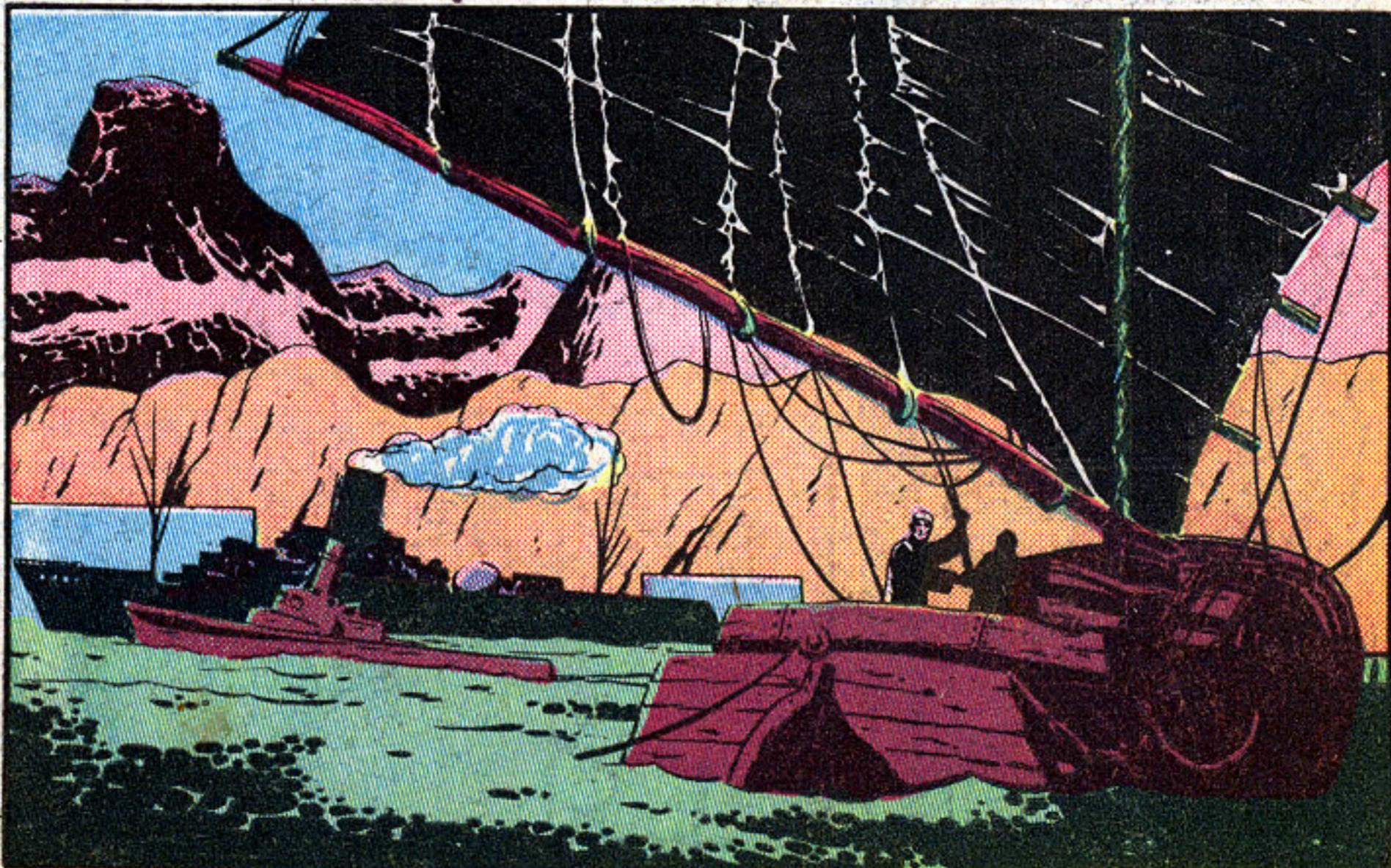




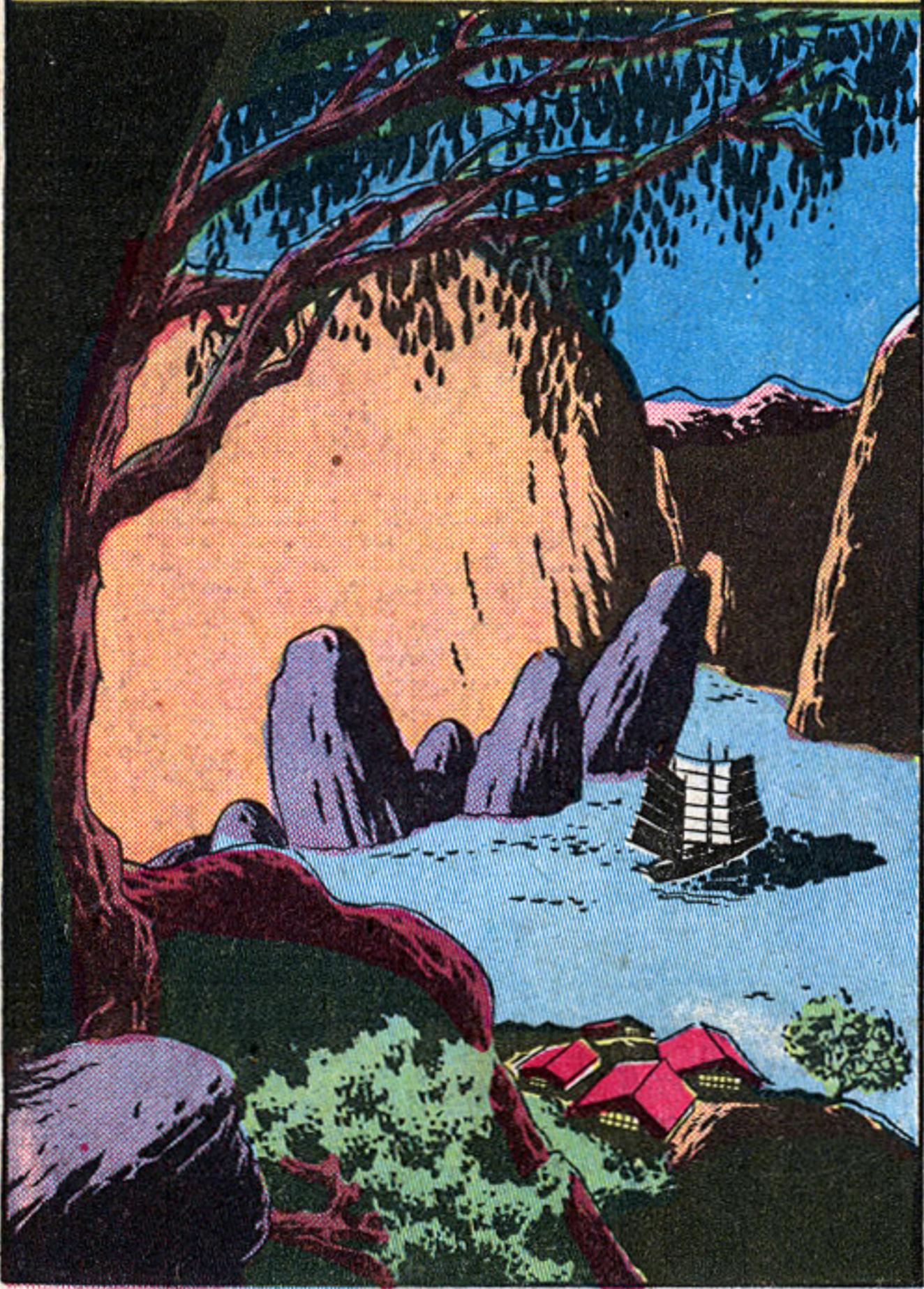




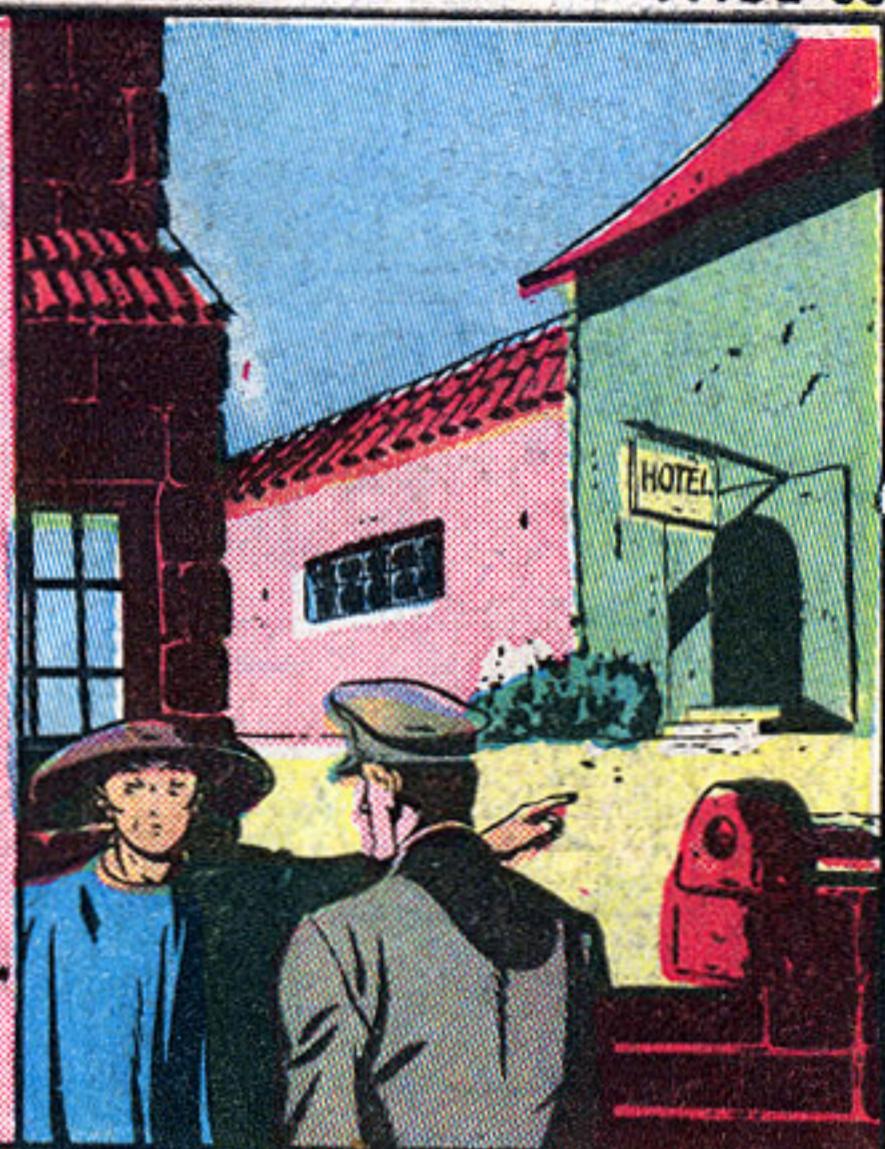
"I, CAPTAIN DON LEASH, OF THE U.S. MILITARY INTELLIGENCE DIVISION, HAVE BEEN DETAILED ON A SECRET MISSION. I HAVE STARTED MY GREAT ADVENTURE..... HAVING CROSSED THE VAST PACIFIC AND I AM NOW AT THE MOUTH OF THE YEN PANG RIVER..."



"CHINA WAS BURNING WITH DETERMINATION TO WIPE OUT THE BESTIAL JAPANESE, WHO THREATENED CHINA'S GOOD EARTH! I FOUND IT EASY, THEREFORE, TO GET A JUNK, WHICH CARRIED ME UP TO THE LITTLE TOWN OF **SHANGRI...**"



"I OBTAINED A ROOM IN A SMALL INN, THE ONLY ONE IN THE TOWN - AND THERE I WAITED FOR WING POO OF GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S STAFF, TO ACQUAINT ME WITH SPECIAL INFORMATION."

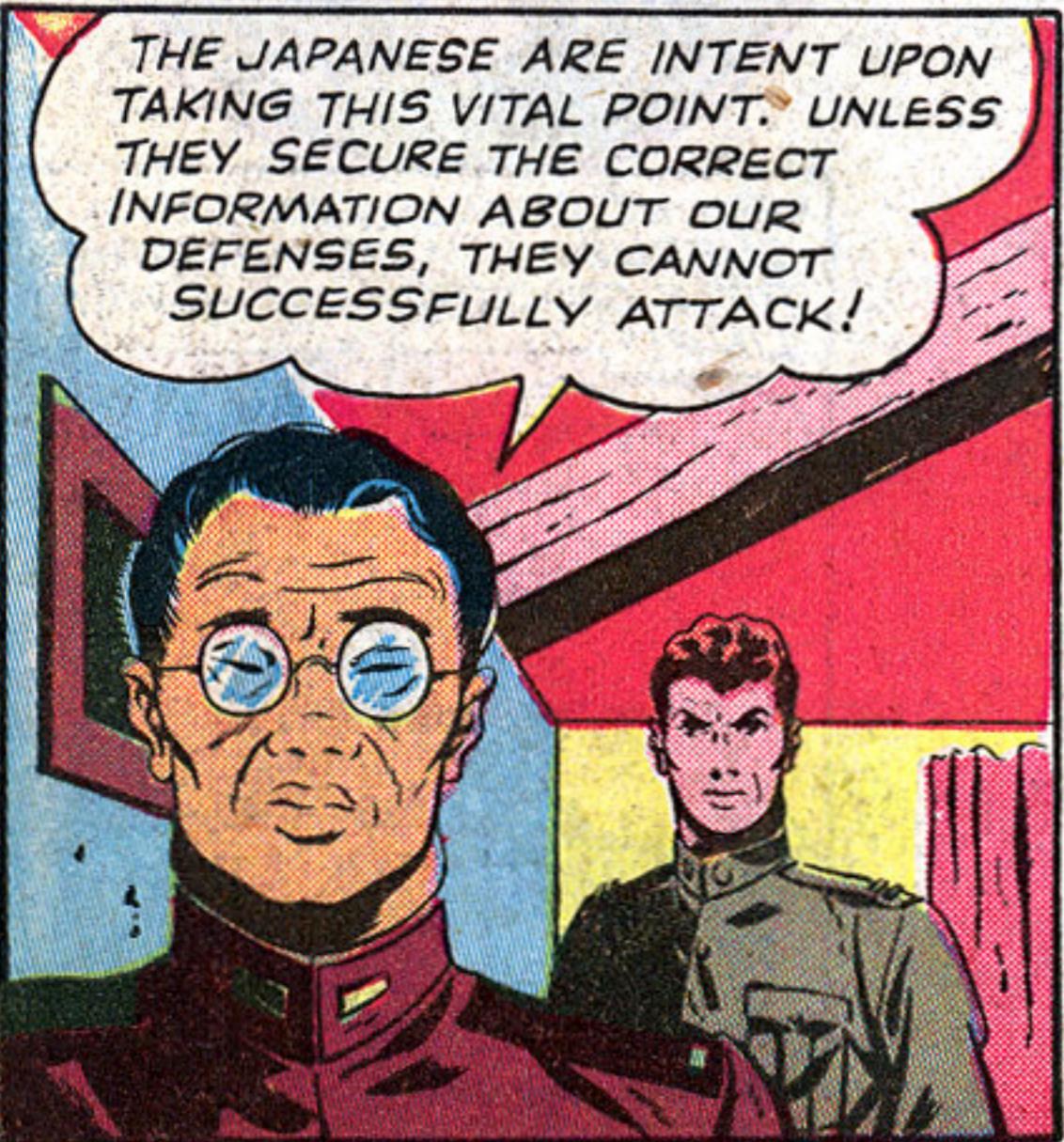


"WITHIN A SHORT TIME I WAS USHERED INTO WING POO'S PRESENCE..."

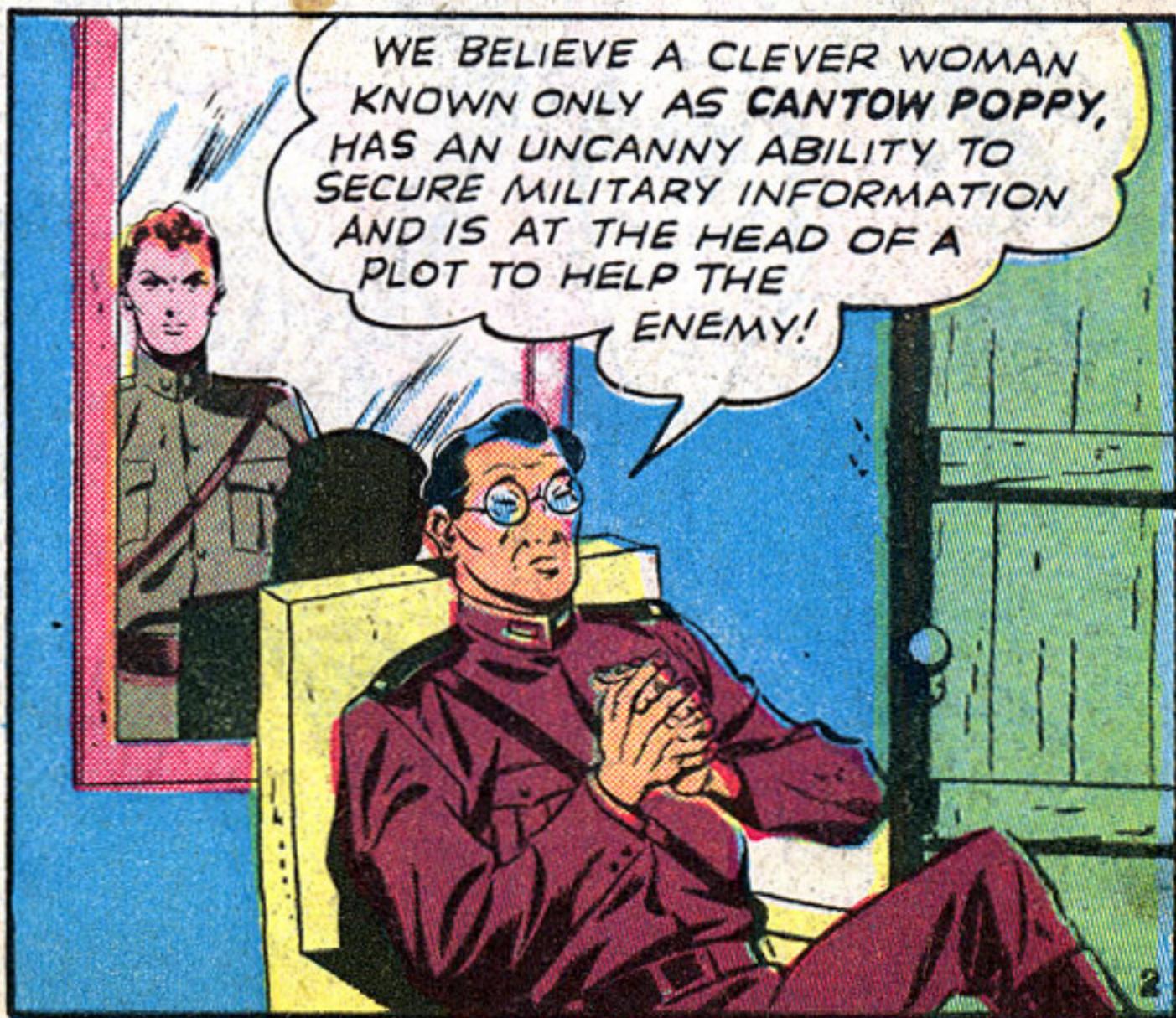
AH, CAPTAIN. I'LL COME RIGHT TO THE POINT! AS YOU KNOW, THE RAILWAY CENTER OF CANTOW IS OF THE GREATEST MILITARY IMPORTANCE TO THE ALLIED CAUSE! THROUGH IT PASS INNUMERABLE WEAPONS AND OTHER SUPPLIES TO HELP CHINA RESIST THE INVADER!



THE JAPANESE ARE INTENT UPON TAKING THIS VITAL POINT. UNLESS THEY SECURE THE CORRECT INFORMATION ABOUT OUR DEFENSES, THEY CANNOT SUCCESSFULLY ATTACK!

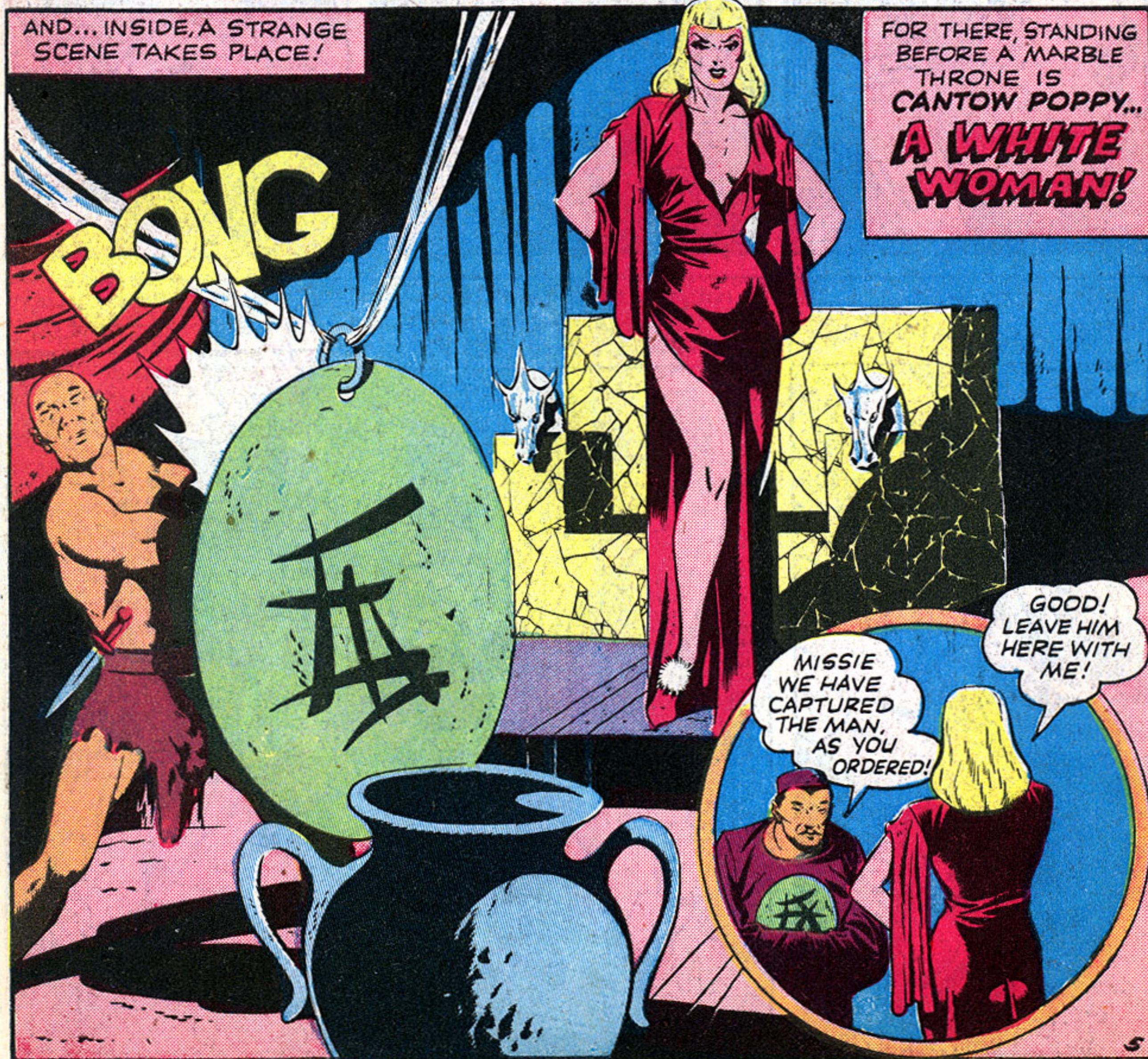
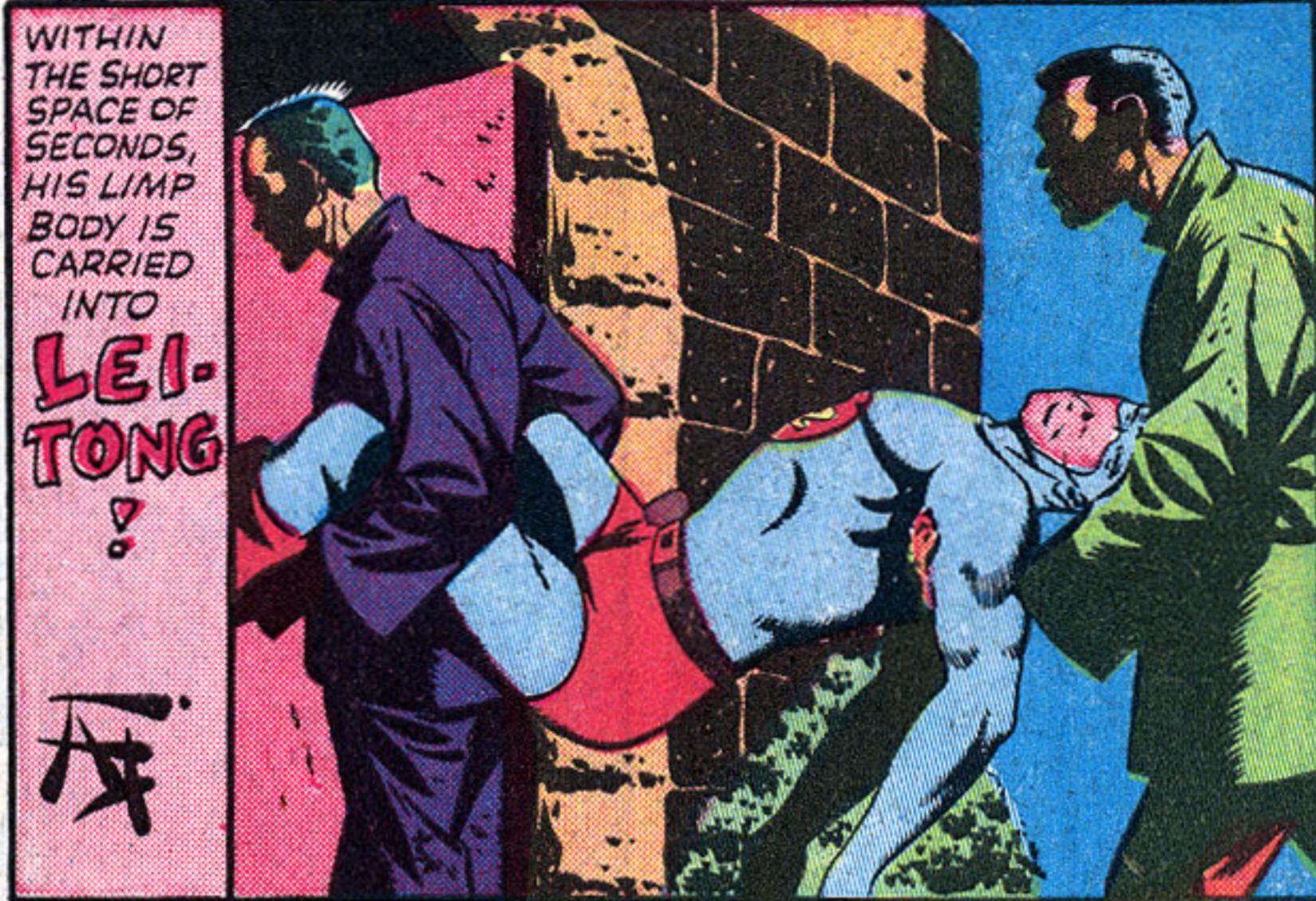
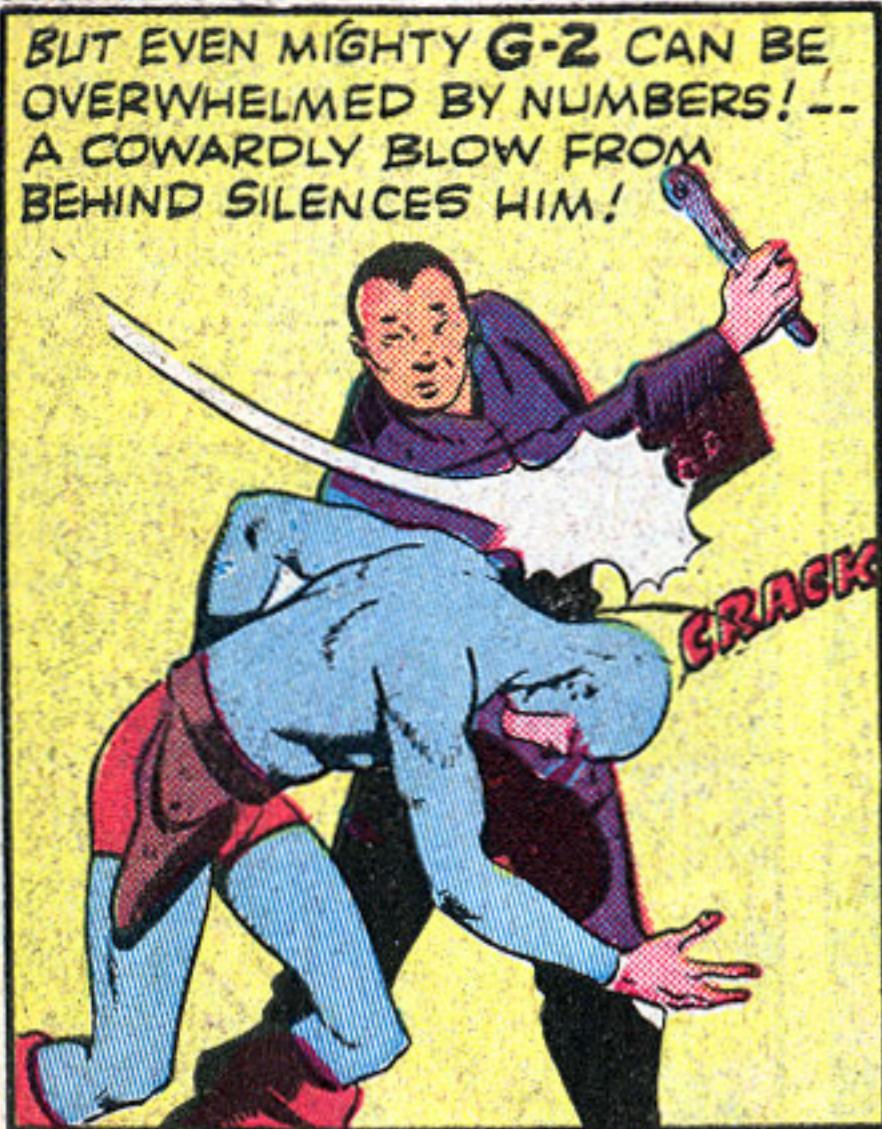


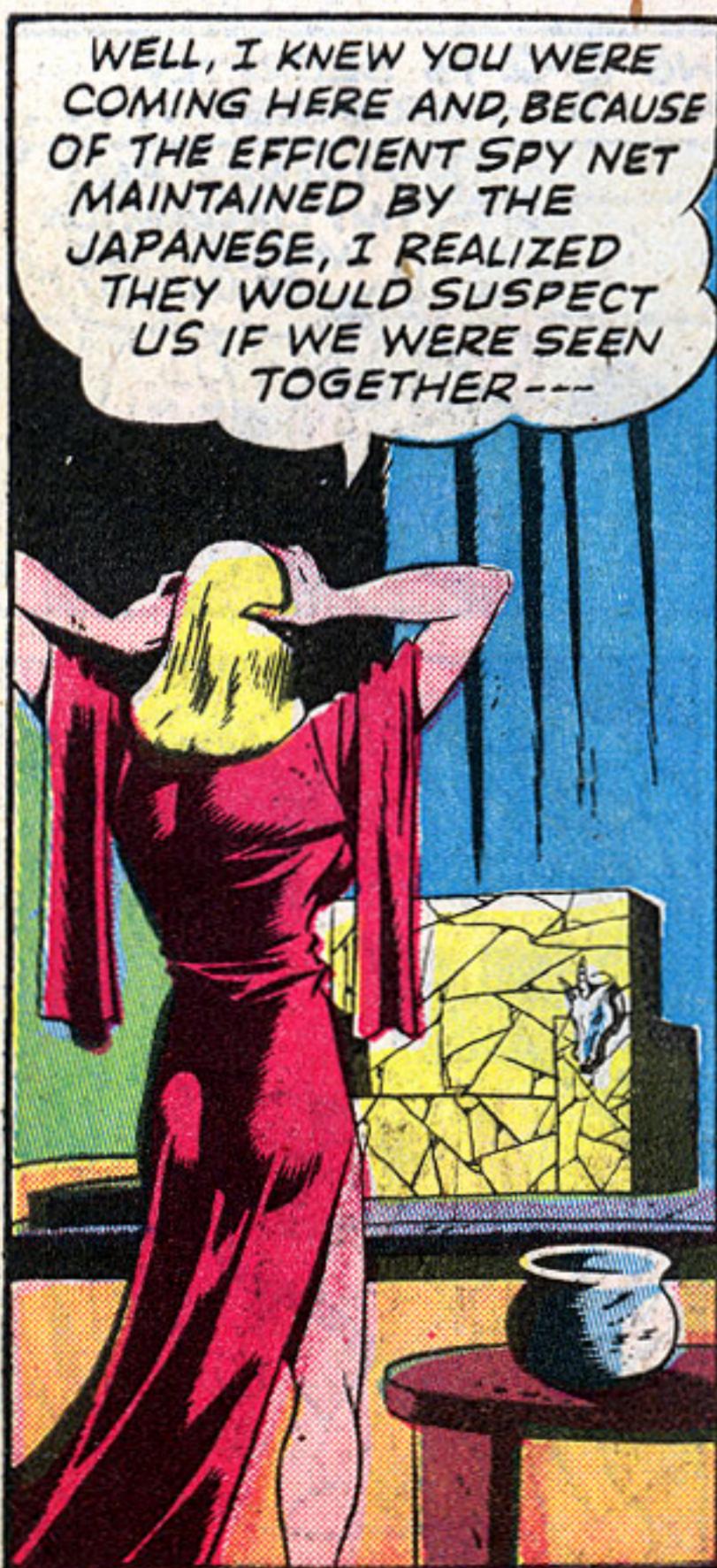
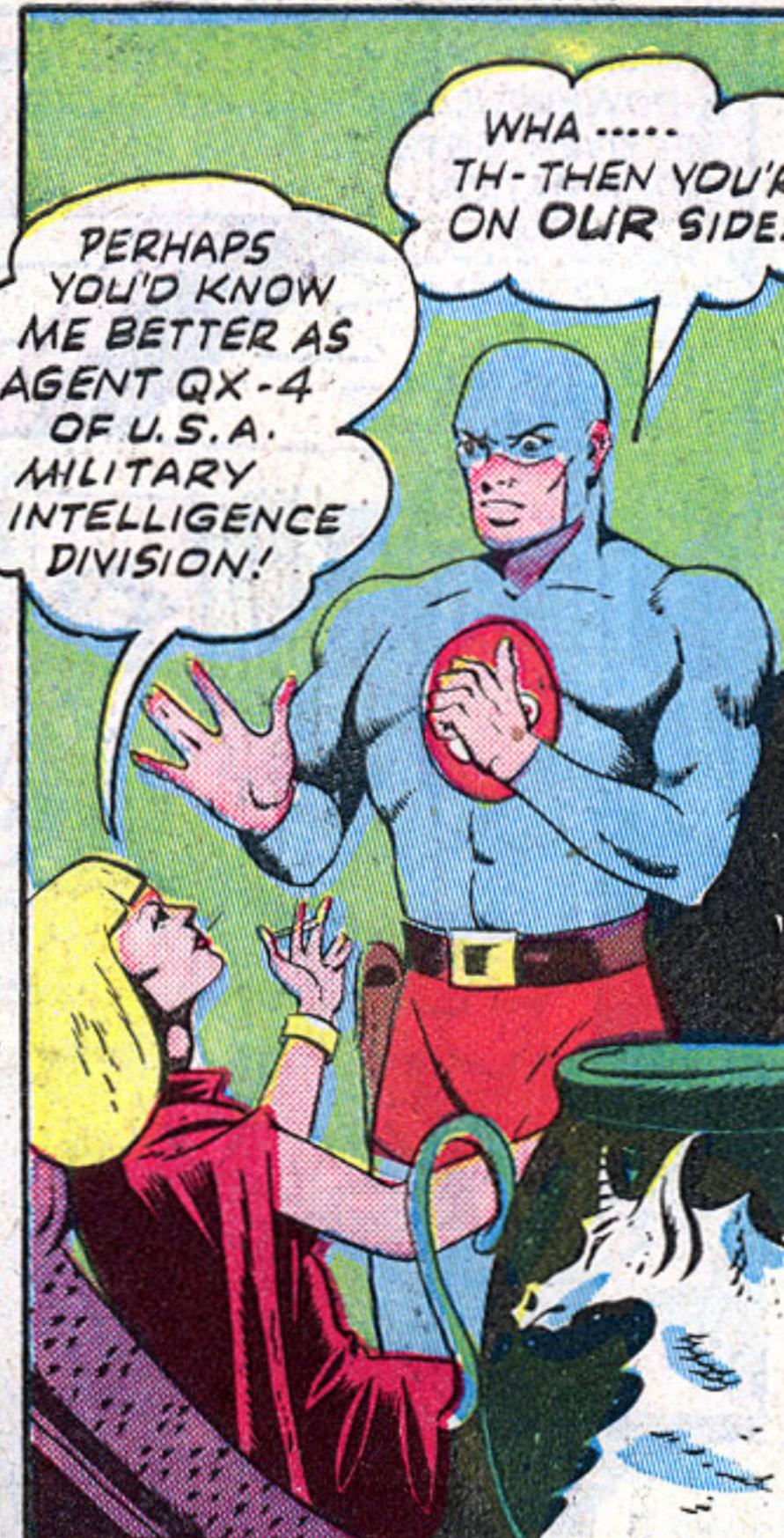
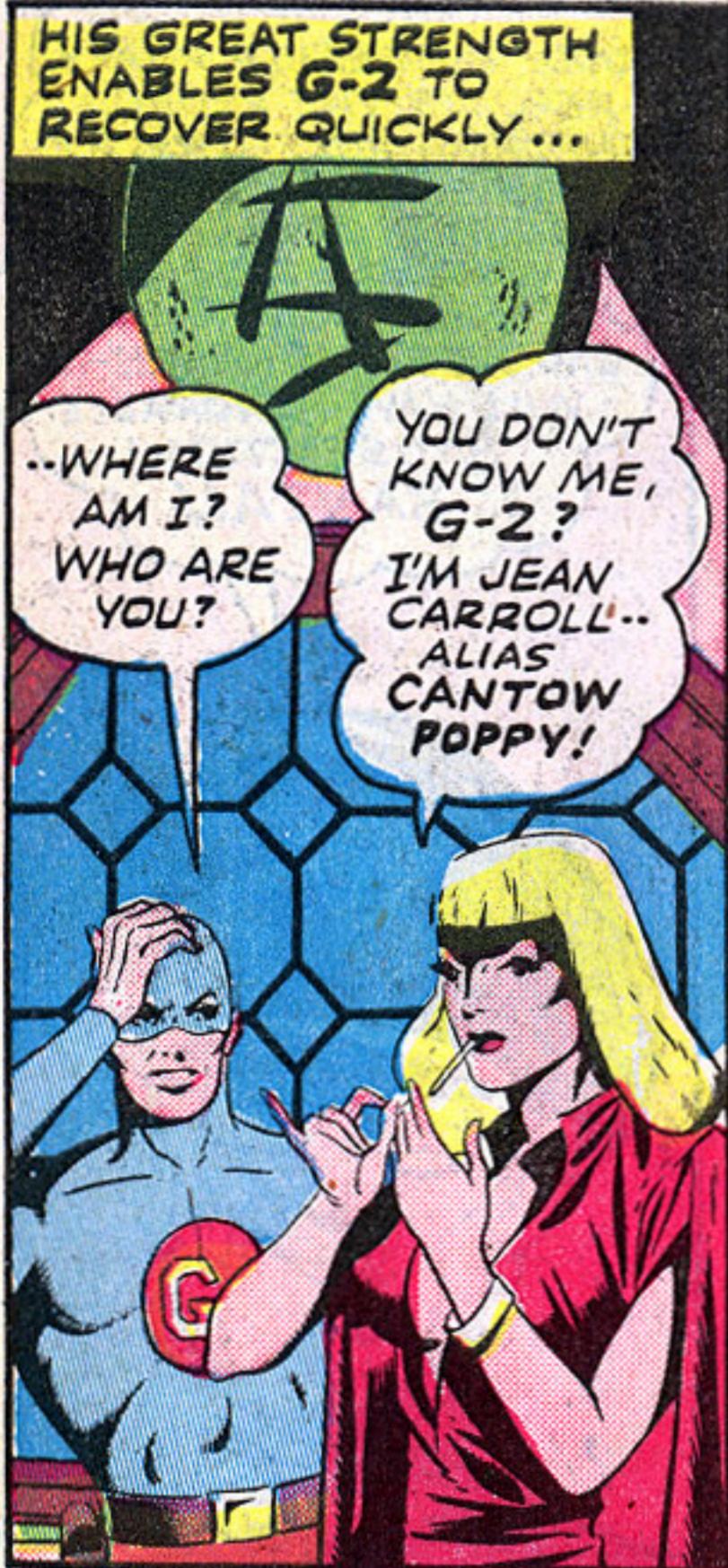
WE BELIEVE A CLEVER WOMAN KNOWN ONLY AS CANTOW POPPY, HAS AN UNCANNY ABILITY TO SECURE MILITARY INFORMATION AND IS AT THE HEAD OF A PLOT TO HELP THE ENEMY!







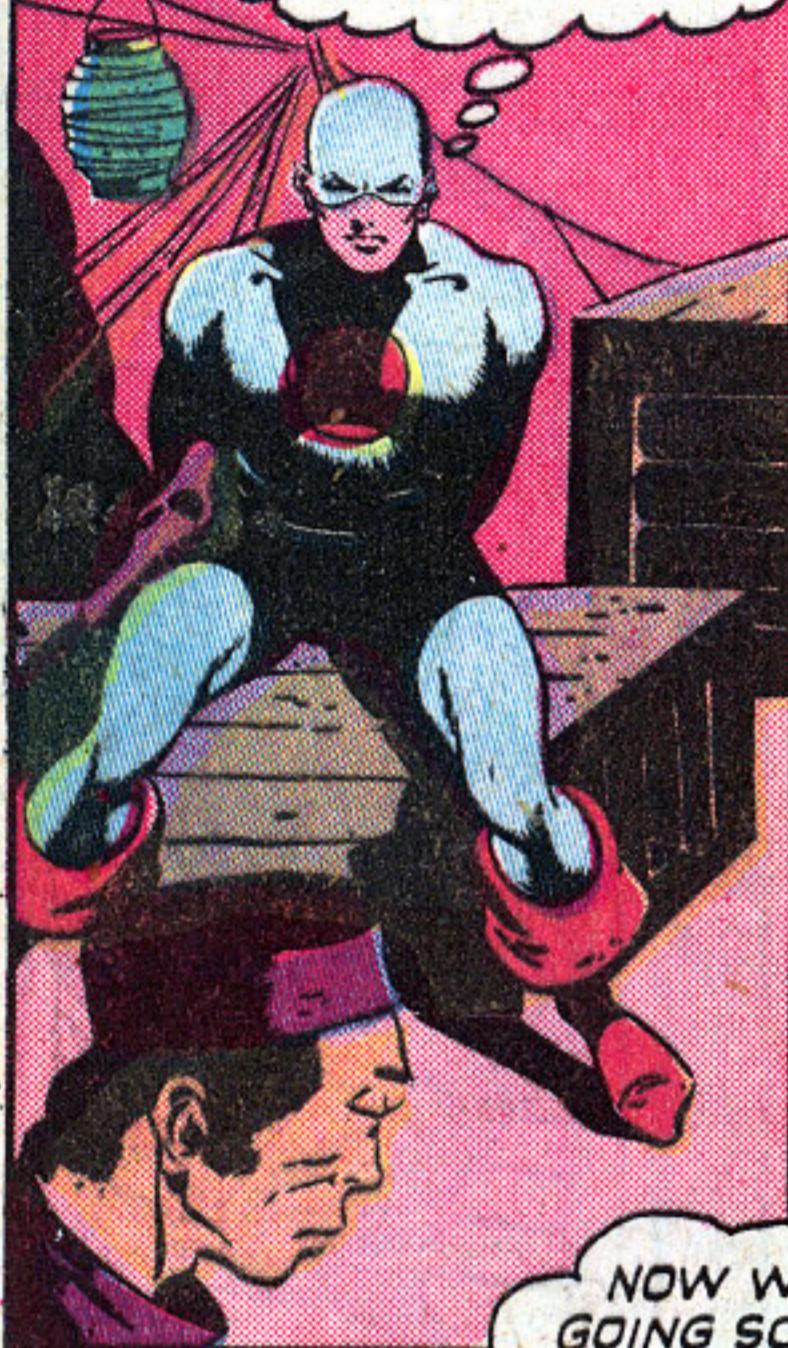




NATIONAL COMICS

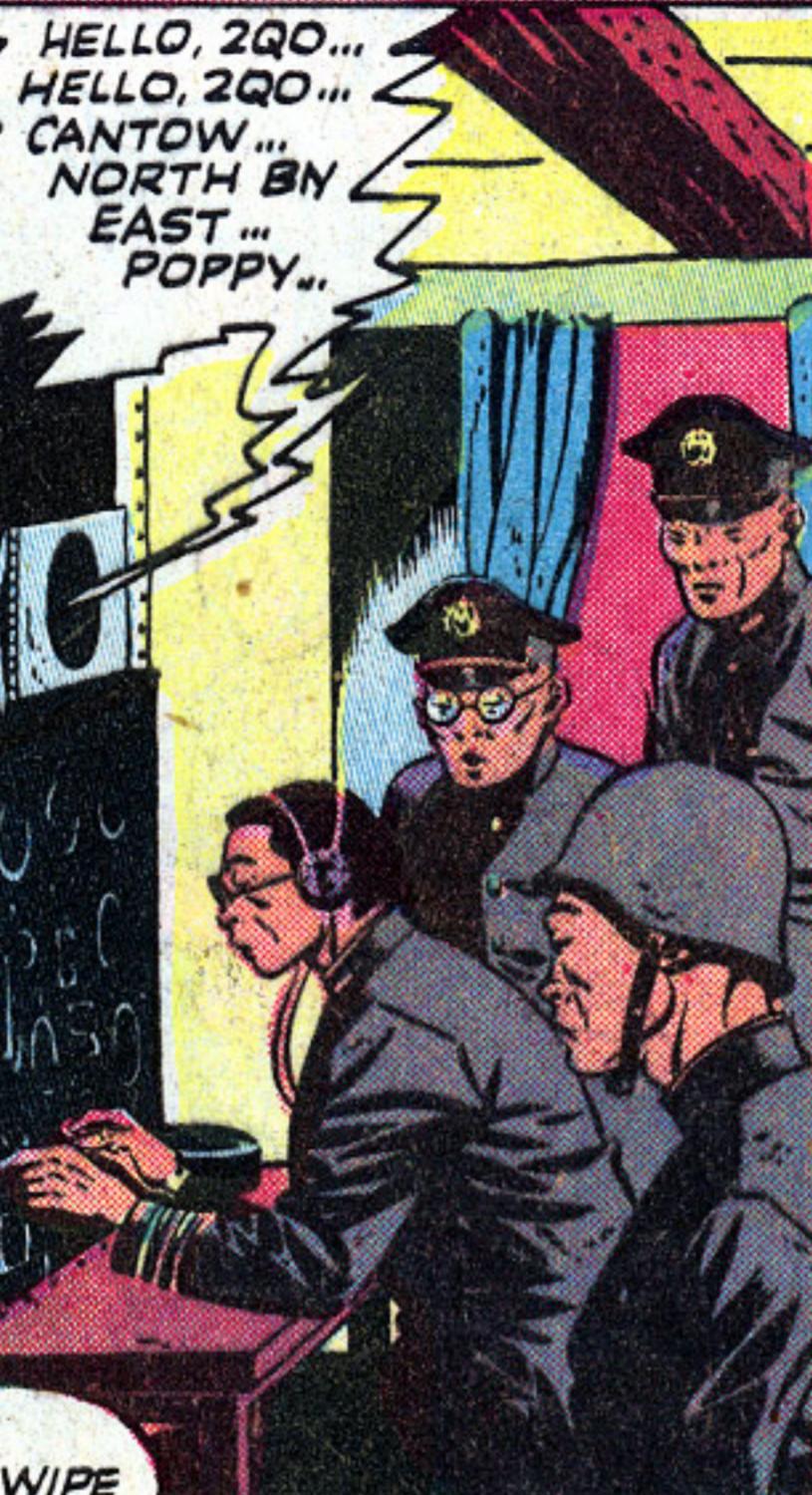
G-2 IS SECURELY BOUND IN A REMOTE ROOM OF THE HUGE MONASTERY...

HMM! -- A STRANGE SET-UP!
-- I'LL JUST HAVE TO STRING ALONG AND SEE IF THE GAME'S STRAIGHT!



NOW WE
GOING SOON WIPE
OUT CANTOW!
MUCH FUN!

WHILE, AT JAPANESE HEADQUARTERS,
A POWERFUL SHORT-WAVE RADIO
RECEIVER GETS POPPY'S FALSE
INFORMATION...



HELLO, 2QO...
HELLO, 2QO...
CANTOW...
NORTH BN
EAST...
POPPY...

GOOD! HONORABLE POPPY
REPORTS THE PROPER
INFORMATION! ... RELAY
THIS INFORMATION NOW
TO G.H.Q. OF OUR
INVINCIBLE ARMIES
AND SOON HONORABLE
EMPEROR HEE-RO-HEE-TOE
WILL HAVE HONORABLE
SATISFACTION!
... BANZAI!



THE JAPANESE
AIR FORCE
TAKES OFF!...

BACK AT LEITONG G-2 IS SECRETLY
RELEASED, AS PRE-ARRANGED



THANKS, PAL!
MY CIRCULATION
WAS GETTING
CRAMPED!



GO QUICKLY! THE
FUTURE OF CANTOW
IS IN YOUR HANDS!
I CAN DO NO MORE!

HOW ABOUT
COMING
ALONG? --
YOU'RE NOT
SAFE HERE!

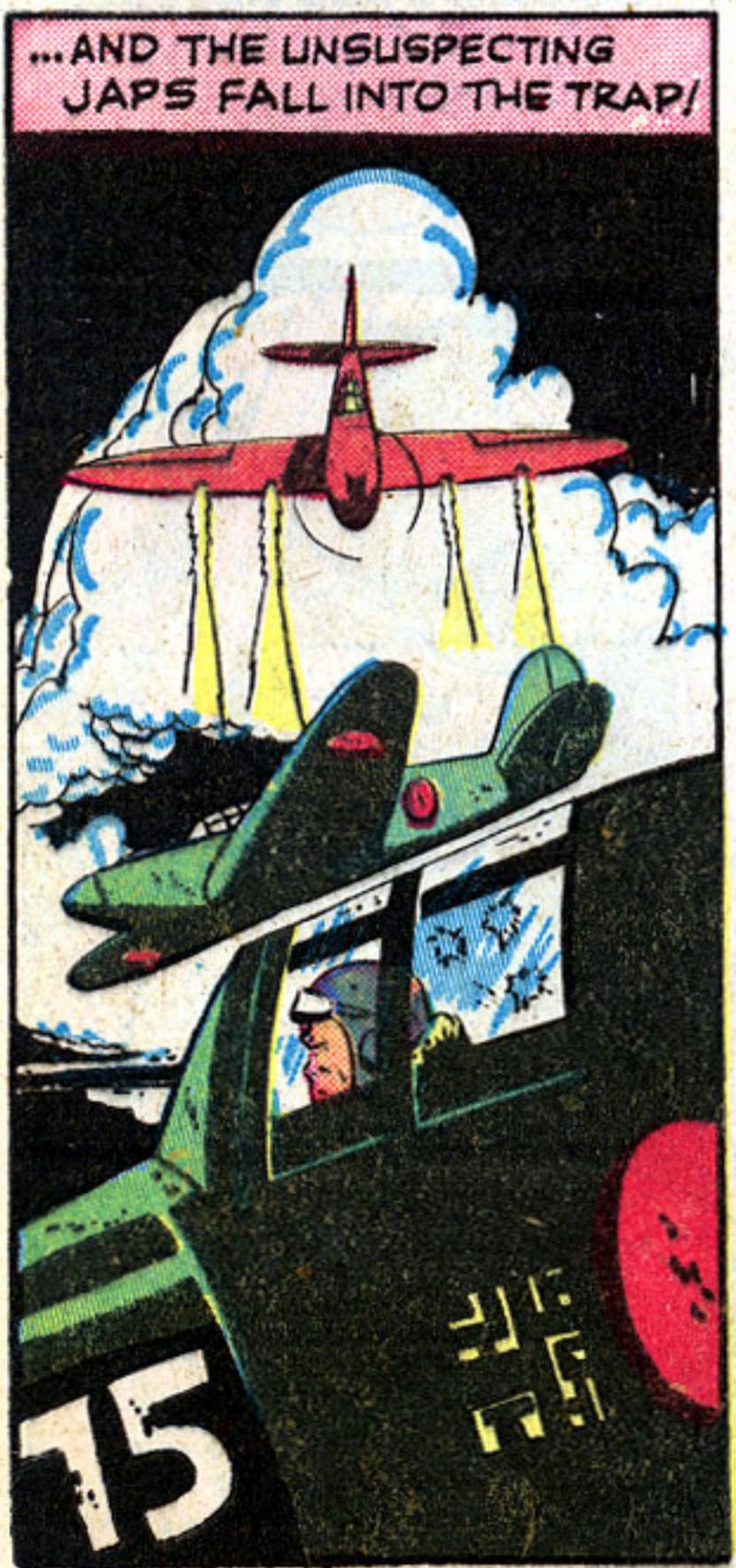
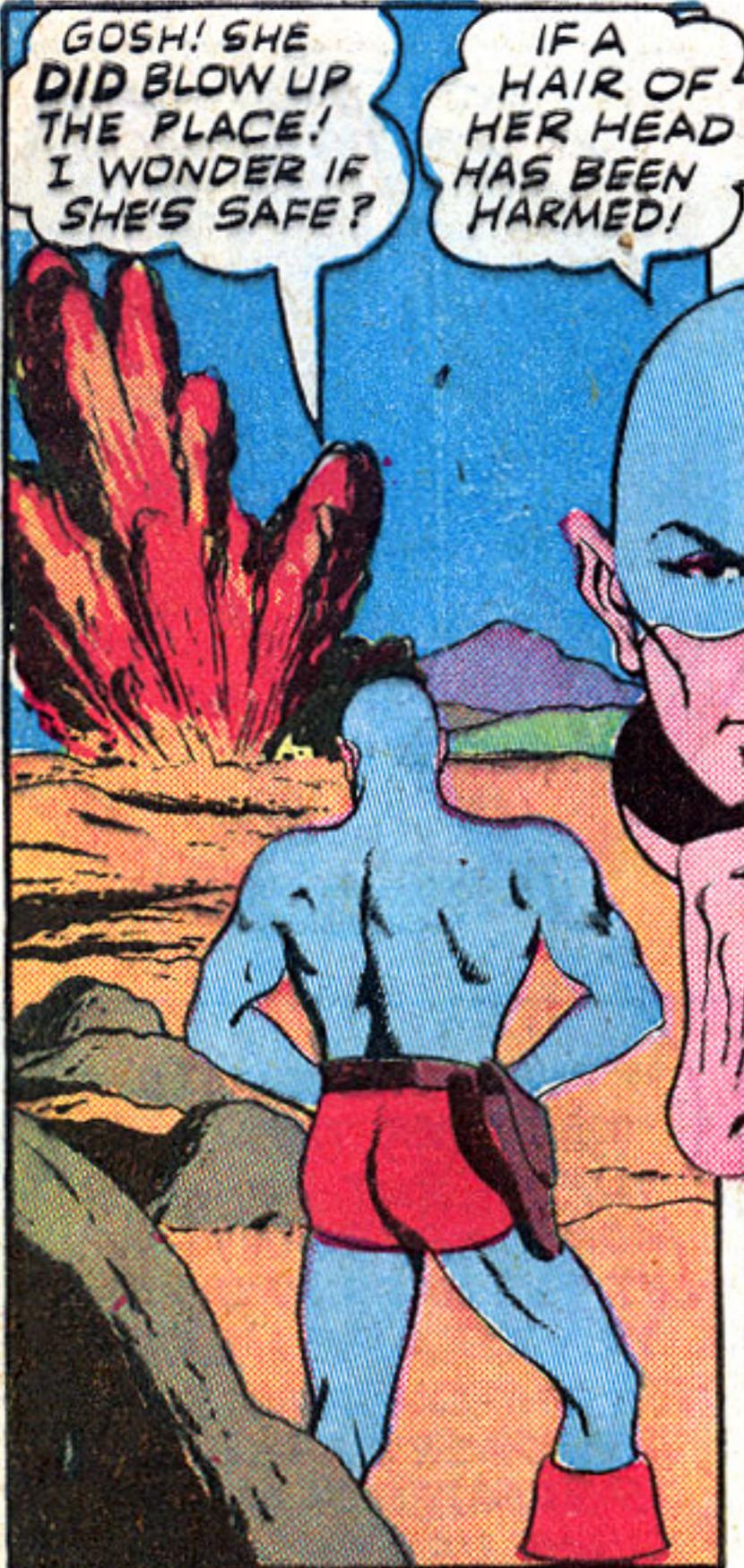
I MUST REMAIN -- THERE ARE
ABOUT A HUNDRED AND FIFTY
JAPANESE IN THIS MONASTERY!
THEY'RE ALL SPIES AND THERE'S
ONLY ONE WAY TO ELIMINATE
THEM! --- I'M ELECTED!



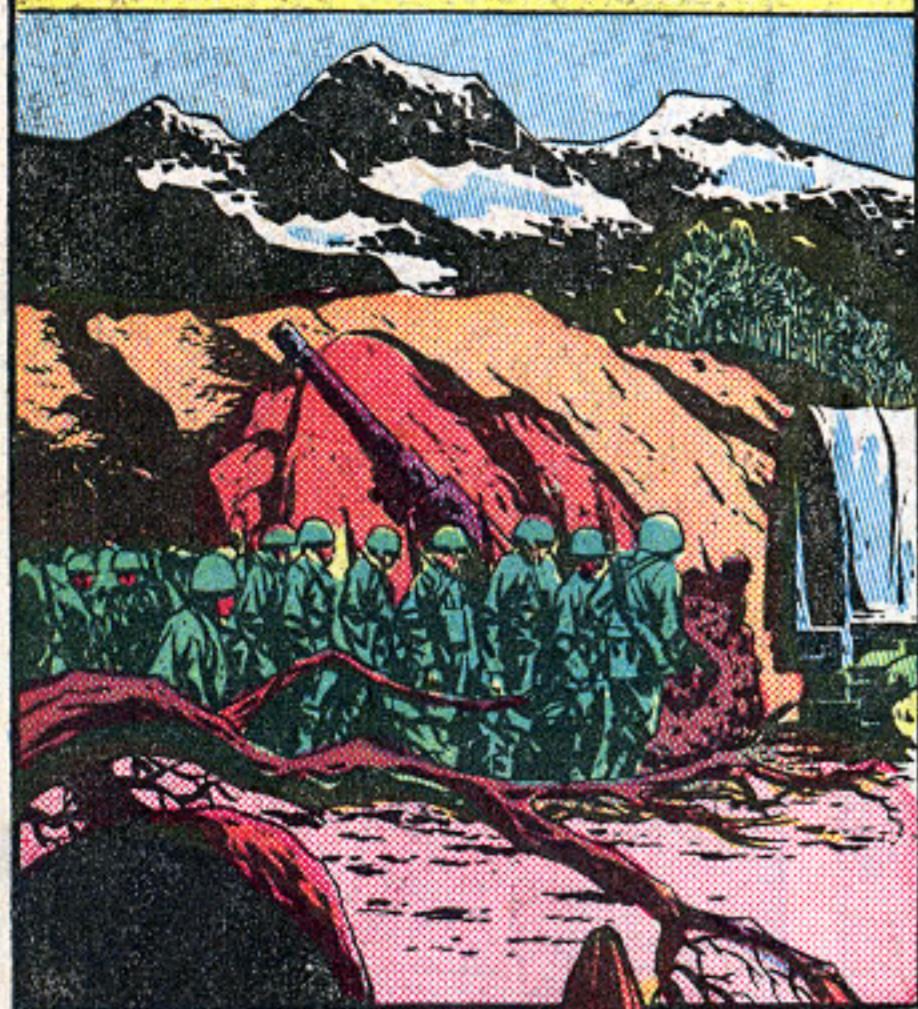
YOU MEAN
YOU'RE
GOING TO
BLOW UP
THIS
PLACE?



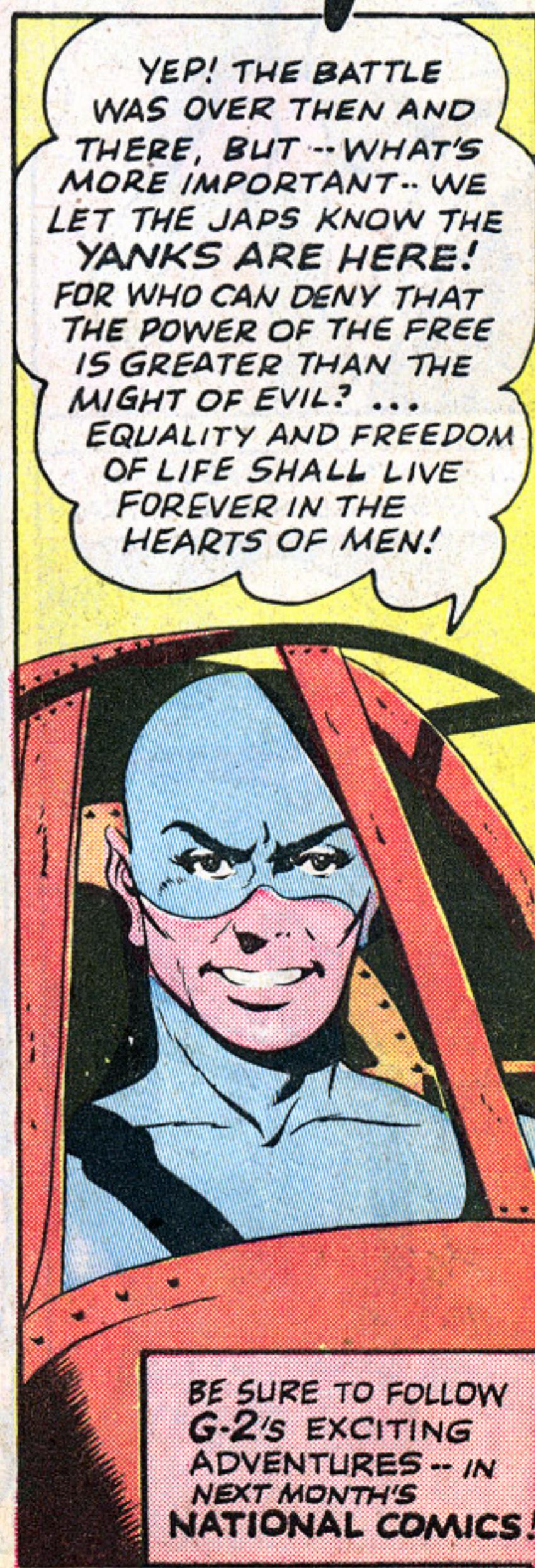
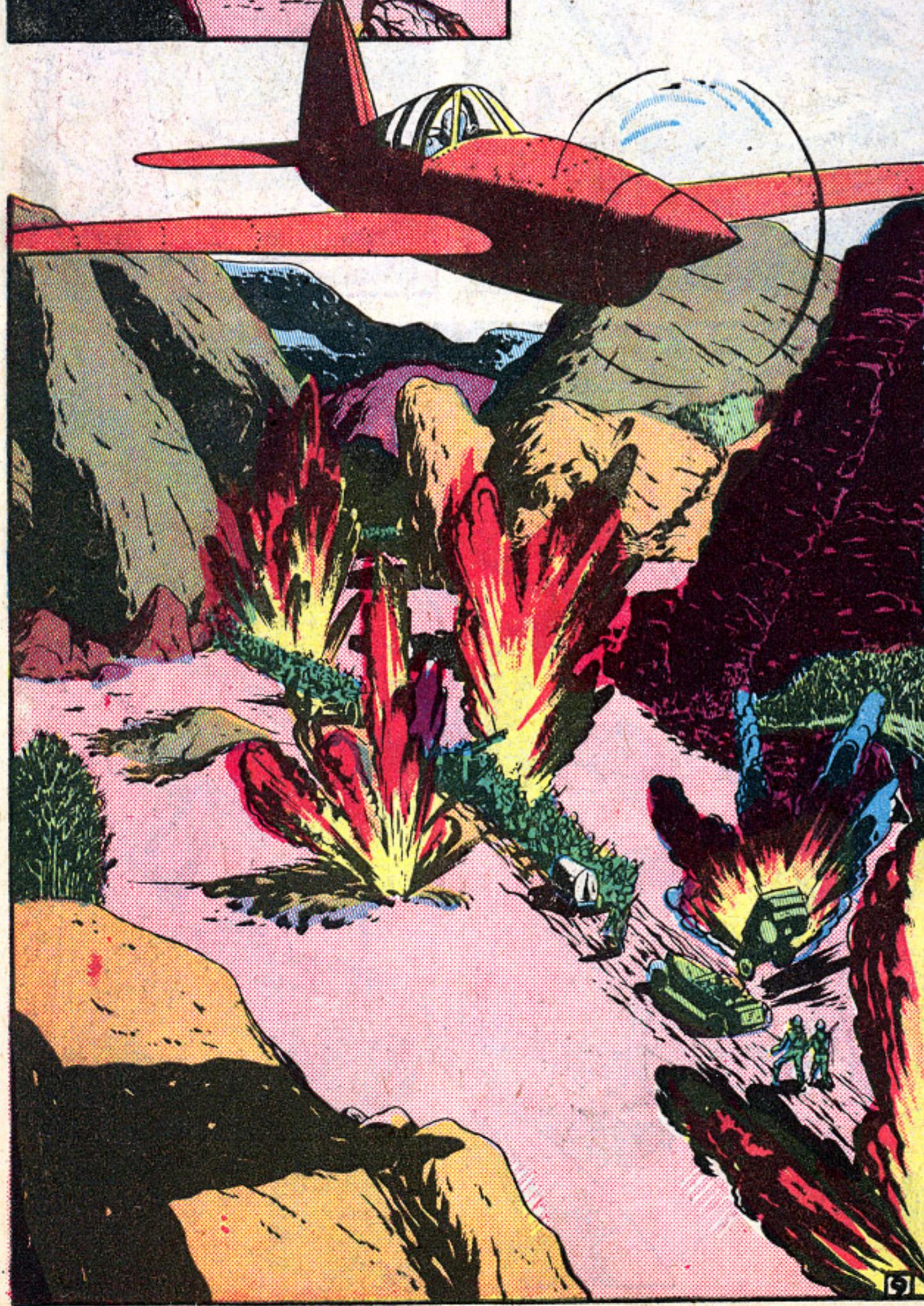
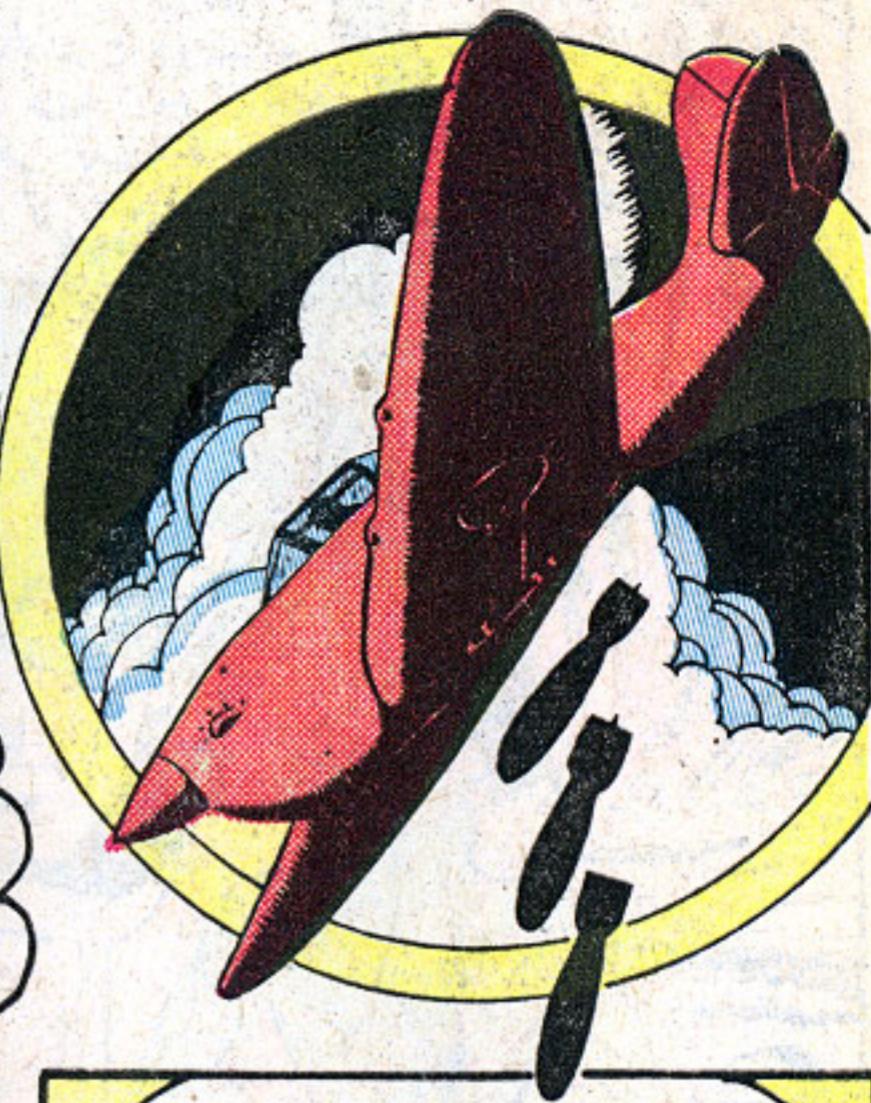
THAT'S
RIGHT! --
PLEASE
KISS ME
GOOD LUCK!



MEANWHILE, THE JAPANESE INFANTRY, UNAWARE OF THE AIR FORCE'S DESTRUCTION, MARCHES ON CANTOW!



NATIONAL COMICS



BE SURE TO FOLLOW G-2'S EXCITING ADVENTURES -- IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS!

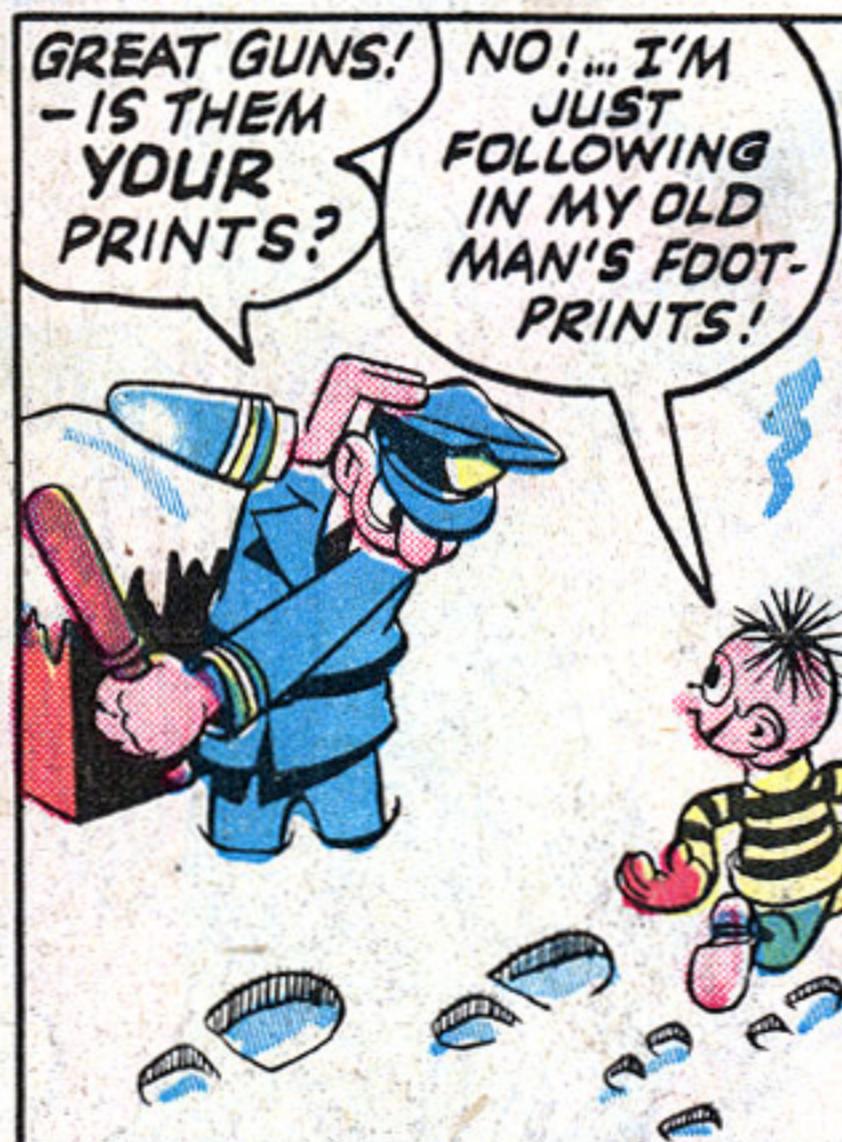
WINDY BREEZE

BY
RALPH JOHNS



NATIONAL COMICS

PAGE 41



QUICKSILVER

BY
FRED

I MUST
HAVE ZAT MEDALLION,
M'SIEU!

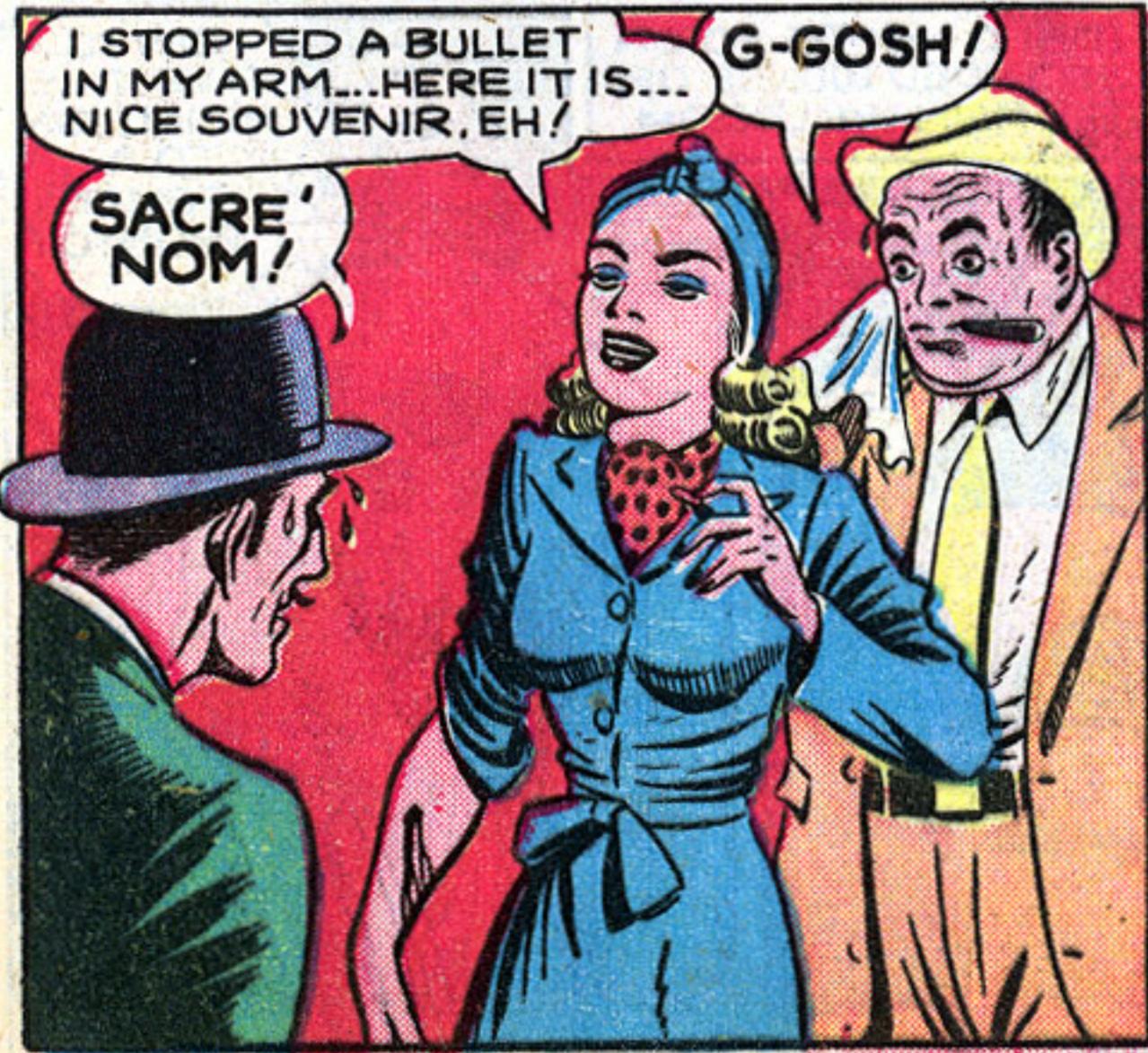
BARONESS
DE BOFORS!?

YEAH, SISTER!
HAND OVER THOSE
SPARKLERS!

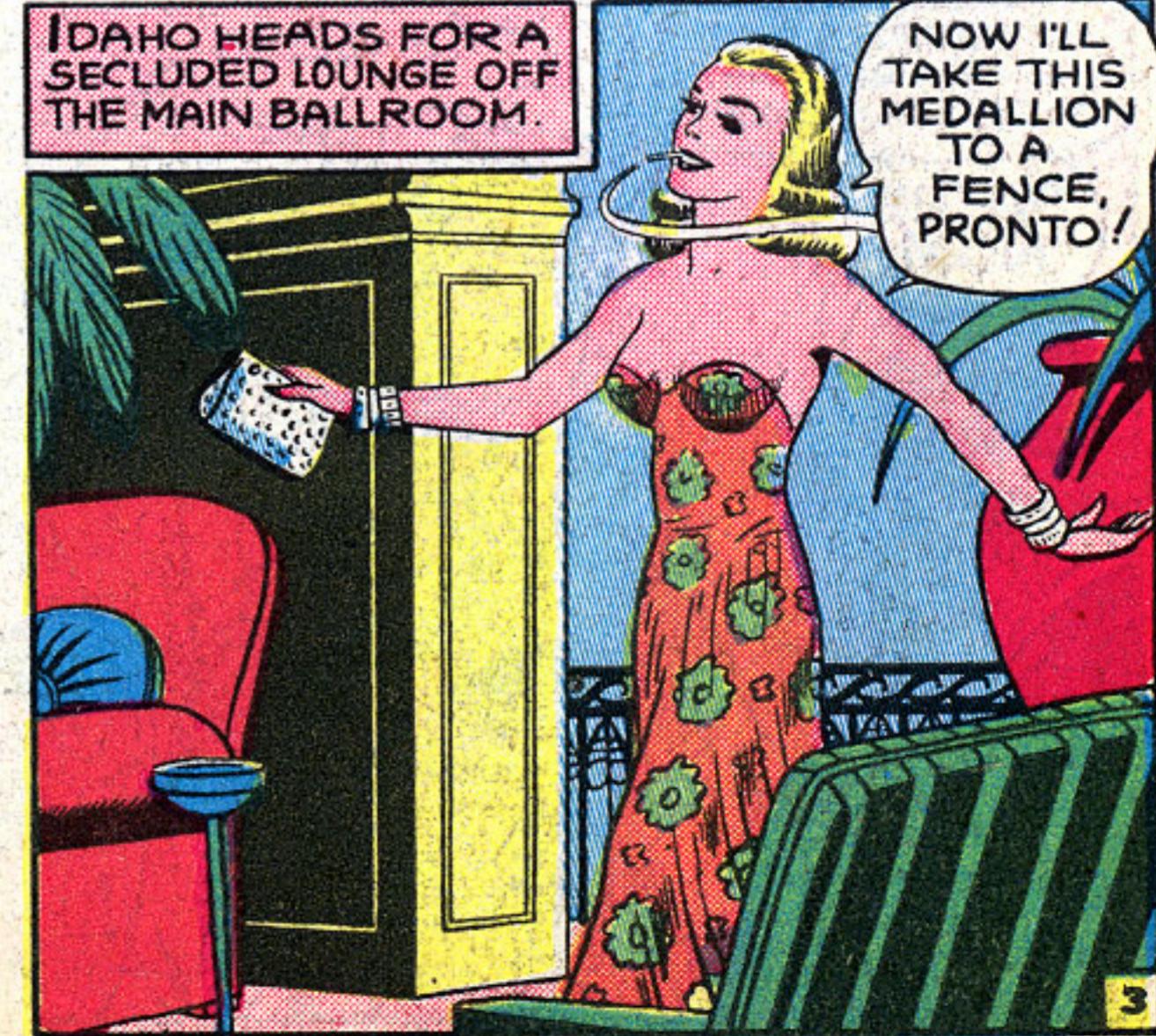
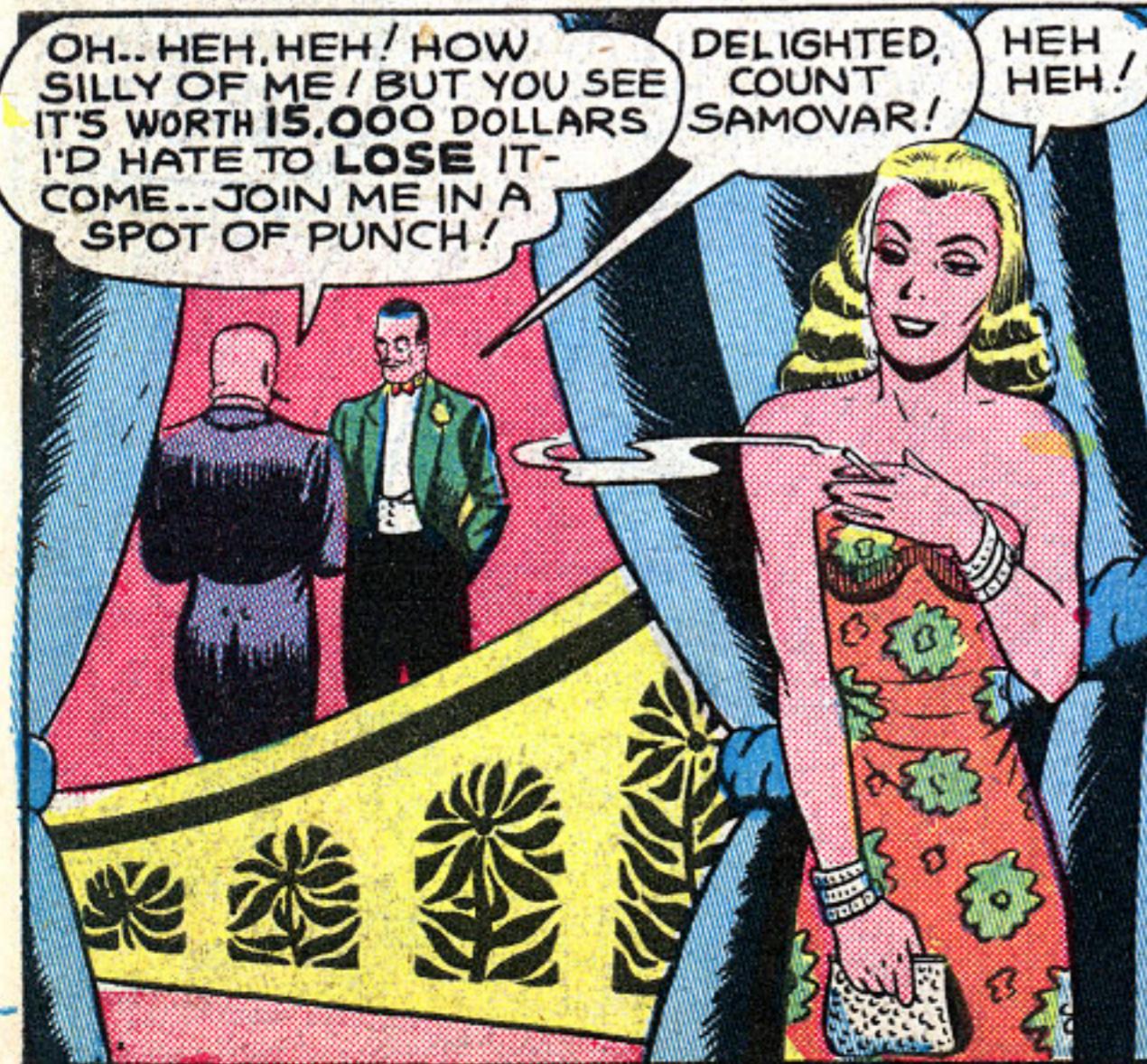
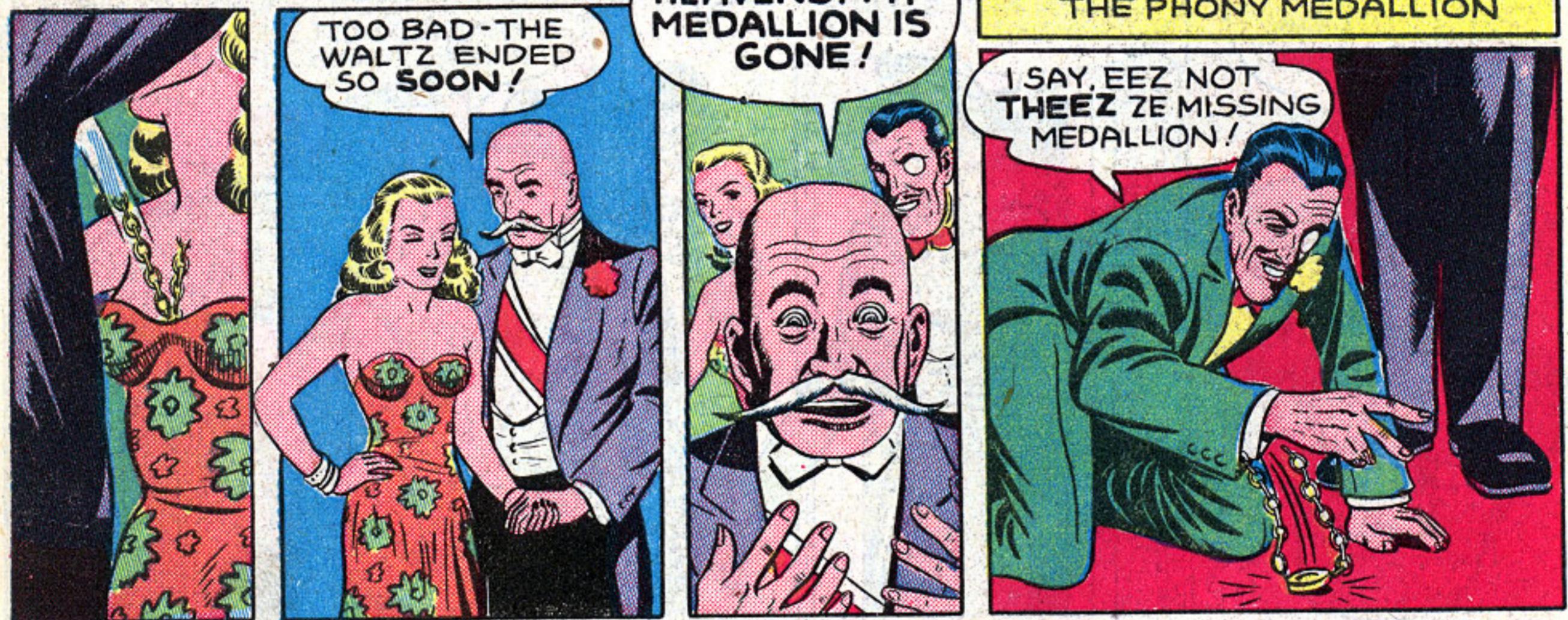
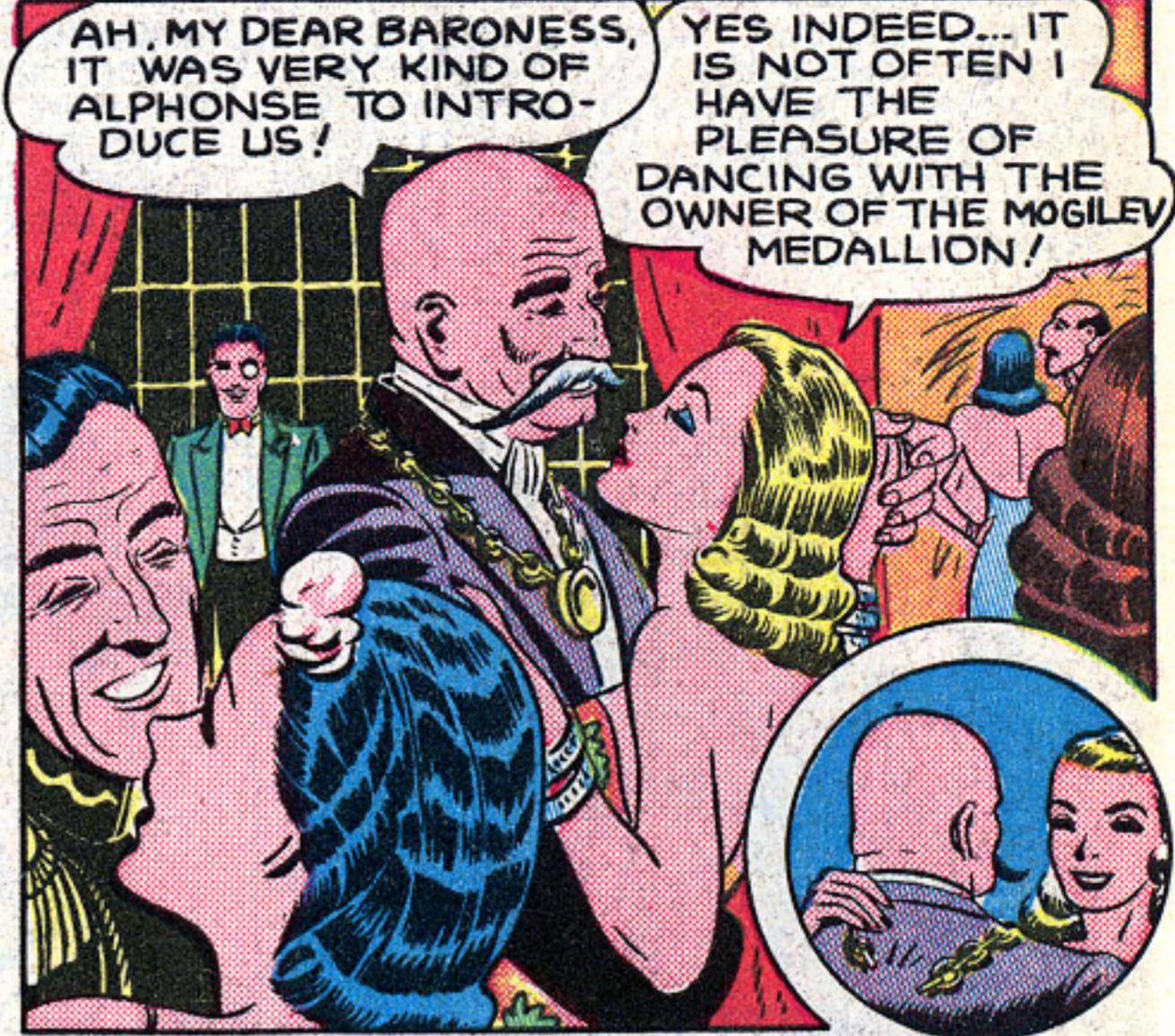
LIKE RATS LEAVING A SINKING SHIP MANY NOTORIOUS CROOKS SCURRY FROM WAR-TORN EUROPE AND CRAWL INTO THE CRIME INFESTED UNDERWORLD OF OUR COUNTRY TO CONTINUE THEIR PARASITIC PROFESSION.

AGAINST THESE MASTERS OF VICE, **QUICKSILVER** LEAPS INTO ACTION FROM HIS OAKWOOD PARK HIDEOUT WHERE HE, SECRETLY LIVES WITH **HOO MEE** HIS YOUTHFUL CHINESE SERVANT.





A WEEK LATER AT THE AMBASSADOR BALL,
IDAHO AND ALPHONSE APPEAR AS BARON AND
BARONESS DE BOFORS



PERMIT ME... I'M
QUICKSILVER... AND
YOU'RE IDAHO THE
NOTORIOUS IDAHO
I BELIEVE!

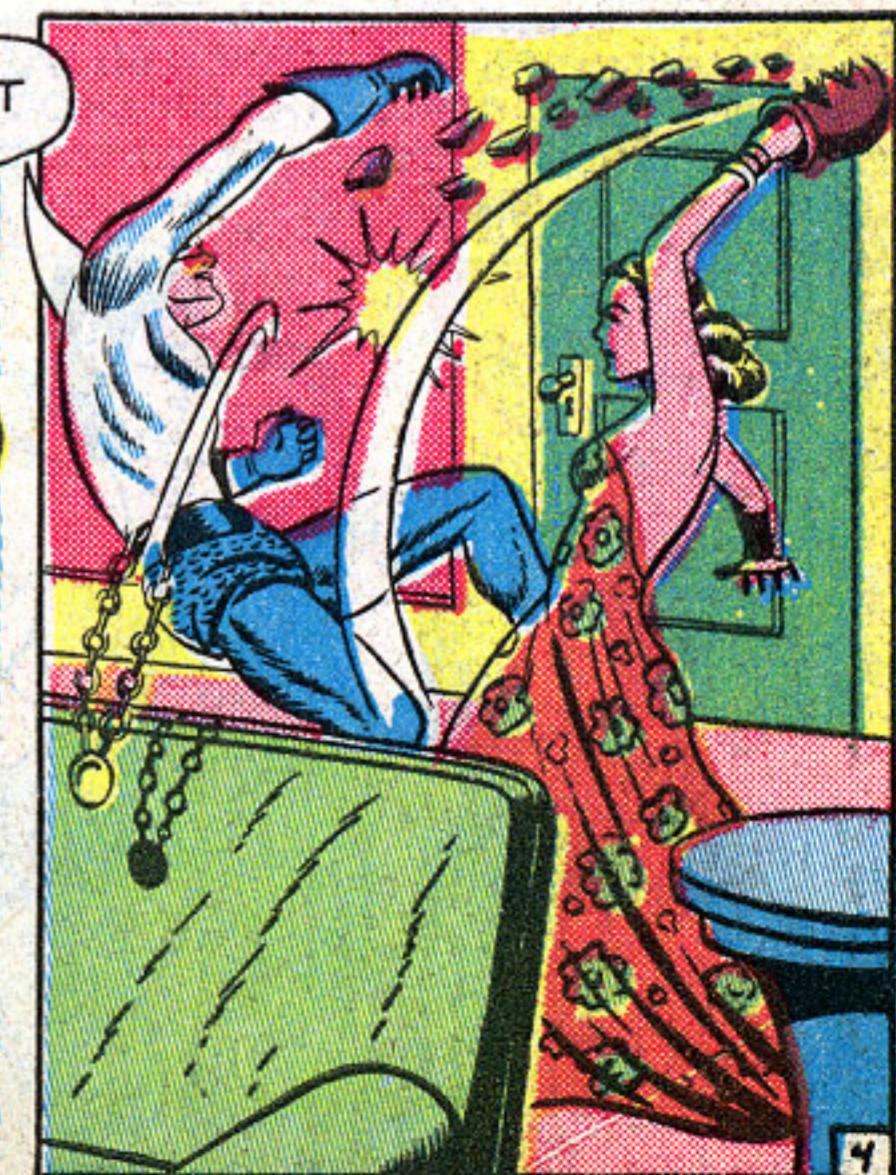
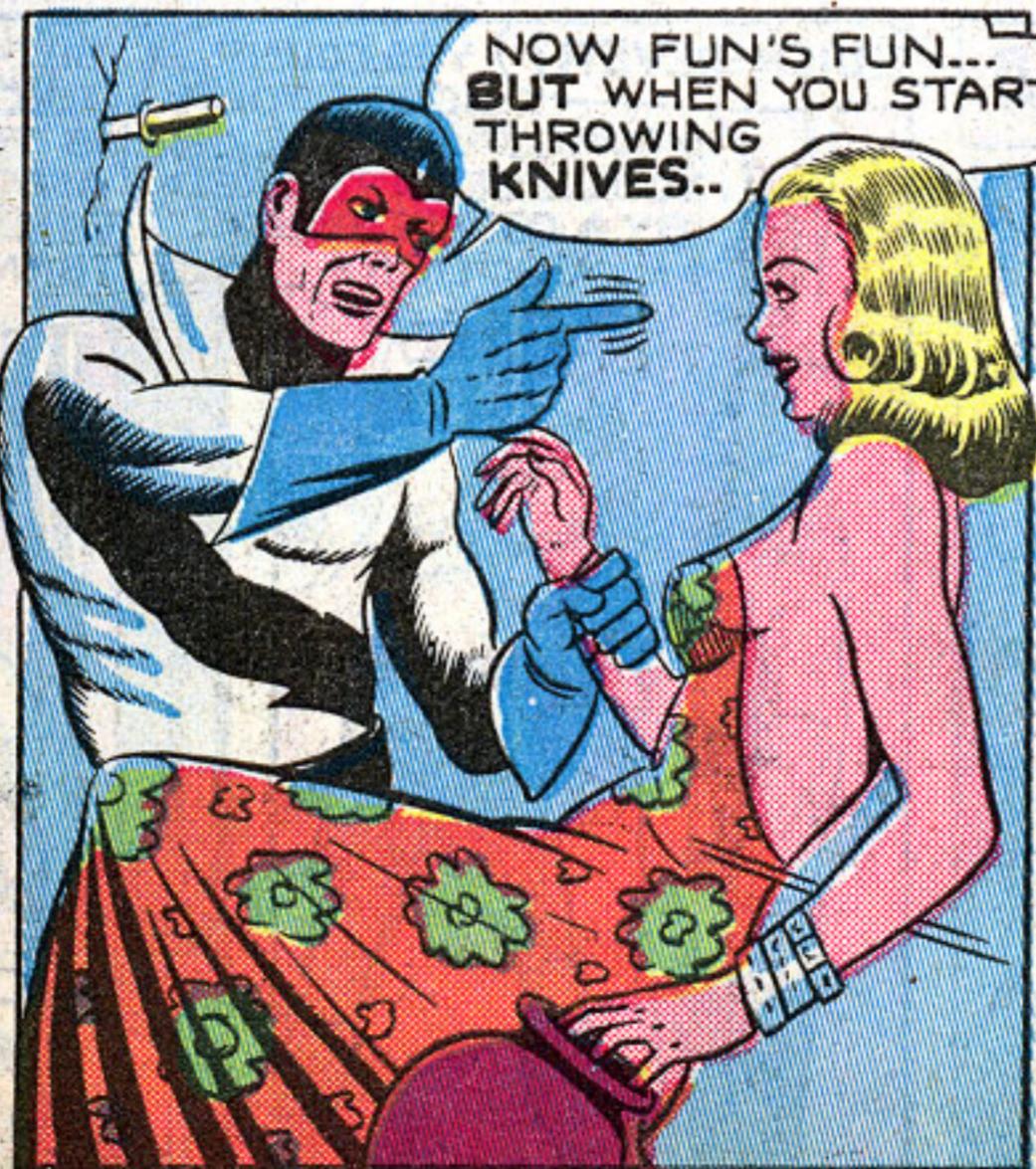
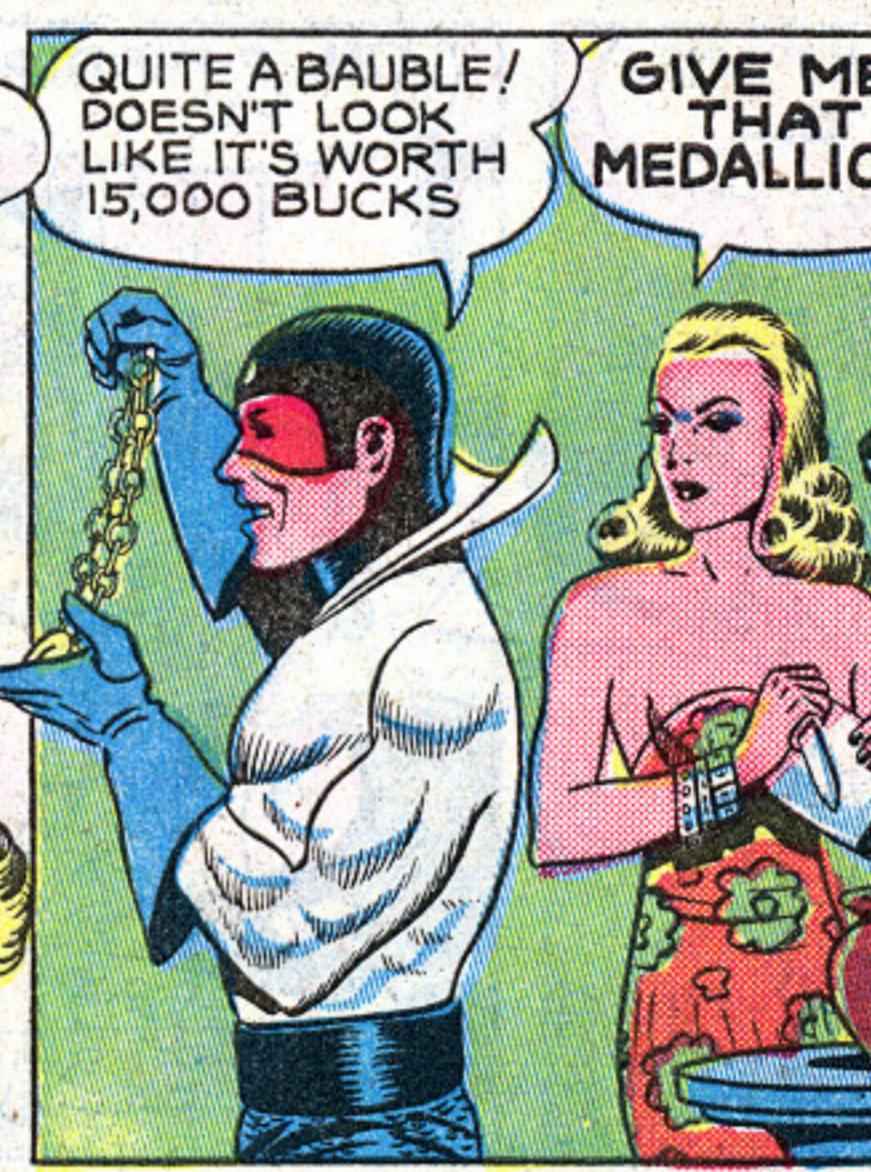
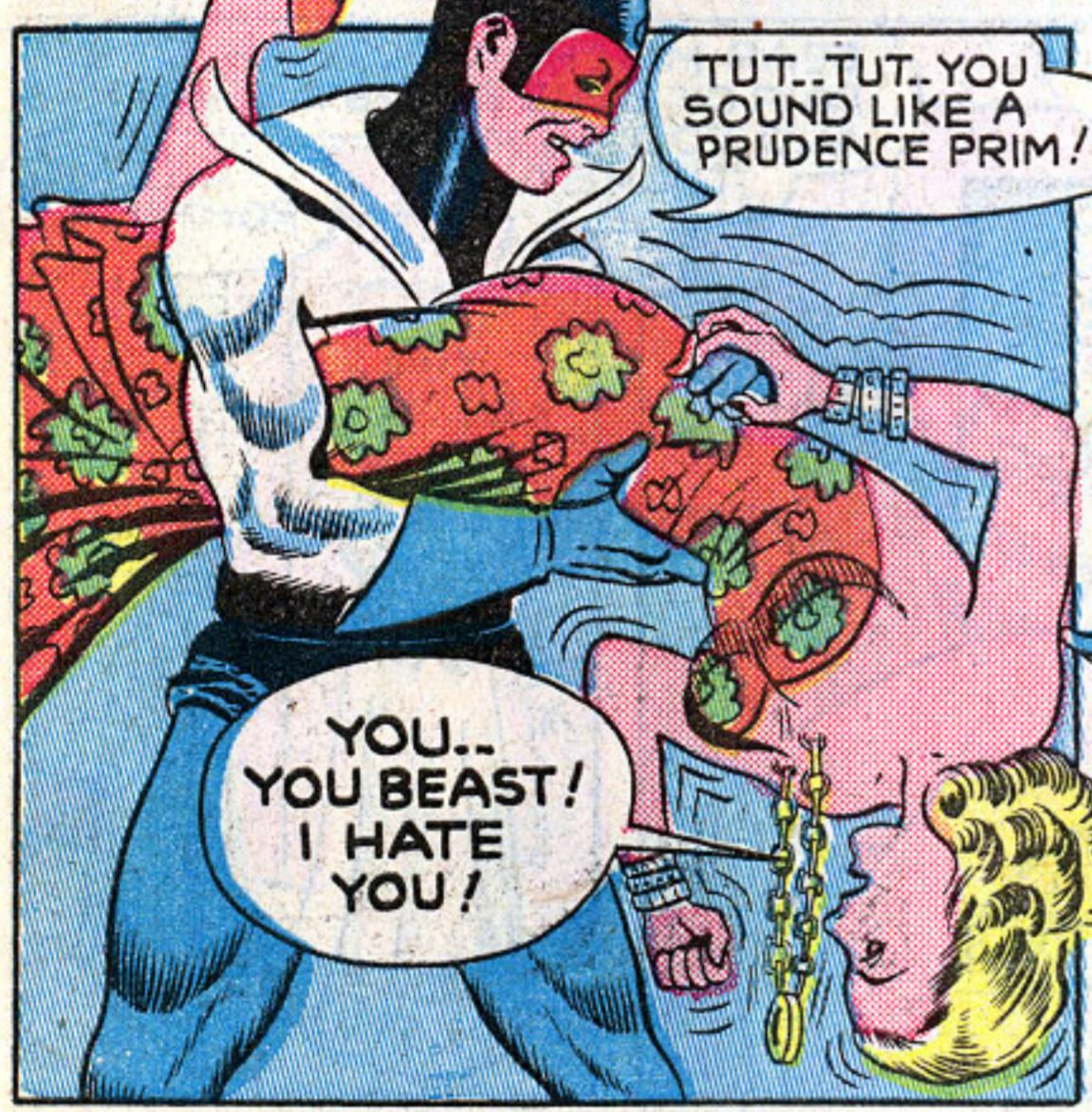
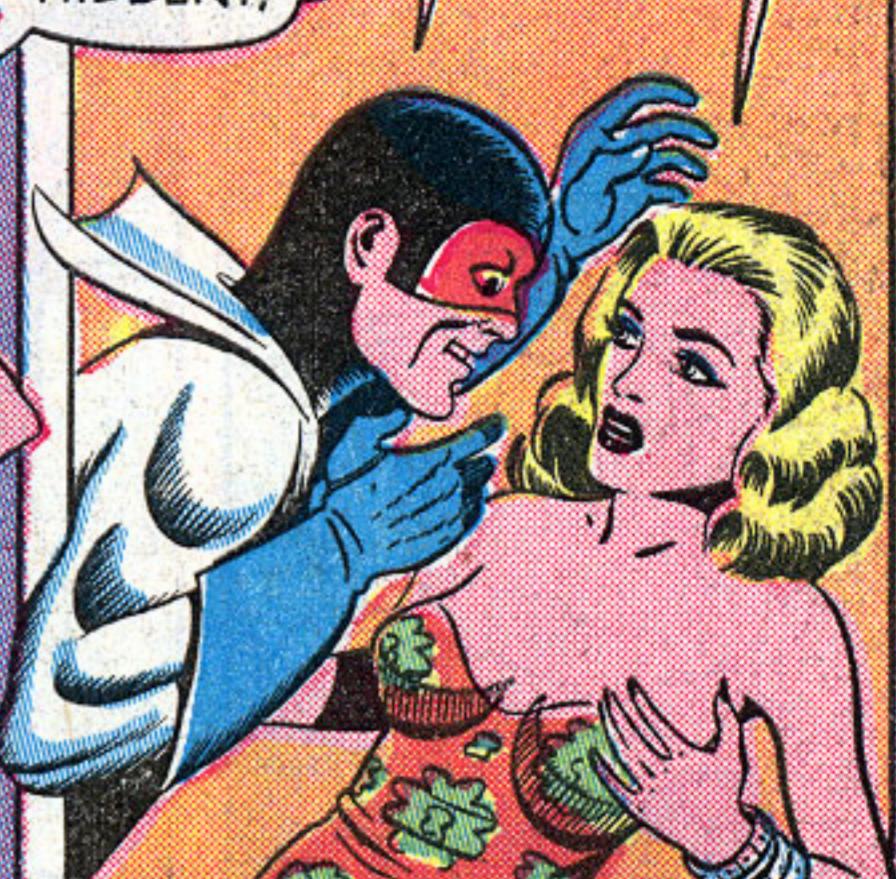
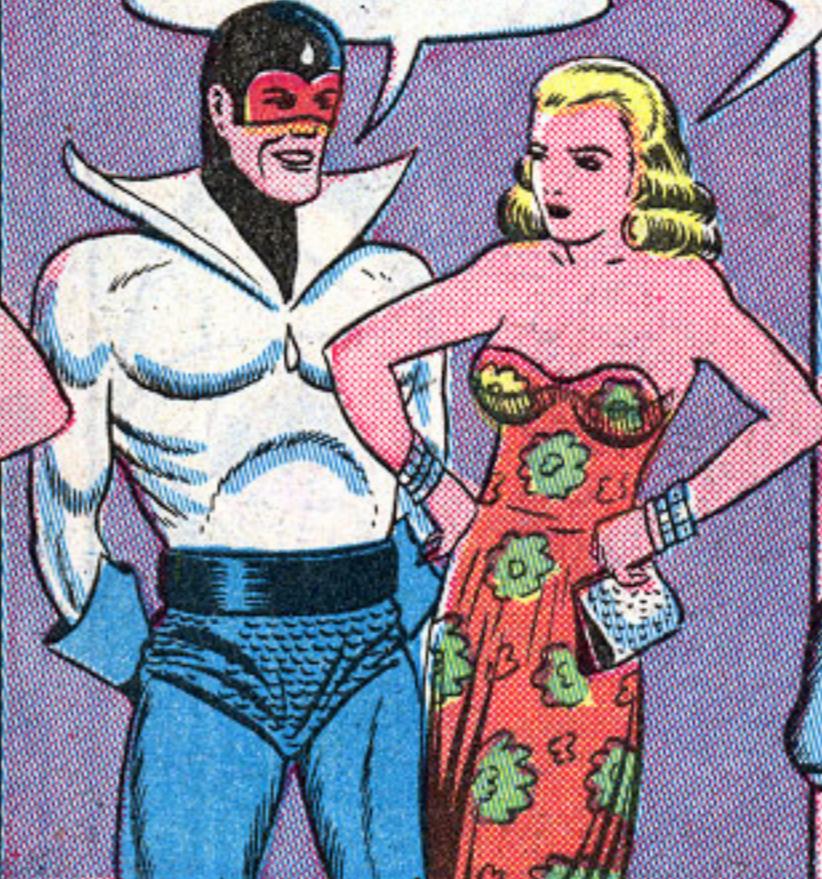
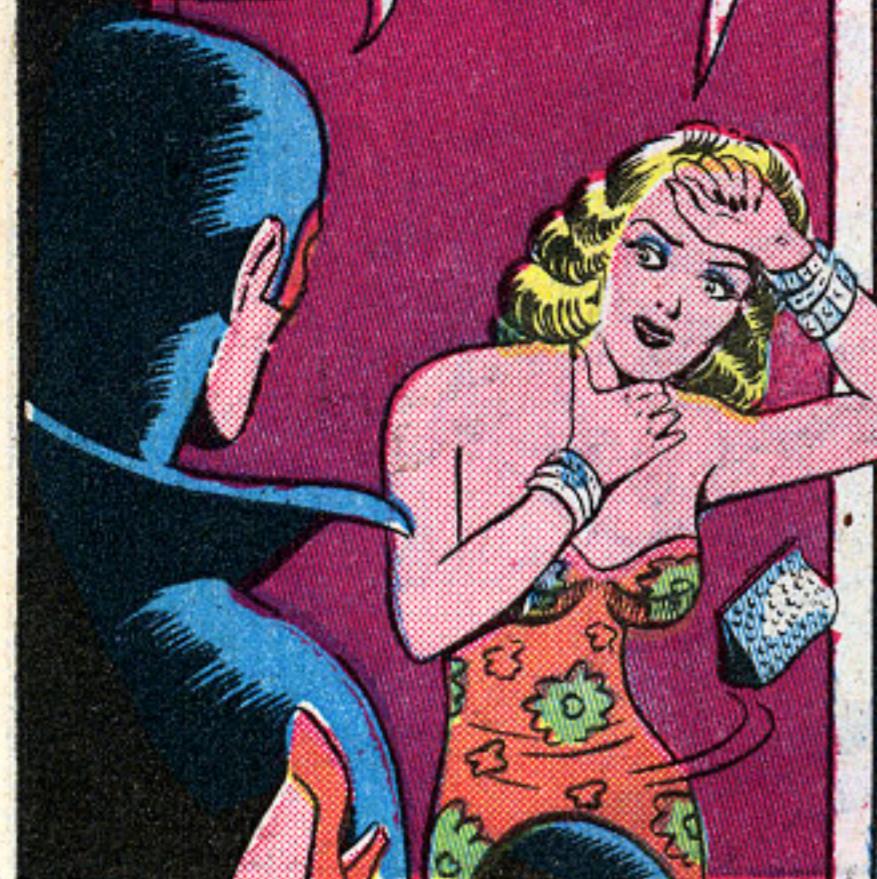
WHAT TH-!!
QUICKSILVER!
WHAT DO YOU
WANT?

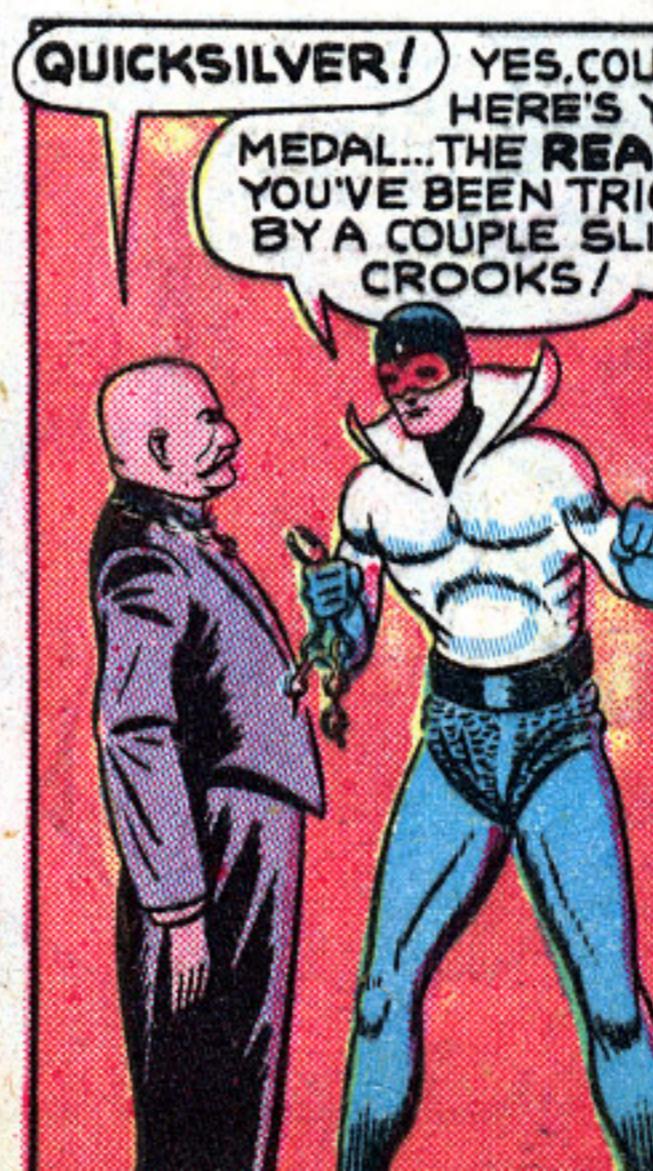
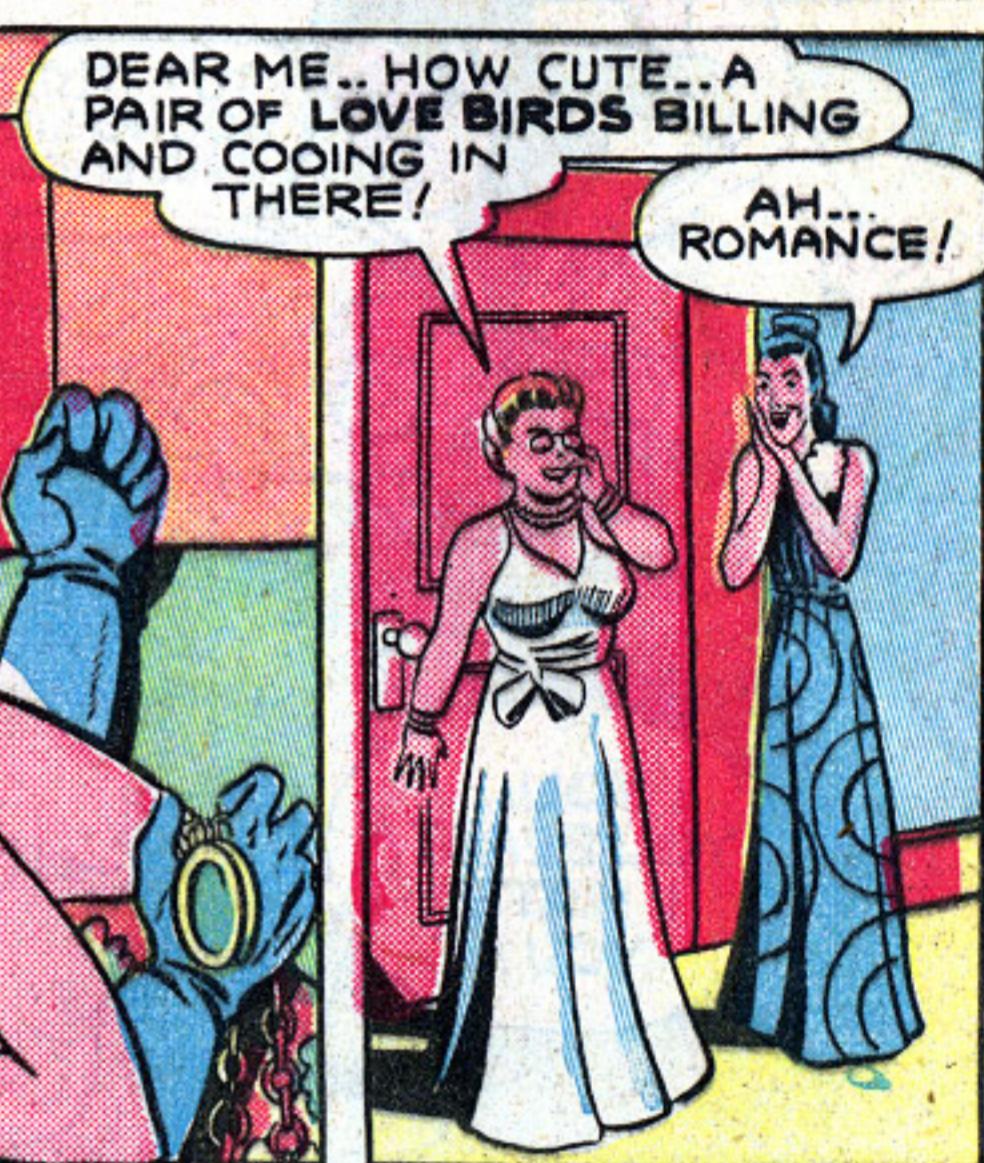
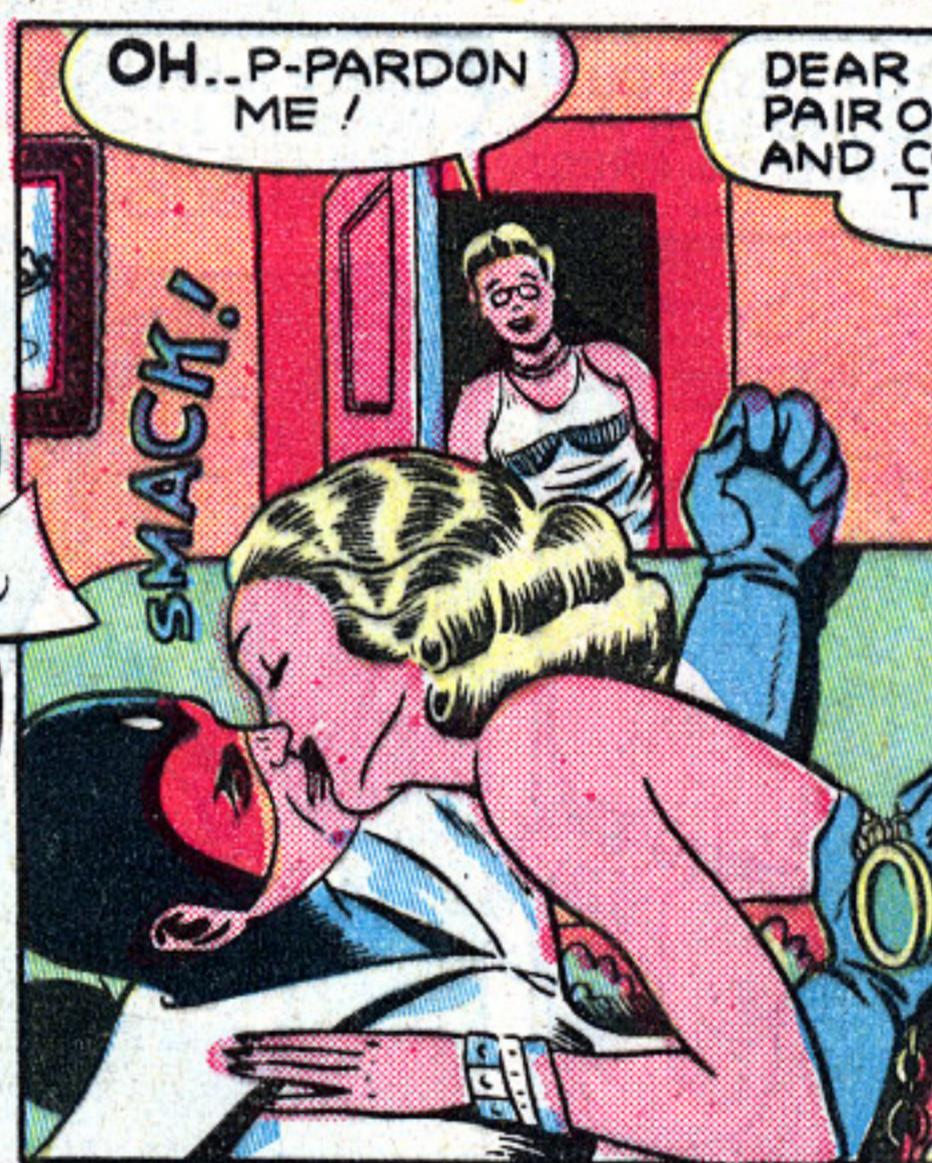
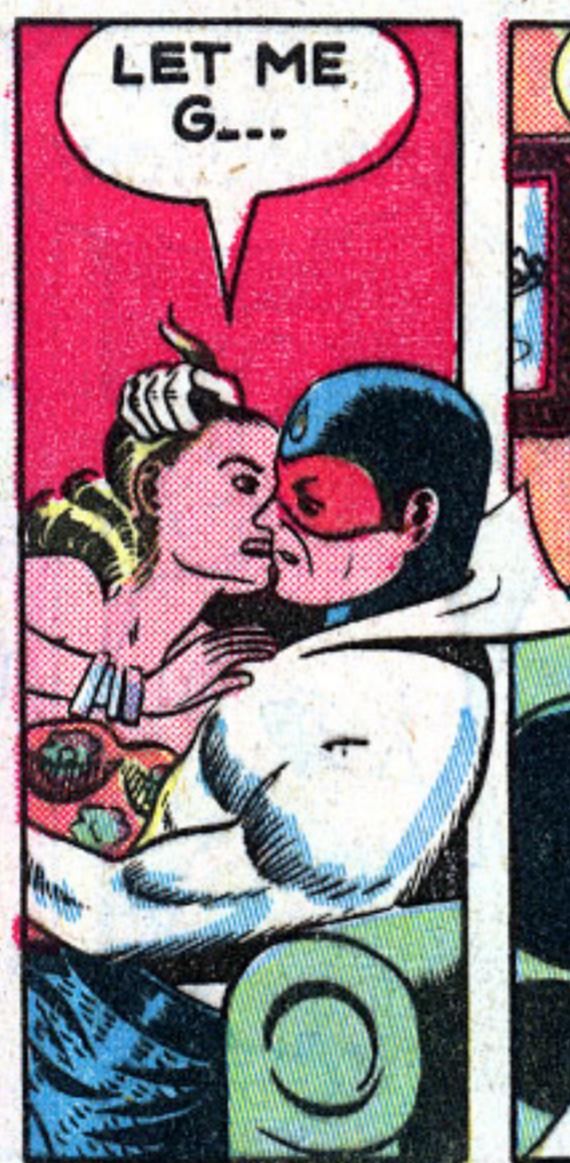
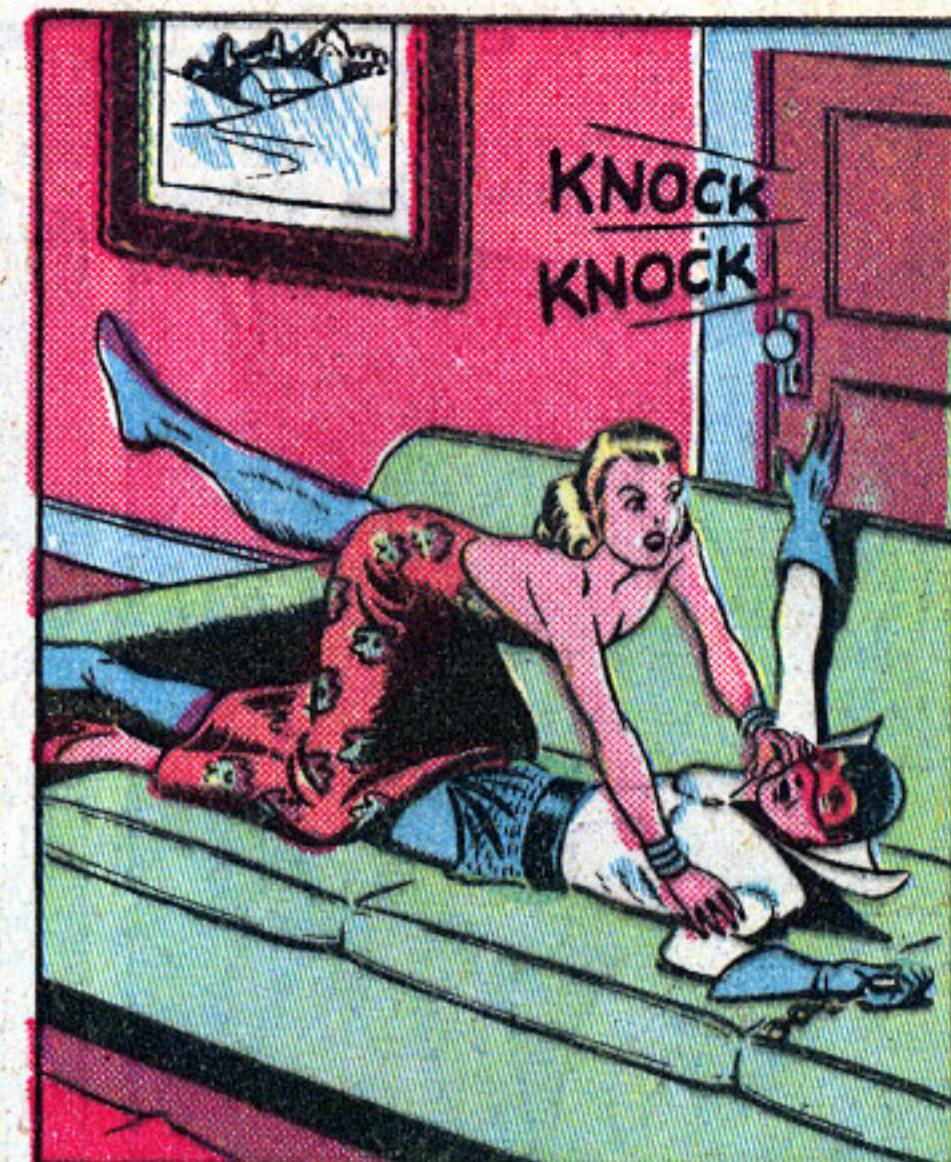
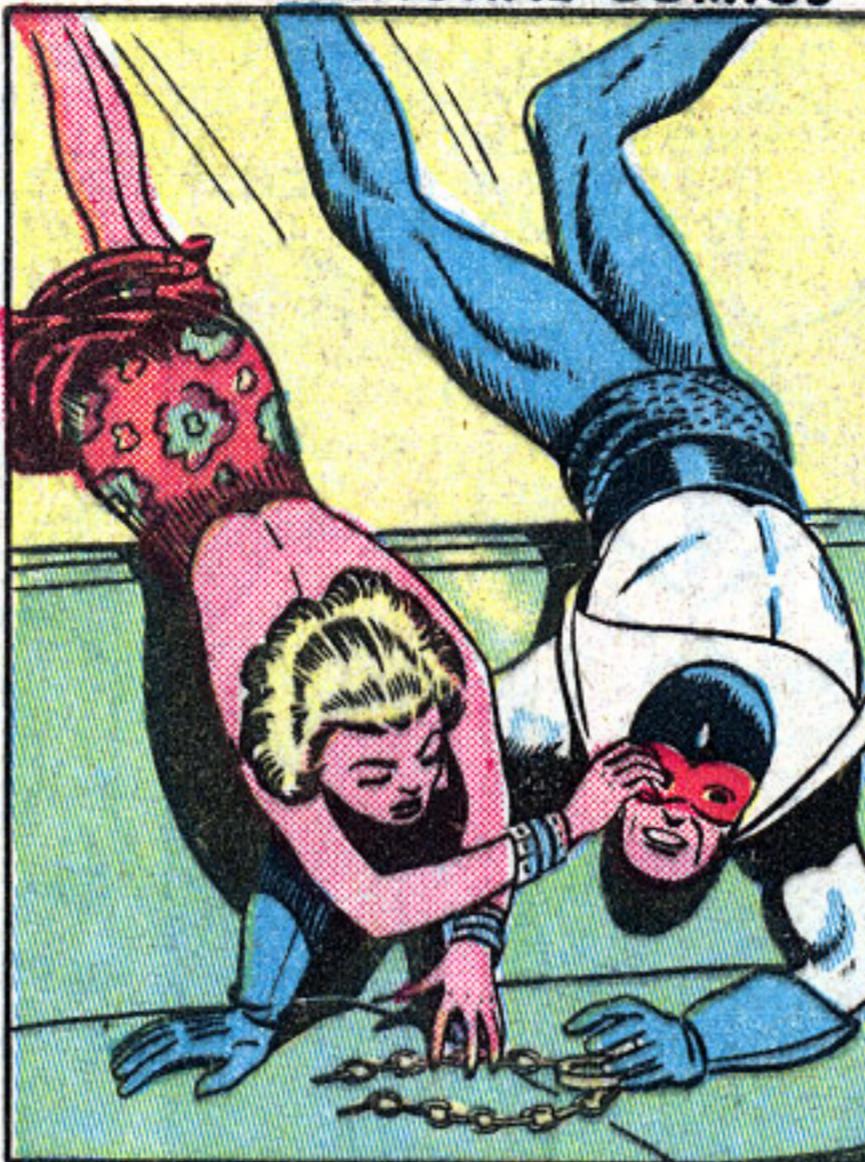
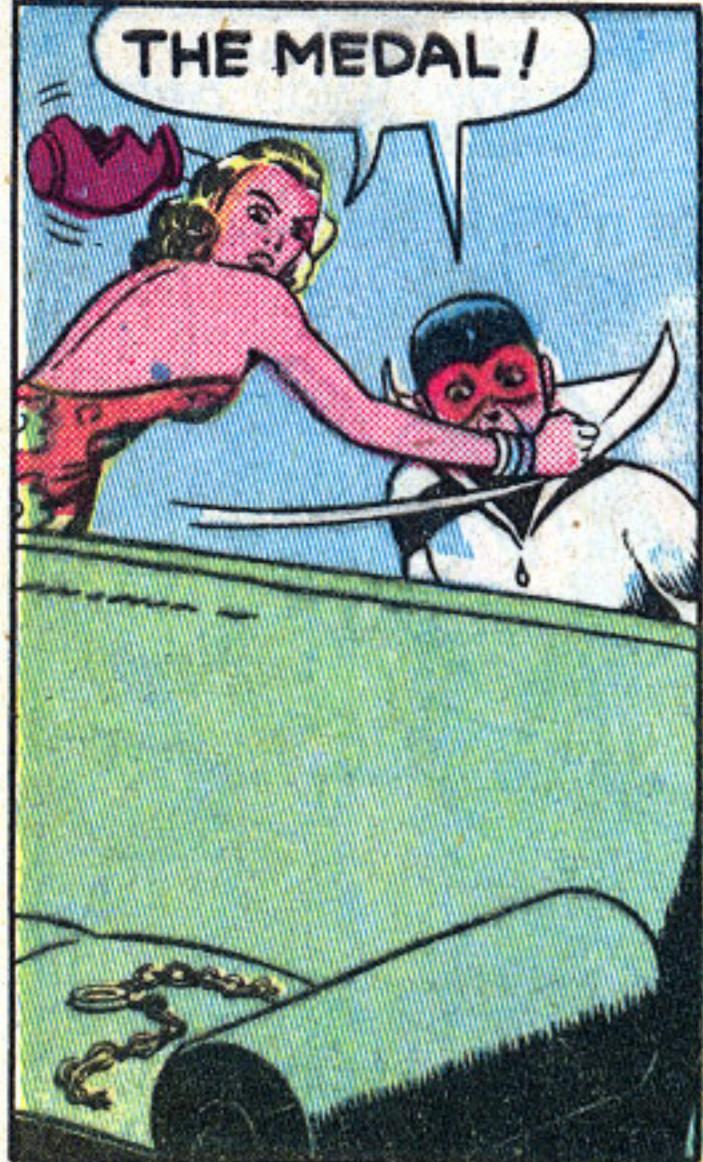
THE MEDALLION YOU
JUST STOLE, Y'SEE I
FISHED PUNCHY OUT
OF THE RIVER AFTER YOU..
ER.. KNIFED HIM. HE
TIPPED ME OFF...

THAT
STOOLPIGEON!
WELL-YOU
WON'T GET
IT.. I'VE GOT IT
HIDDEN!!

AND I
KNOW
WHERE!

DON'T
YOU DARE!
KEEP
AWAY!





OUTSIDE ON THE EMBASSY GROUNDS

PSSST-
QUICKSILVER..
IN HERE, QUICK!
YOU'RE BEING
FOLLOWED!



HA.. HA.. HA.. THE GREAT
QUICKSILVER.. THE G-R-E-A-T
QUICKSILVER.. TRAPPED BY
A TRICK AS OLD AS
THIS ONE!

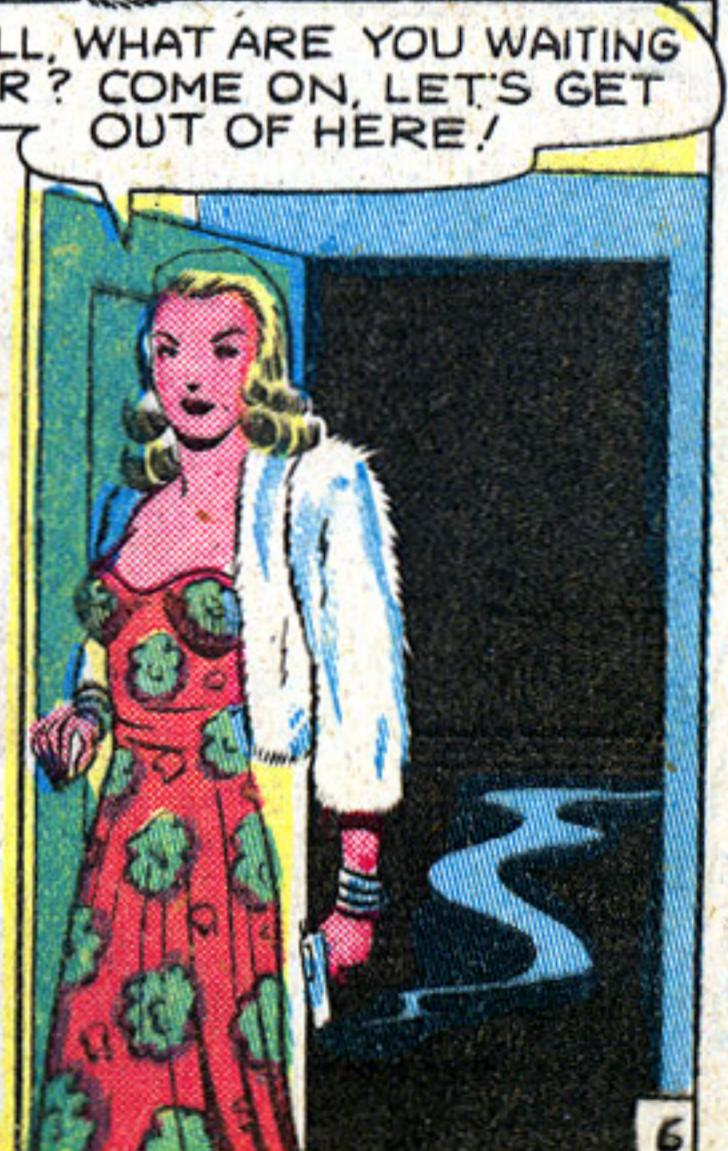
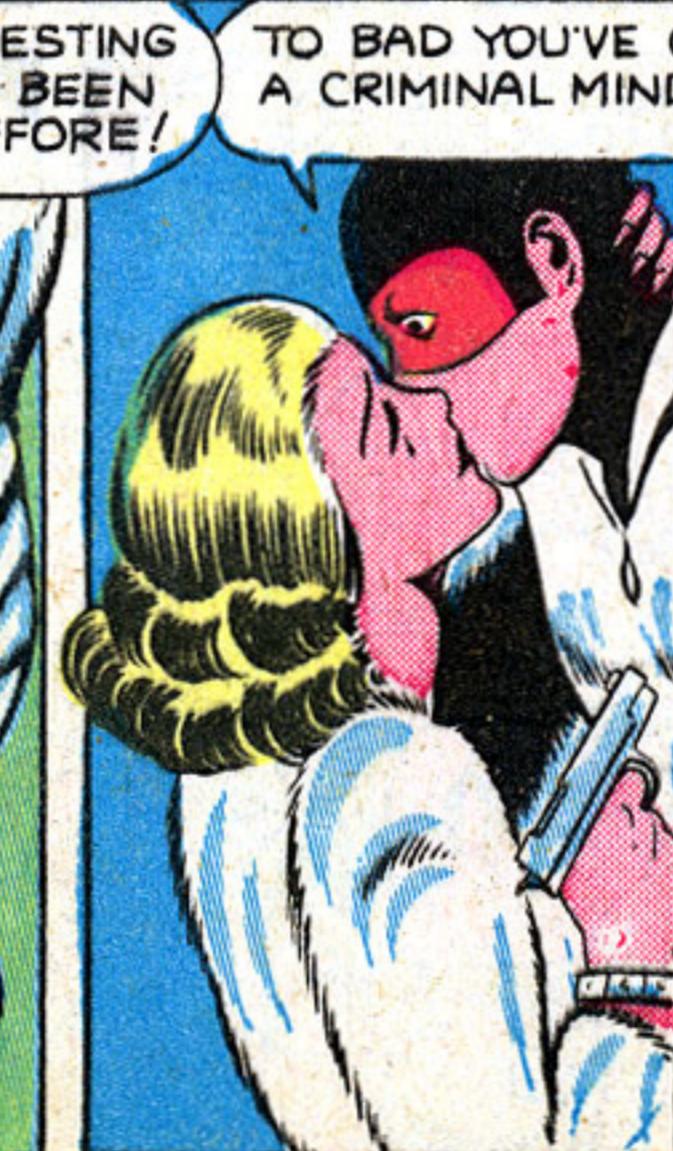
TO
THE
HIDE-
OUT,
SLUG!

LATER THE GREAT
QUICKSILVER
DOES NOT LOOK SO
DANGEROUS NOW,
EH, ALPHONSE!

OUI..
COME
INSIDE,
IDAHO..

QUICKSILVER MUST BE
KILLED! SO WE'LL DRAW LOTS
TO SEE WHO DOES THE DIRTY
WORK.. HERE.. PICK - AND
REMEMBER ..THE LOSER GOES
THROUGH WITH IT
OR ELSE..

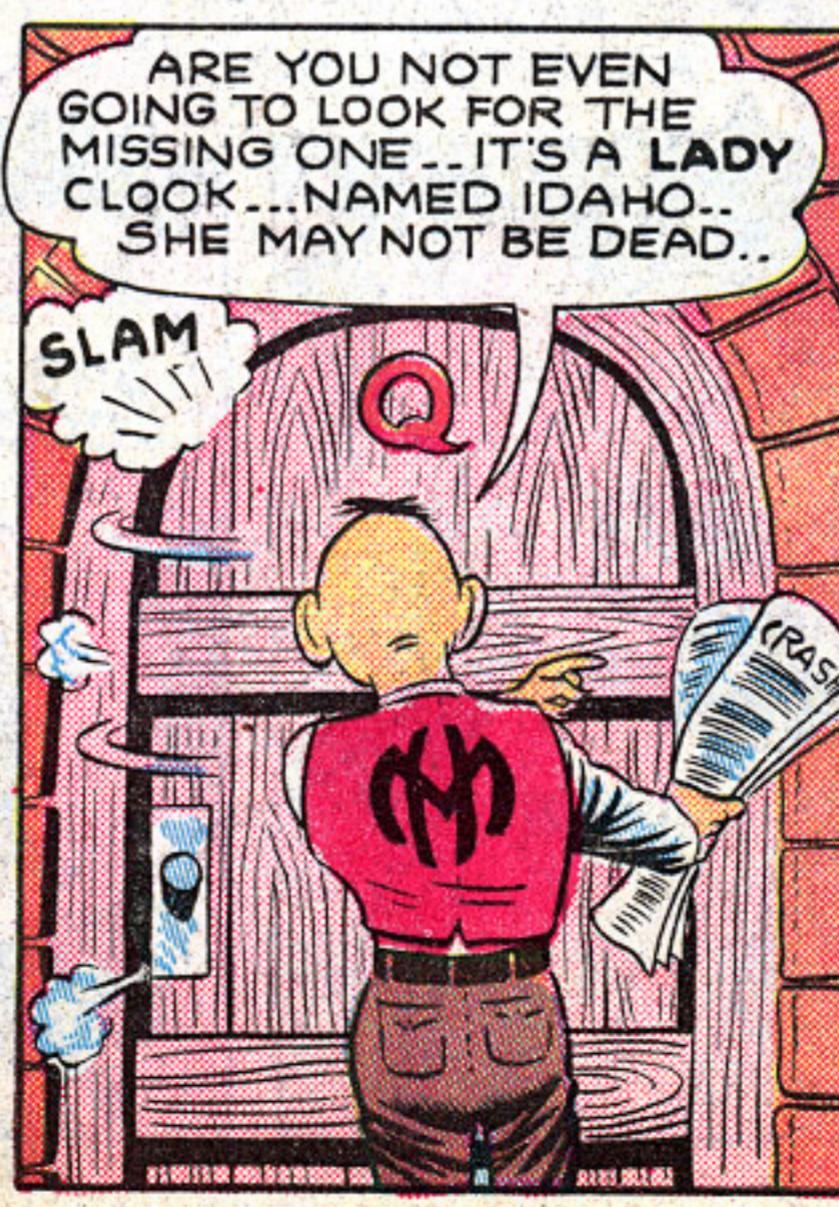
I'VE DRAWN THE
SHORT ONE.. HA..
HA.. I'M GLAD.. OH
HOW I HATE
HIM!!

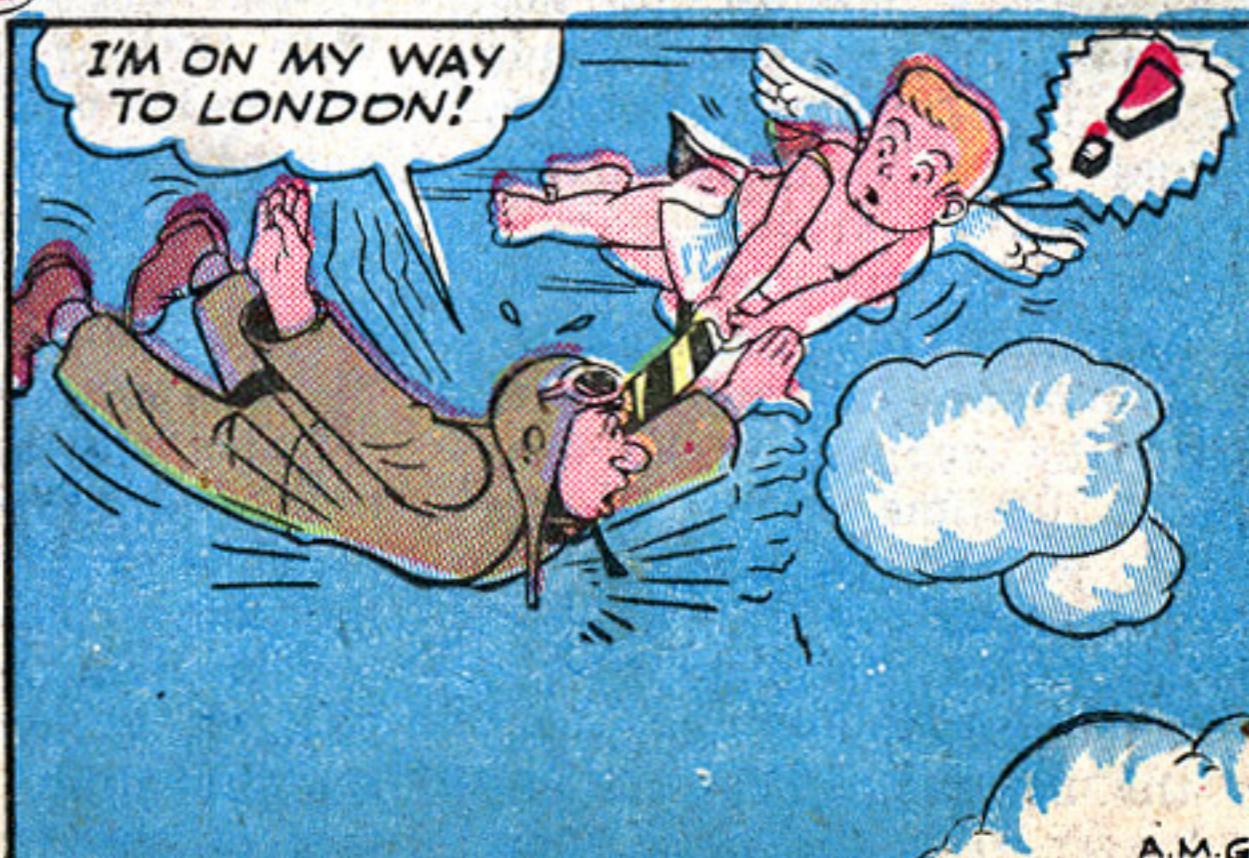
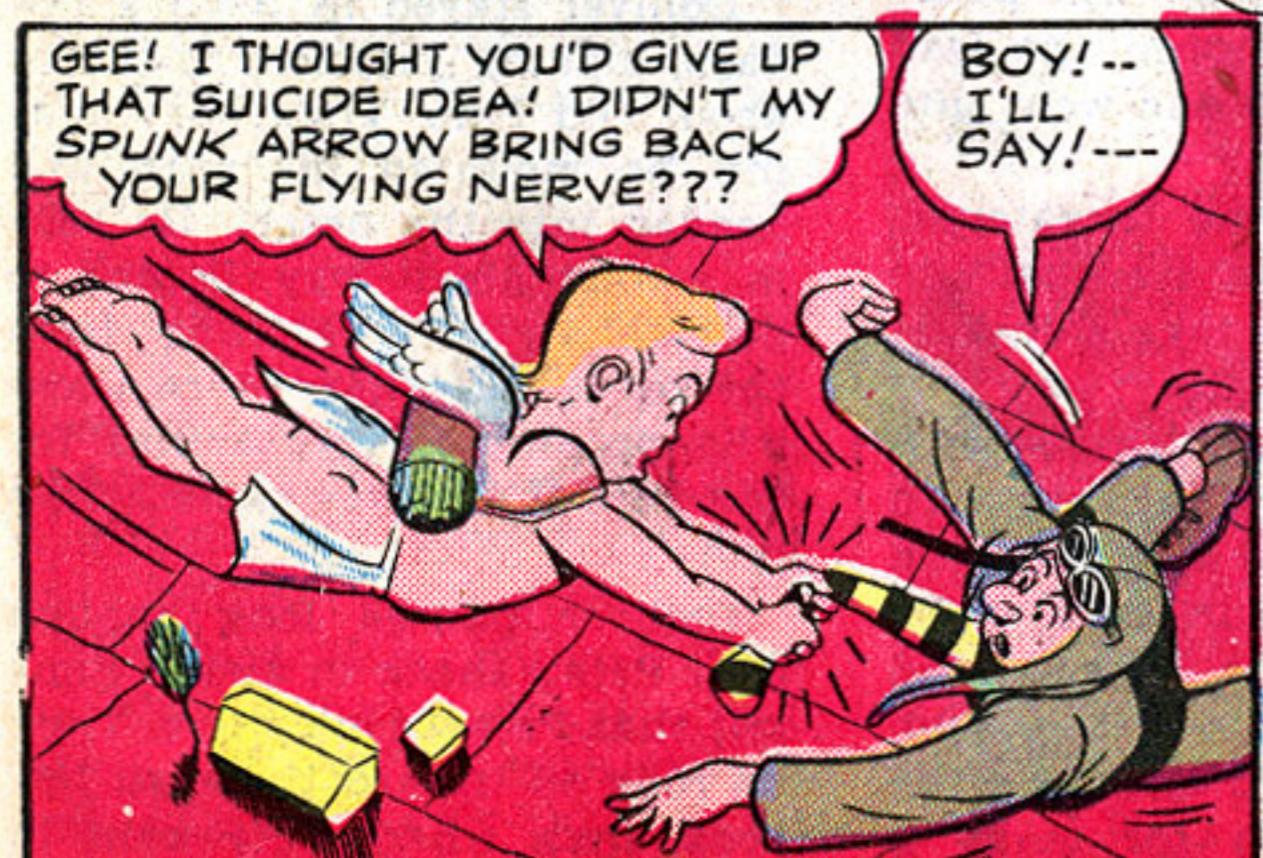
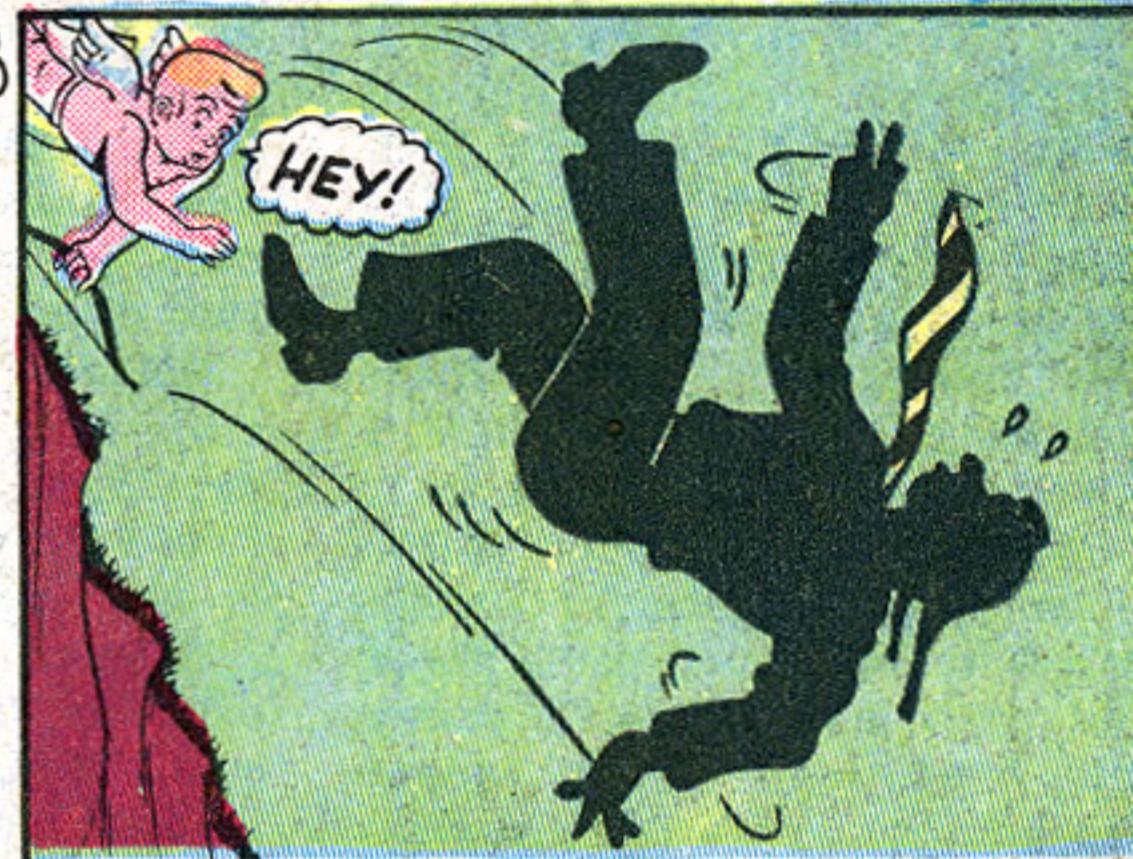
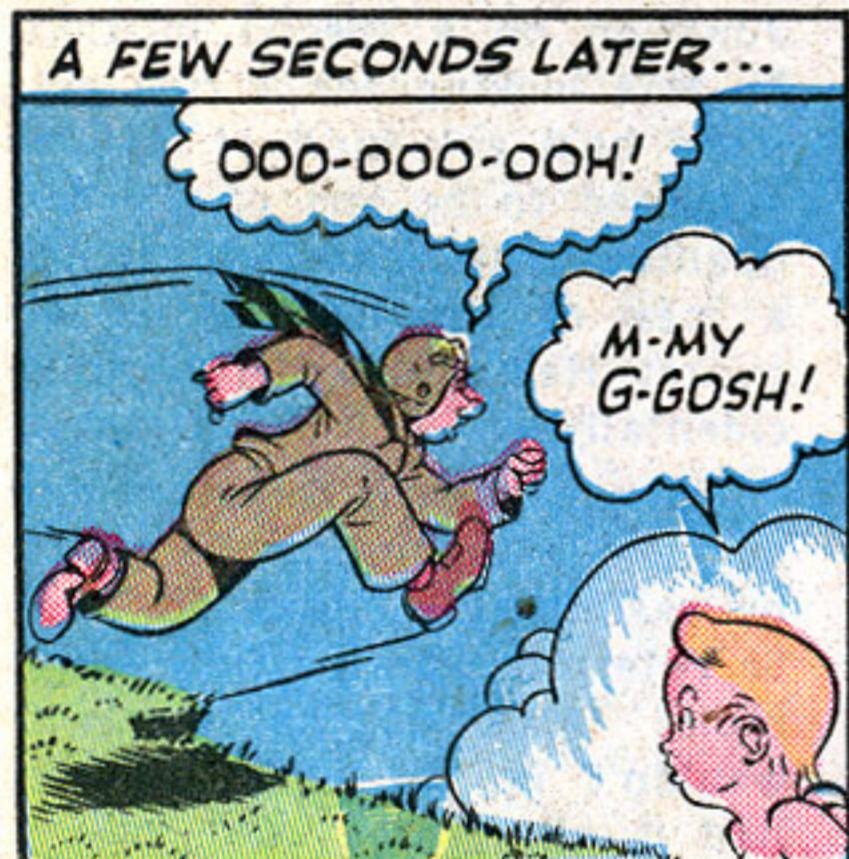
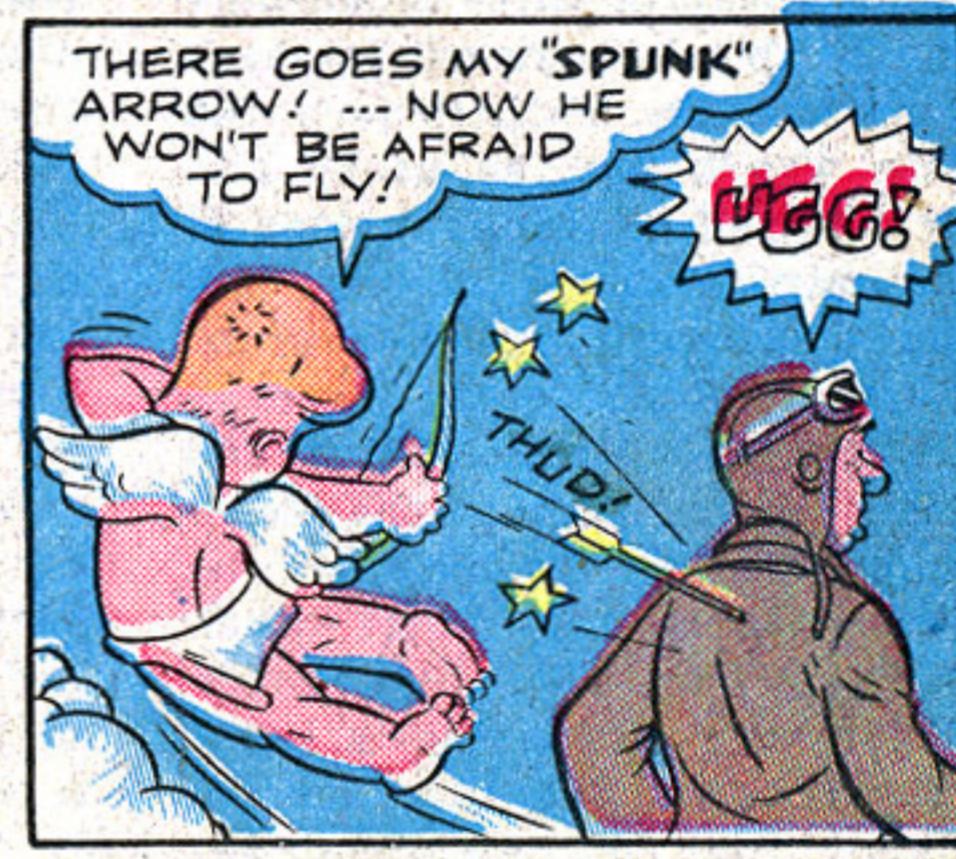
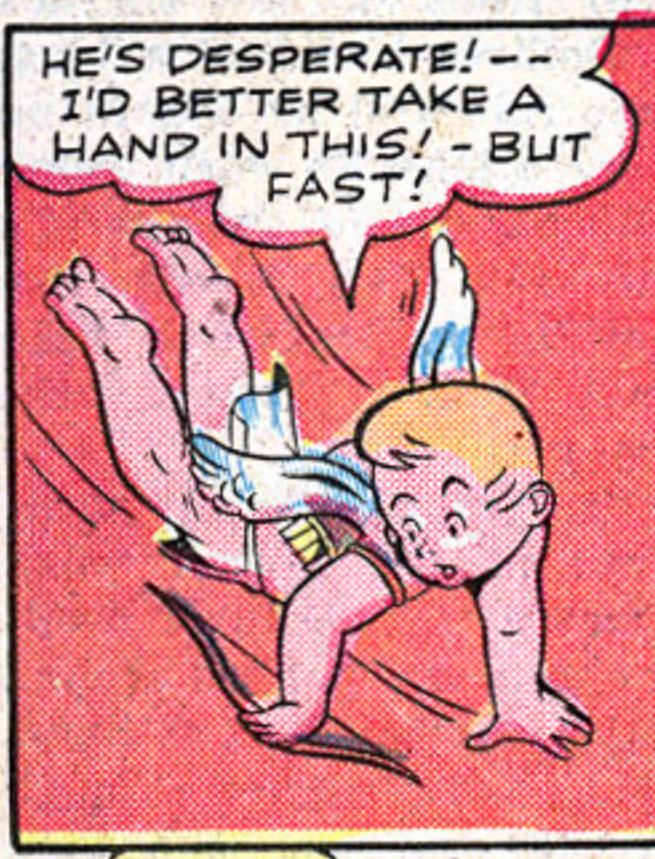
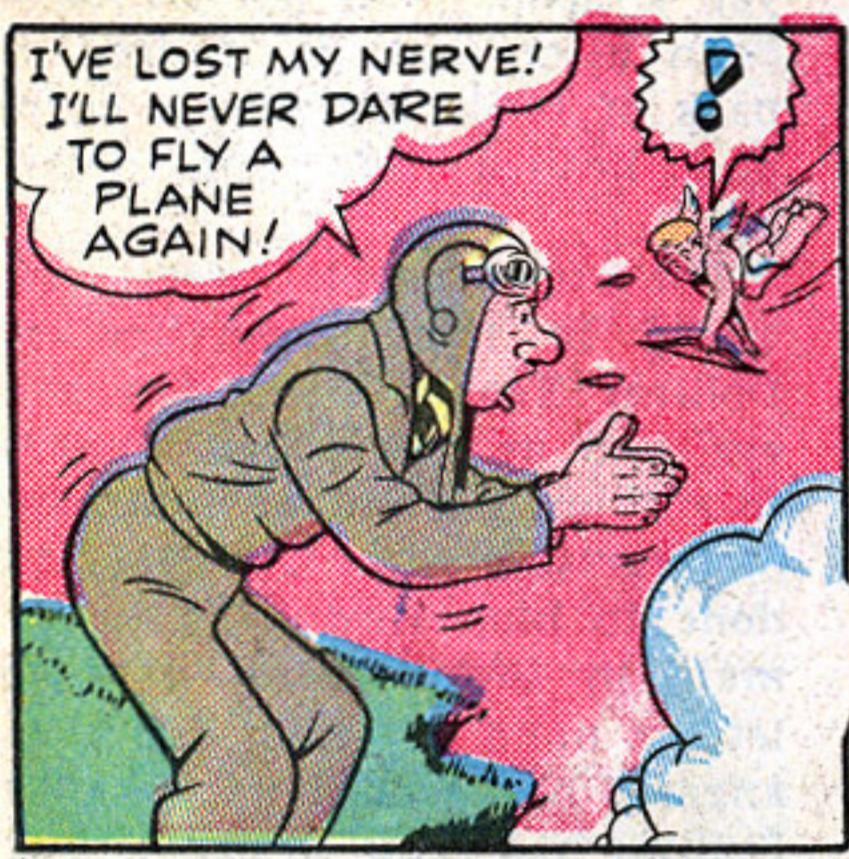
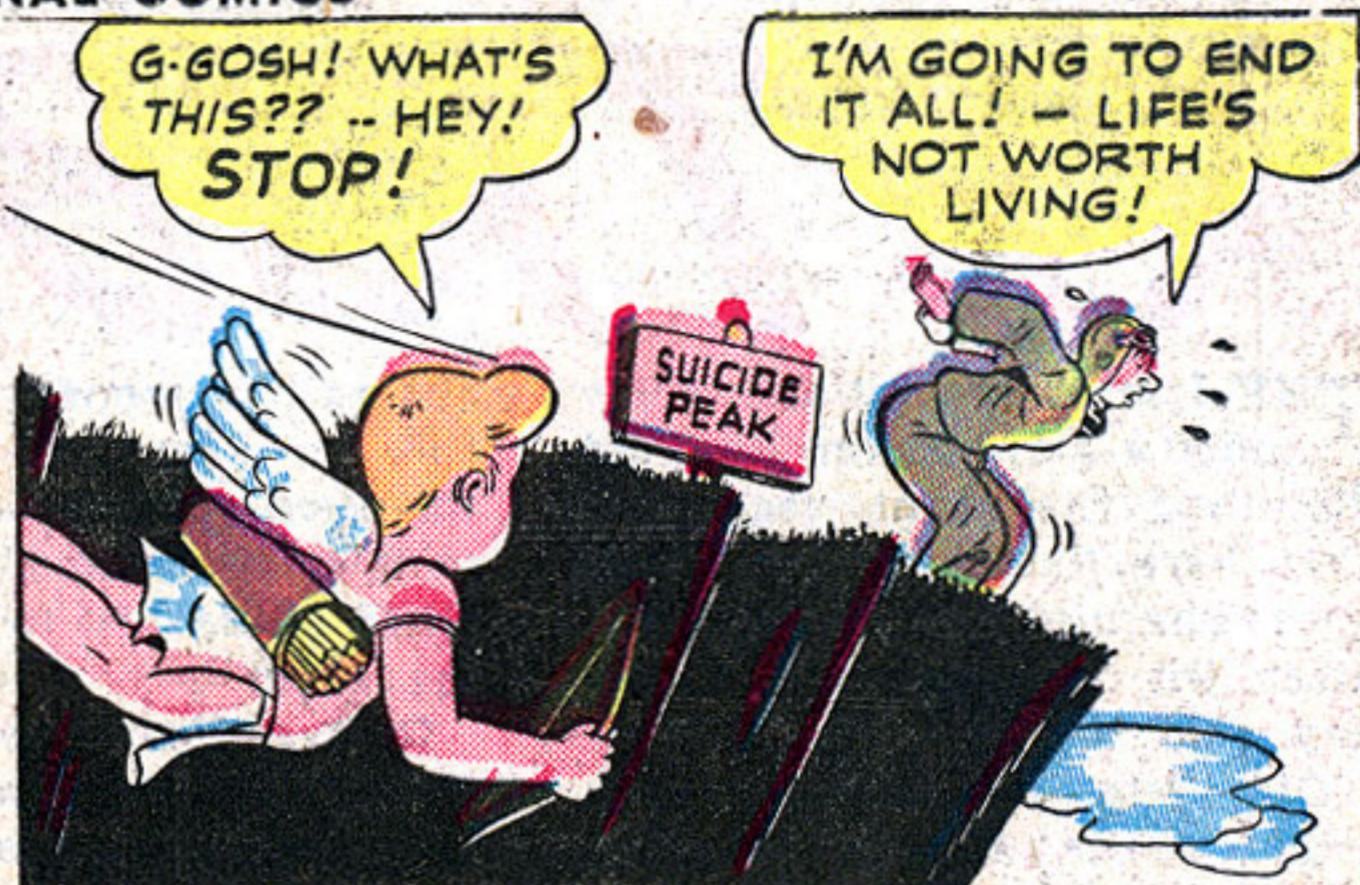
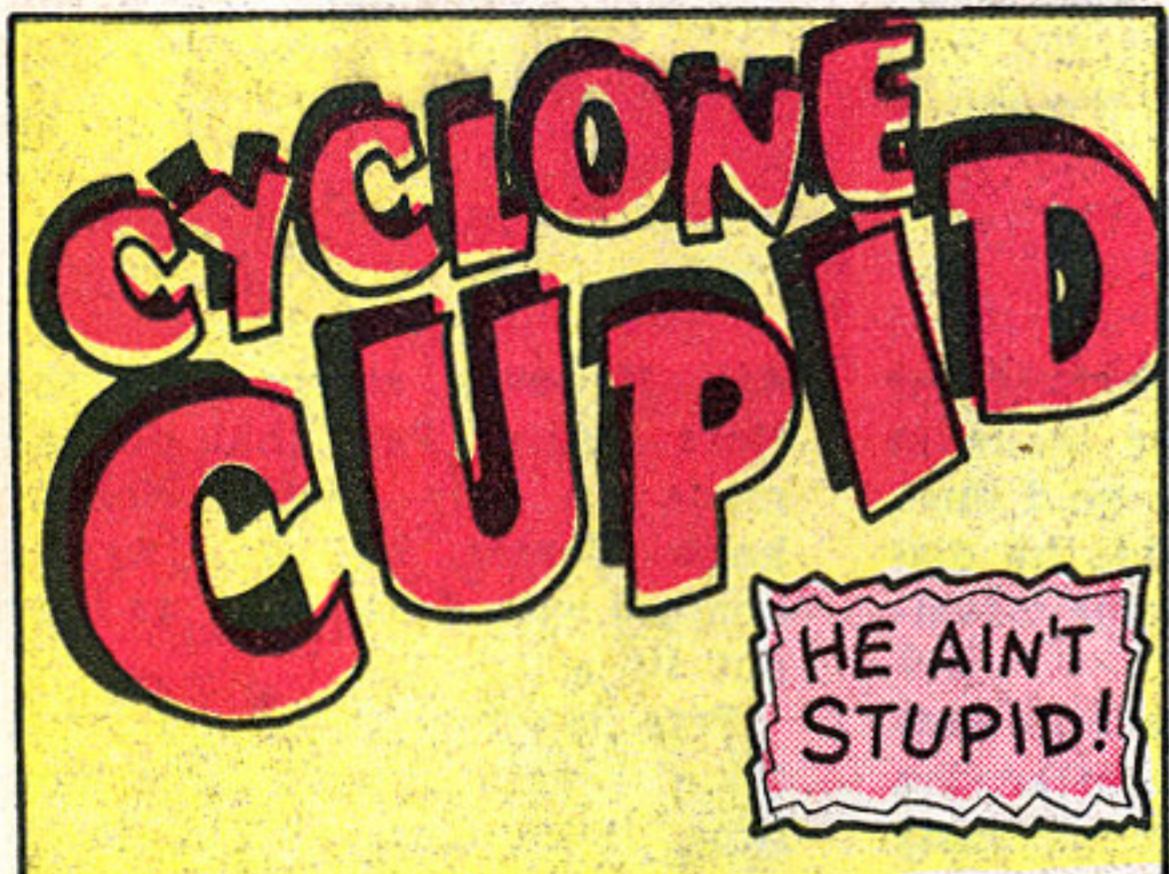


ON A HIGHWAY HEADED TOWARD THE CITY LIMITS THREE FIGURES SIT SLUMPED IN A SPEEDING CAR.



NATIONAL COMICS





RETRIBUTION

THE desert lay quiet and lonely under a giant moon. No wind disturbed the scant vegetation that here fought for an existence. The night was crisply cool after the burning sun of the day.

Old Pete Benton, mystery man of the Mojave, slouched along ahead of three laden burros, his big hat shoved far back from his thin, leathery face. Old Pete was happy, as usual, and he whistled a strange melody of his own making. It was said that Old Pete invented songs for every moon and every place.

Little was known about Old Pete, other than that the oldest timers in the region swore he was walking the desert when their fathers were youngsters. Which was undoubtedly a slight exaggeration. But the fact remained that Old Pete wasn't exactly a youth any more. Seventy—ninety—no one knew. Nor did Pete. Ask him his age and with a twinkle in his watery blue eyes, he'd stretch a hand toward the towering mountains to the east and say "Wal them mountings was here when I come, an' we both be here yet!"

Pete had a shack about three miles from the town of Saddle Bag Junction which you'll never find on a map. It was a pretty wild town made up of copper and gold miners, a few cowmen, and quite a number of just questionable gents who made their way by gambling and in various ways cheating honest people out of money.

Pete seldom mingled with the townspeople. They didn't understand him anyway, and he preferred the company of his burros. A lifetime spent in the silent wastes of the desert changes men considerably.

It was said that Pete worked a secret gold mine somewhere in the mountains, but no one had ever seen the mine. Pete

always had money, however, for the few purchases he made in the town store. Never gold dust, so it was assumed that he disposed of his dust to some traveling buyer.

Dolliver Yeates rode into Saddle Bag Junction, one afternoon and dismounted from his dusty roan in front of the sheriff's office. Dolliver had had a long, tiresome ride and he was in no mood for a joke. So when young Clay Hobbs, one of the sheriff's deputies, said, "Ah, it looks like that cattle rustler we've been huntin'," Dolliver Yeates went for his gun.

But the gun had hardly slithered out of the holster when there was a roar. Dolliver dropped the gun and hopped around holding a shattered right hand. A .45 slug had ploughed through it. The few persons who were in evidence looked up the street, where old Pete Benton came stalking, leading his burros, and now carefully putting his Colt back. He began singing a tuneless ditty.

Dolliver Yeates was in a towering rage, and shouted for the deputy to arrest Pete. By this time Pete was standing in front of the angry stranger.

"I take it ye was aimin' to drill my friend Clay here," he said. "Wal, stranger, ye'll have to l'arn to draw faster'n that to beat Old Pete on the pull!" With that he dropped the lead rope to his burros and went into Yeager's Store.

Yeates swore and threatened, but was persuaded eventually to let Doc Summers take a look at his shattered hand.

Inside the store, the several hangers-on eyed Old Pete with new interest. None had ever seen him draw his gun before. No one thought that dreamy Old Pete knew how to use a gun. But that draw! It would be the talk of the town for many a

day. However, everyone in the store assured Pete that he had made an ugly enemy. Nobody knew Yeates, but he "was a hombre with a bad eye," as they put it.

Pete laughed it off. "I been takin' keer of myself for a long time, folks. Guess I kin do so yet a spell," was all he said. Soon after that he loaded his pack of foodstuffs onto a burro and headed into the desert again.

The townspeople were not wrong in their estimation of Dolliver Yeates. He had a bad eye, and he was a bad hombre to rile up. He had no intention of forgetting what Old Pete had done to him. He'd have to remain in town several days to let his hand get well, and that angered him even more. Because Dolliver had come to Saddle Bag Junction on a special mission: he was looking for a rich gold mine he'd got wind of. It was supposed to be one of the lost Spanish mines, and Dolliver had a map of the location in his pocket. He'd stolen the map, incidentally.

When he heard the story and mystery surrounding Old Pete he was mightily interested. Maybe Pete was working that secret mine! Well, if he was, he wouldn't be for long! Dolliver had it all figured out.

Dolliver stayed in town a few days, making judicious inquiries about Old Pete. Then one evening he mounted his roan and headed into the desert. He rode in a roundabout way, hoping to deceive anyone watching from the town, but there were those who prophesied dire things for Old Pete if Dolliver came across him.

Dolliver paused long enough near Pete's shack to assure himself that Pete wasn't there. Then he rode on toward the east. Nobody knew where Pete went in

the desert mountains, nor did Dolliver. But he meant to find out, and find out in a hurry! Dolliver, when he made up his mind to do something, did it without hesitancy and he didn't tolerate delays in his plans.

"Meddlesome old buzzards," he grated as he swayed in the saddle. "I'll drill him full of holes when I find him!" And you could see that Dolliver meant every word of it.

He rode all that night, keeping an eye out for campfires. But he saw none. He dismounted near a small stream and prepared to make camp for the night, which was almost spent now. He'd catch a couple hours sleep and be on his way.

Old Pete Bentham cooked a leisurely breakfast of bacon and eggs, and then drank two huge tin cups of steaming coffee. One thing Pete loved, and that was a good hot breakfast. He could go the rest of the day if he had that. He saw to it that his burros were well fed even before he sat down to eat. They were his best friends.

As he washed the dishes in the little shack far up in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, he sang a lonesome song. Life had been full for Old Pete. He had lived as he wanted to. He had never done any man wrong. There was nothing on his conscience. All he wanted was peace, and to be let alone. Well—one other thing: He wanted his son and grandchildren to have the gold he had dug out of the earth. He hadn't seen his son since the boy was seven years old. Then Old Pete had left home, gone to Alaska, and years later drifted south, to become a lonely prospector—and a man of mystery. Occasionally he heard in a roundabout way from his son. That's how he had learned that the boy had two children, which made Old Pete a grandfather. That made him very proud.

Old Pete knew, however, that he would never fit into the social circle of his son's friends and family, so he had never

NATIONAL COMICS

gone back to the eastern city he'd left so many years before. When he died, his boy would receive a heap of gold. There was a heap of it too, Old Pete told himself. Hidden far back in the mine he'd been working so many years. The mystery mine.

He worked nearly all day and dug out many a fine nugget, to be stored in the hidden place five hundred feet back in the mountain.

Dolliver Yeates worked hard that day too—searching for Old Pete's mine. Toward evening he came upon a trail, little used, but he could see that burros had gone that way recently. Old Pete's trail! He followed it for an hour, at last coming to a narrow pass between high cliffs. Then he saw the cabin in a little cleared space, and the hole of the mine nearby. As he stood looking, Old Pete came out of the mine, singing a song. Dolliver exulted. So the old coot was working the Spanish mine! This was it, all right, just as the map indicated. Well—

Dolliver trudged down the path and accosted Pete, his hand hovering close to his gun butt. Pete looked at him. He was unarmed.

"Oh, you again," he said. "Wal, come in an' have a bite."

"Don't try anything funny,

Bentham. I want the gold you've dug out of my mine. I want it now. So start talking!"

Pete laughed. "Your mine, mister? I've had this mine fer thirty year. She's mine. What's more—"

Pete never finished. Dolliver shot him in his tracks.

"Your mine, huh?" he grated. "Was your mine mebbe. But now it's Dolliver Yeates' mine!"

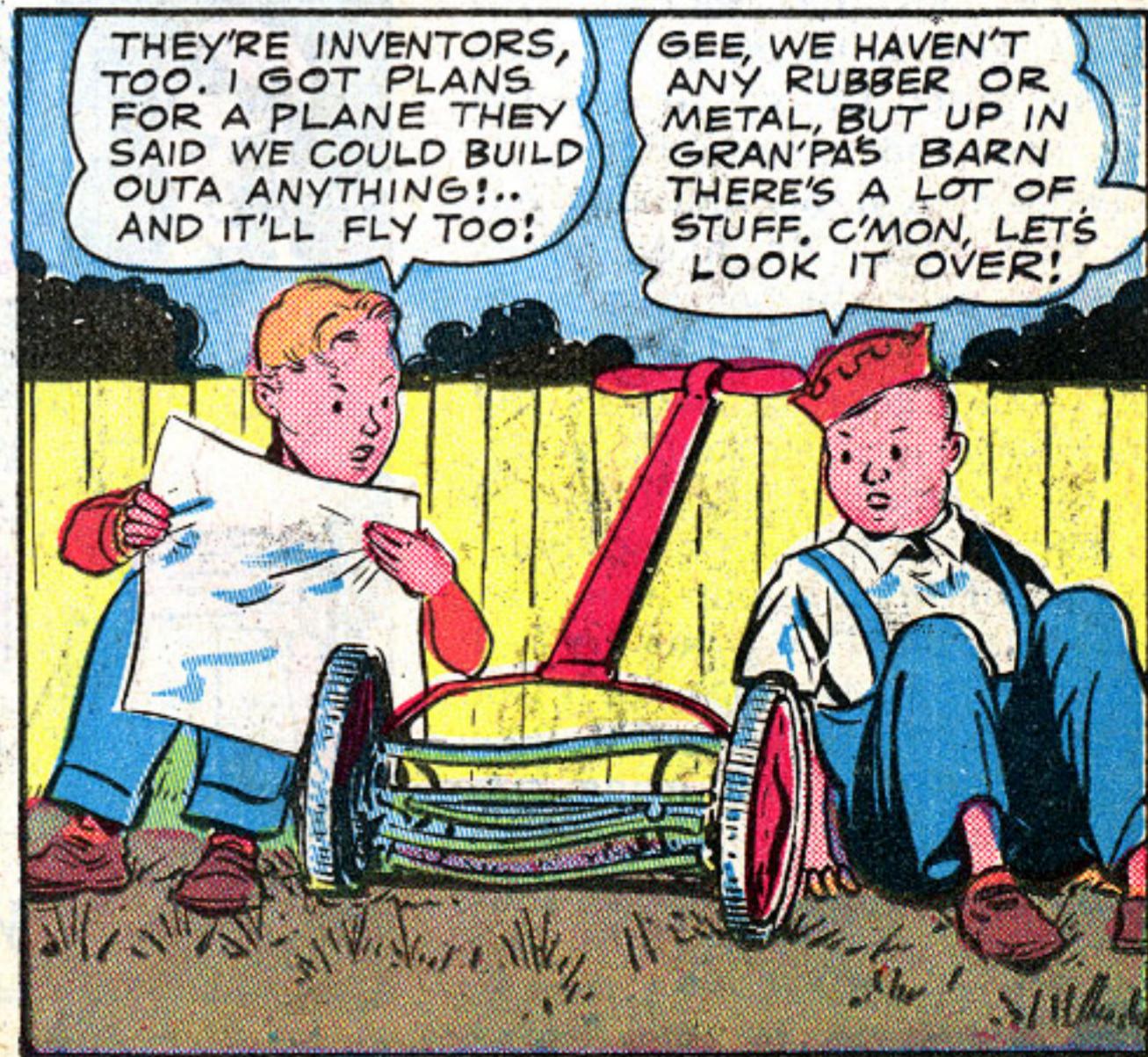
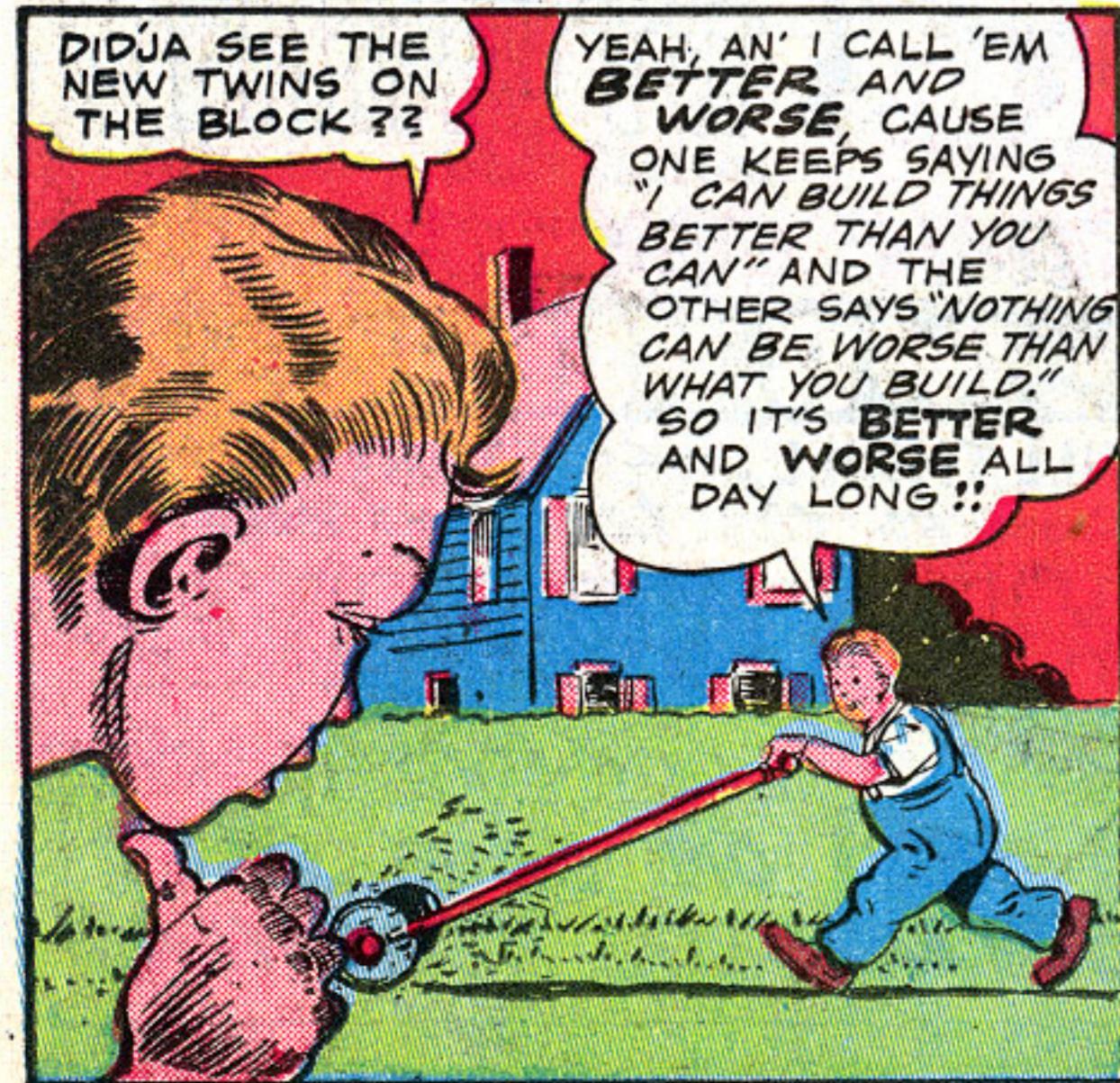
Dolliver sheathed his gun. He'd go get his horse and wait till morning to search for the gold. It was getting too dark. He had gone ten paces when a horrible vise-like thing clamped down on his leg. A bear trap! Dolliver screamed with pain. But he could not get the steel loose. He fired his pistol empty at the heavy jaws, but it did no good. He was caught!

Nearly a month passed before Dolliver was found. Deputy Sheriff Clay Hobbs found him, dead as a door nail, still caught in the trap. He found Old Pete, too, with a hole through his head. And it was easy to piece together the story of the murder and its quick retribution. He found a will, written in Old Pete's scrawly handwriting, leaving everything to his son and grandchildren.

And so ends the story of Old Pete Bentham and his murderer. The reward of death is death!

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IN GRAN'PA'S
BARN...

GOOD OLD
BETSY.. AND
THEY THOUGHT
YOUR DAY
WAS OVER!

GOSH... EVERYTHING
WE NEED TO MAKE
THAT PLANE!!

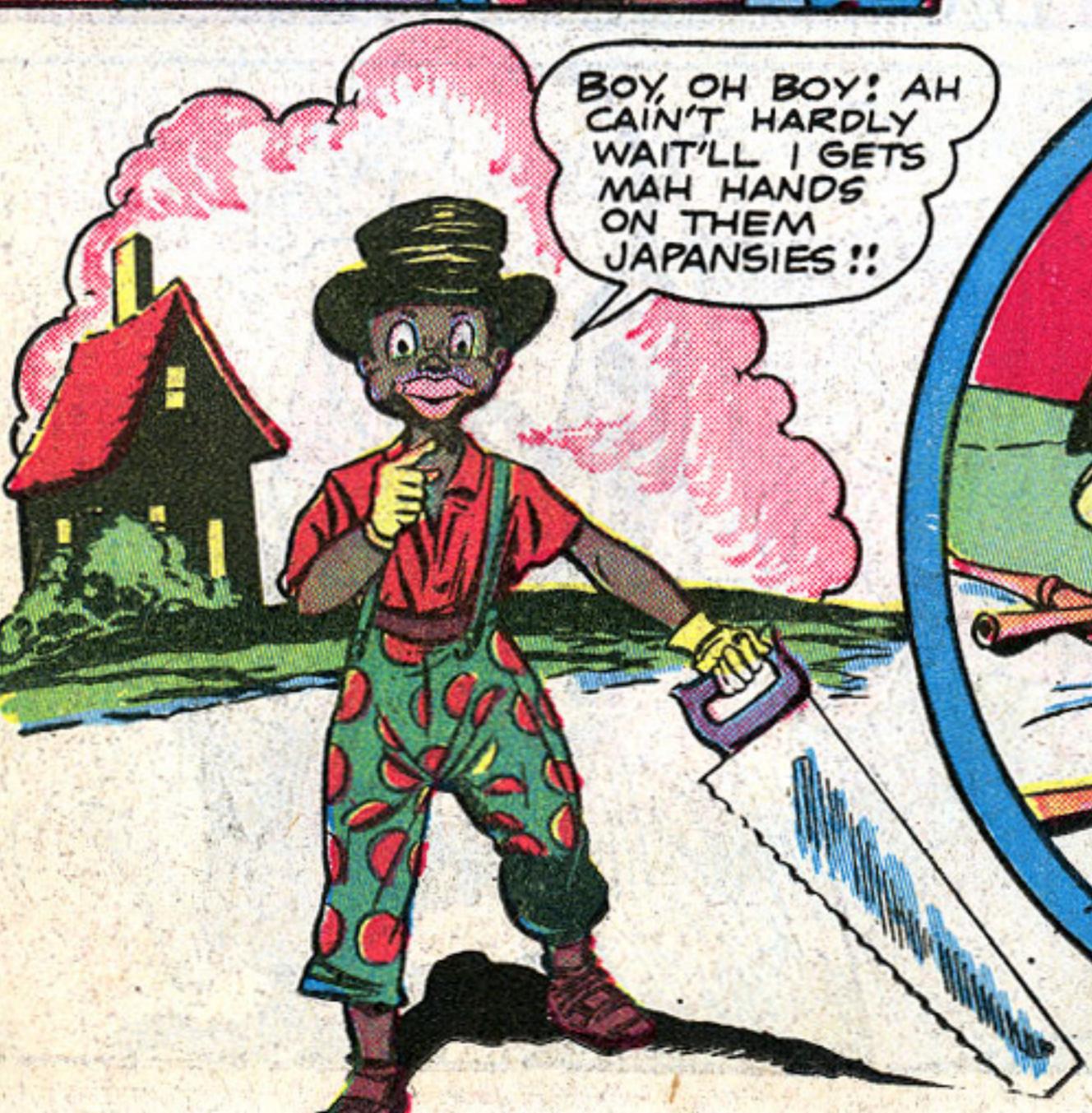
GOSH! MAYBE WE
CAN FLY OVER AN'
CATCH HITLER AND
HIROHITO---
WAIT, I'LL CALL
THE REST OF
THE GANG!

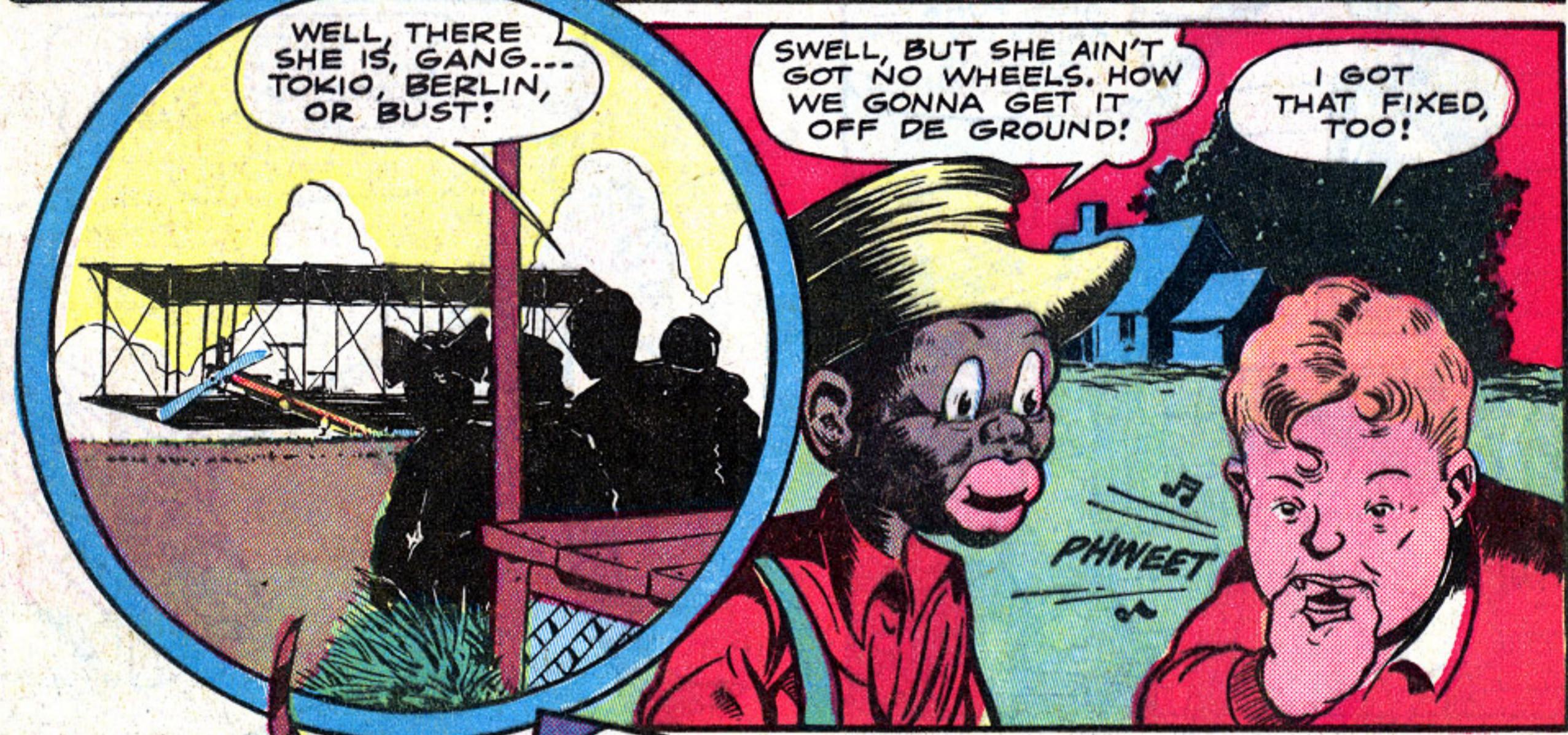
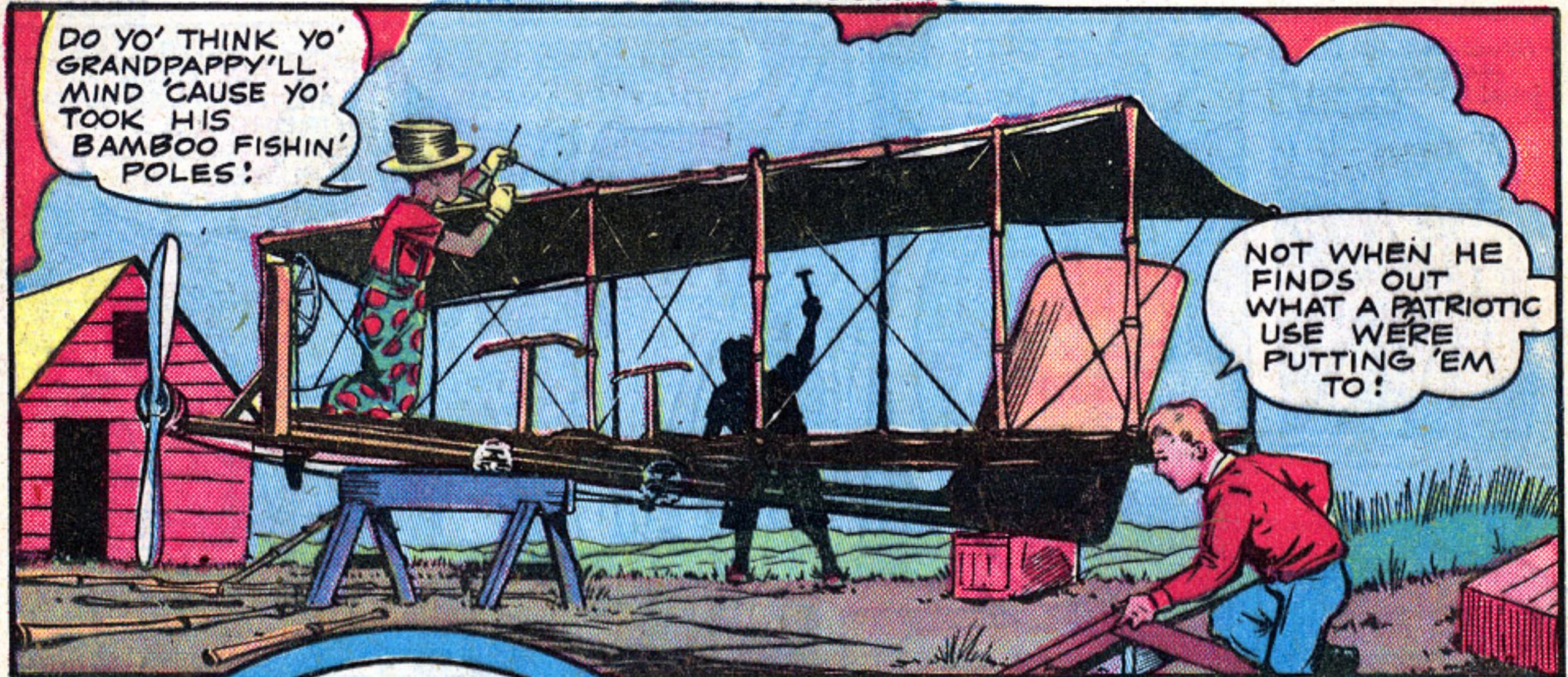
HEAH WE
ARE, POHKY--
BRING ON THEM
AIRPLANE
INGREEDYANTS!

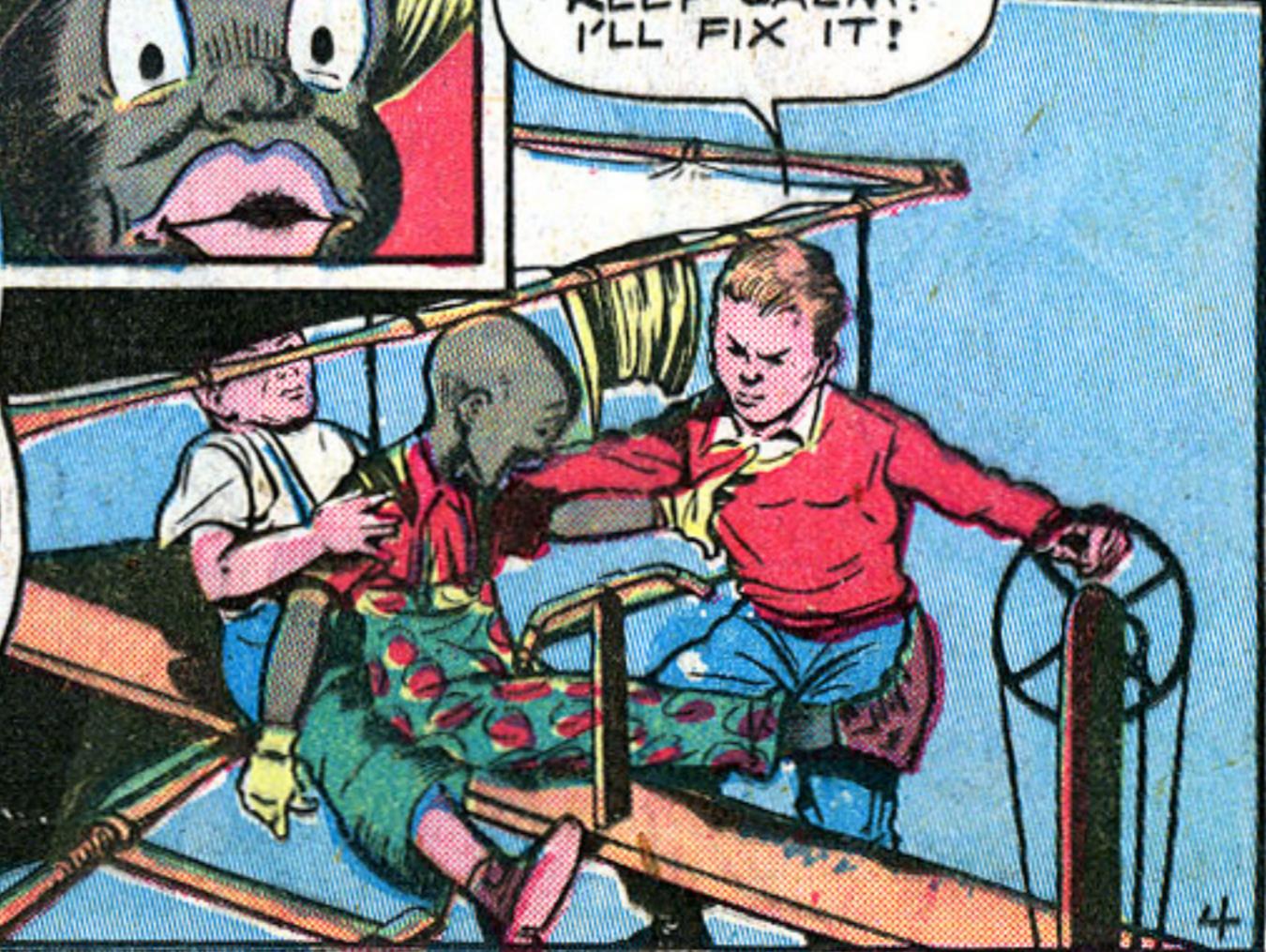
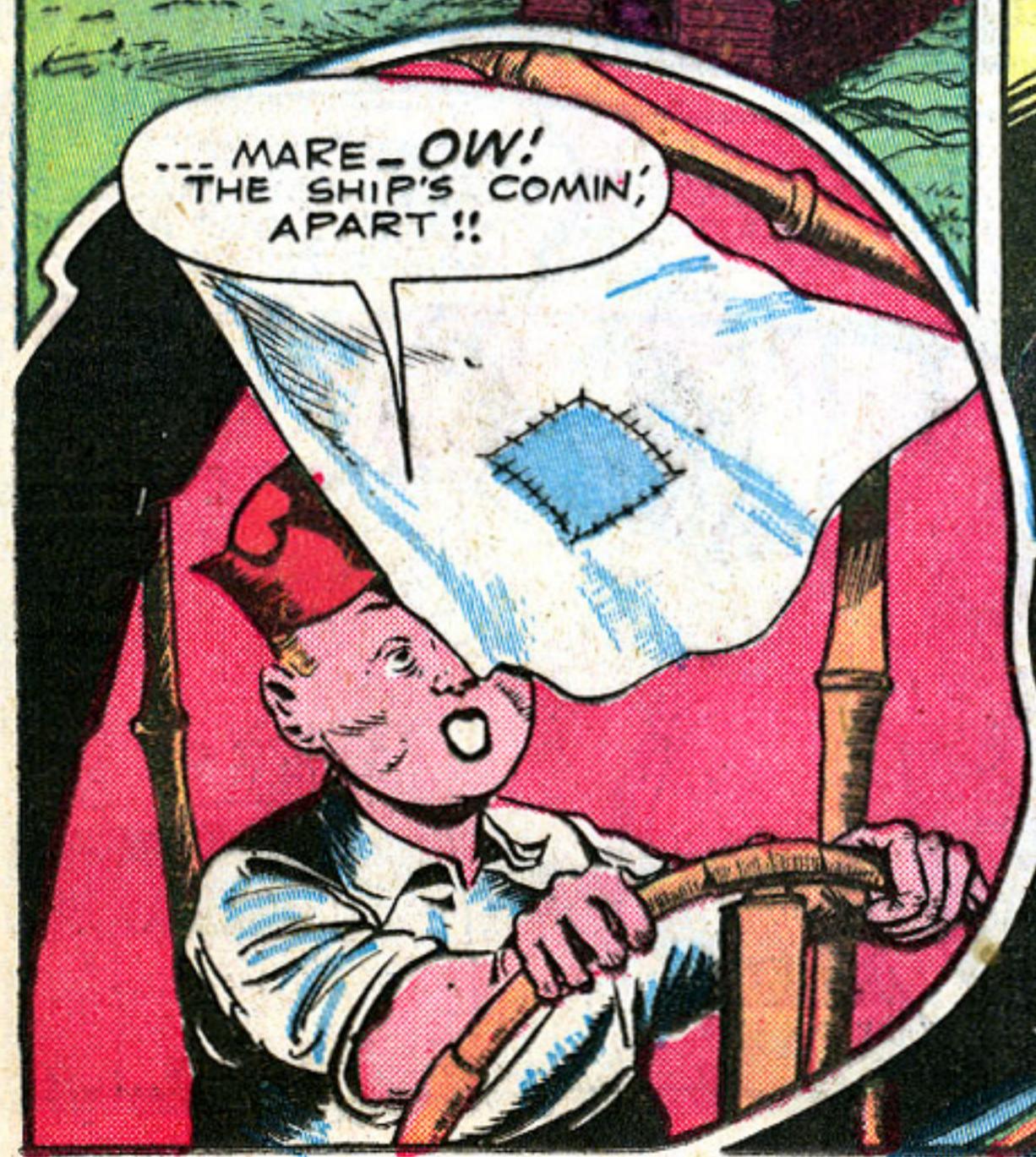
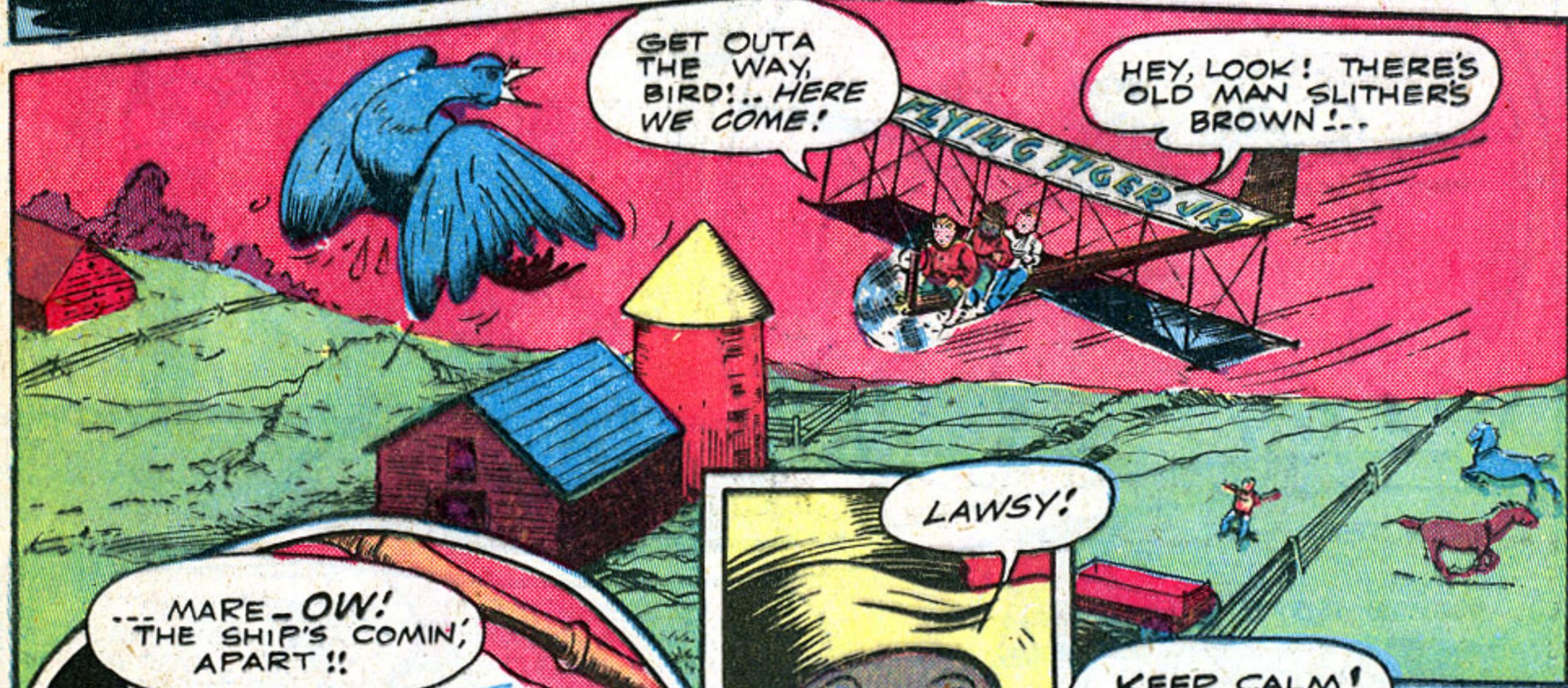
HEY, FELLERS, LOOKA
WHAT THE ICE-CREAM
STORE MAN GAVE
ME. WE CAN USE IT
FOR THE
PROPELLER

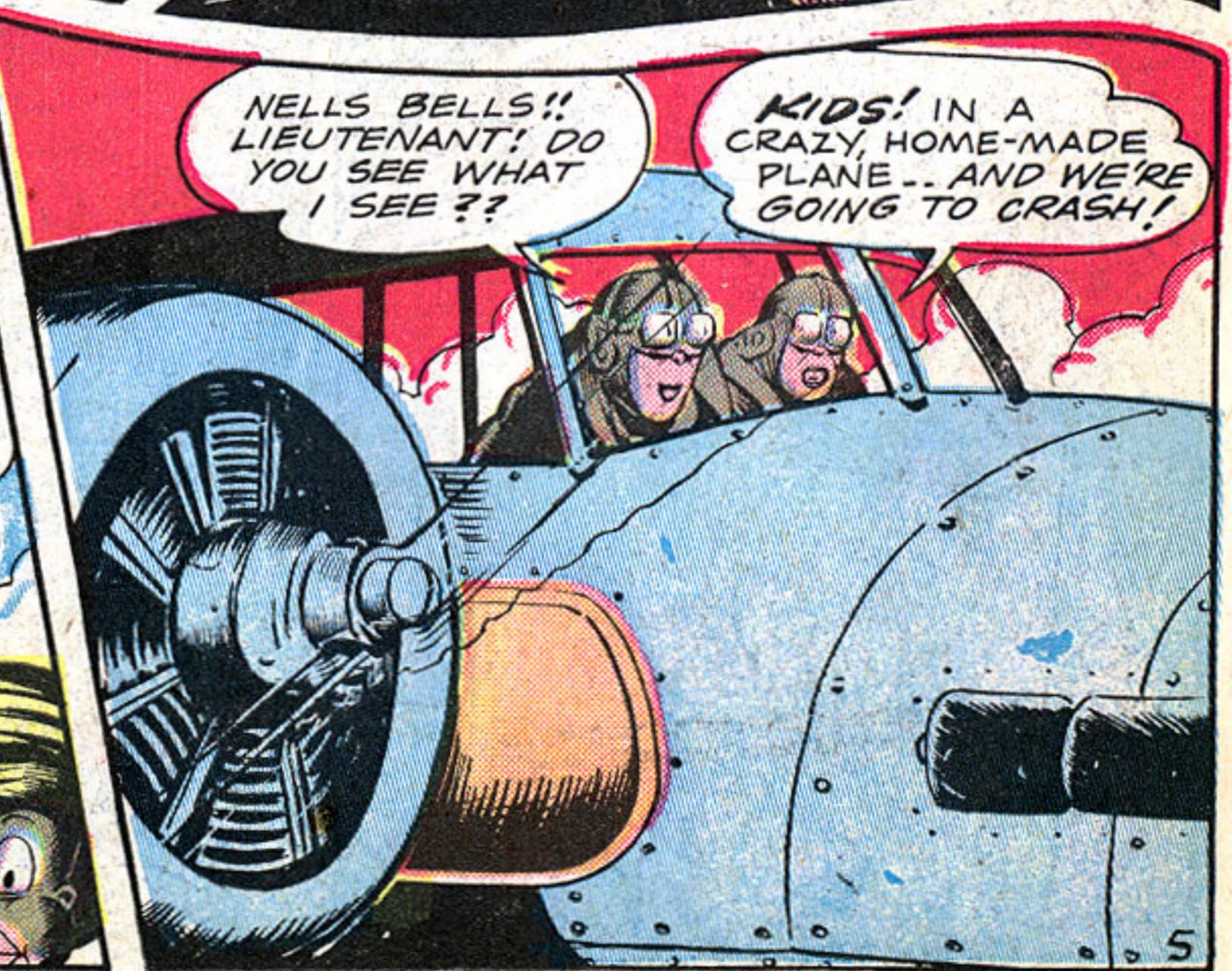
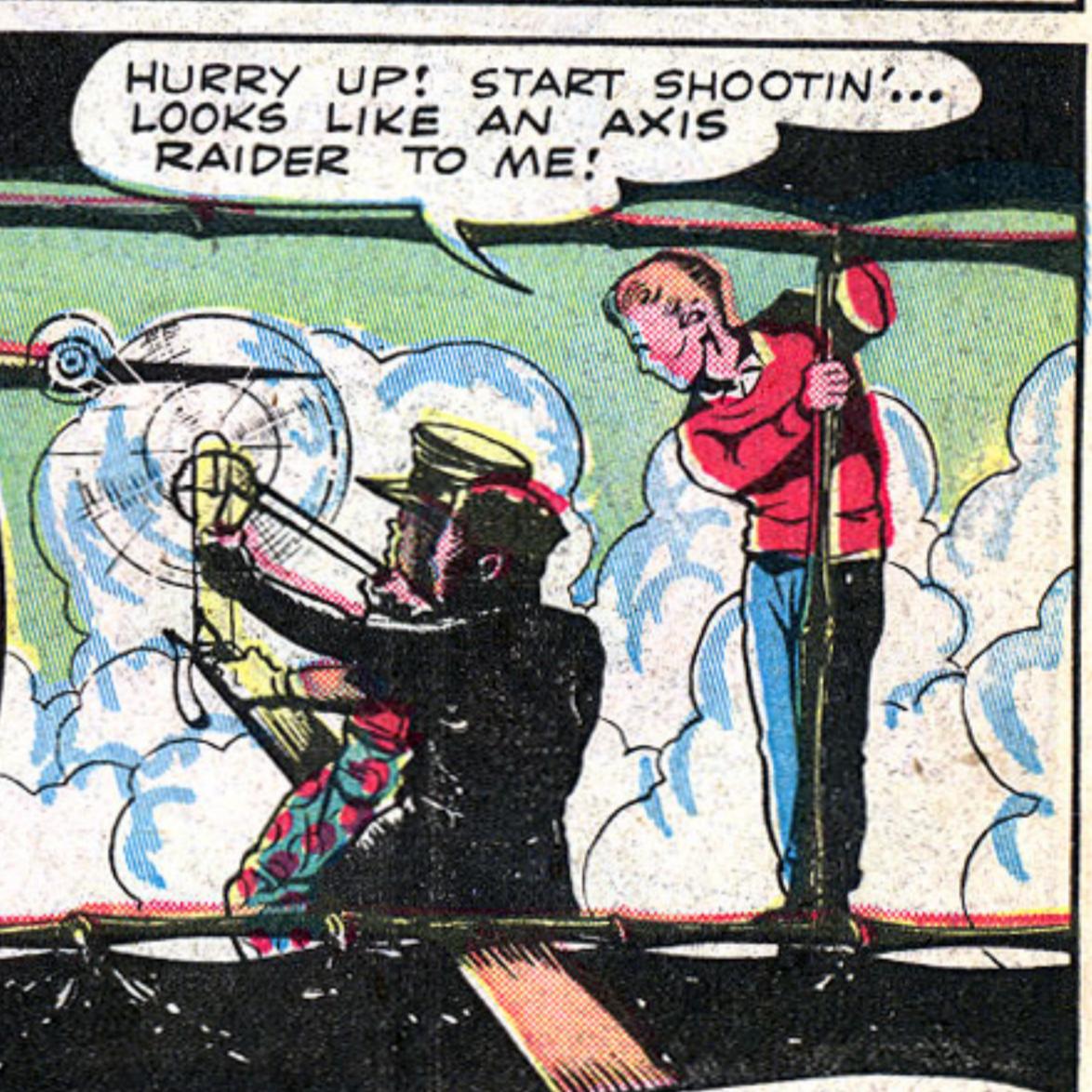
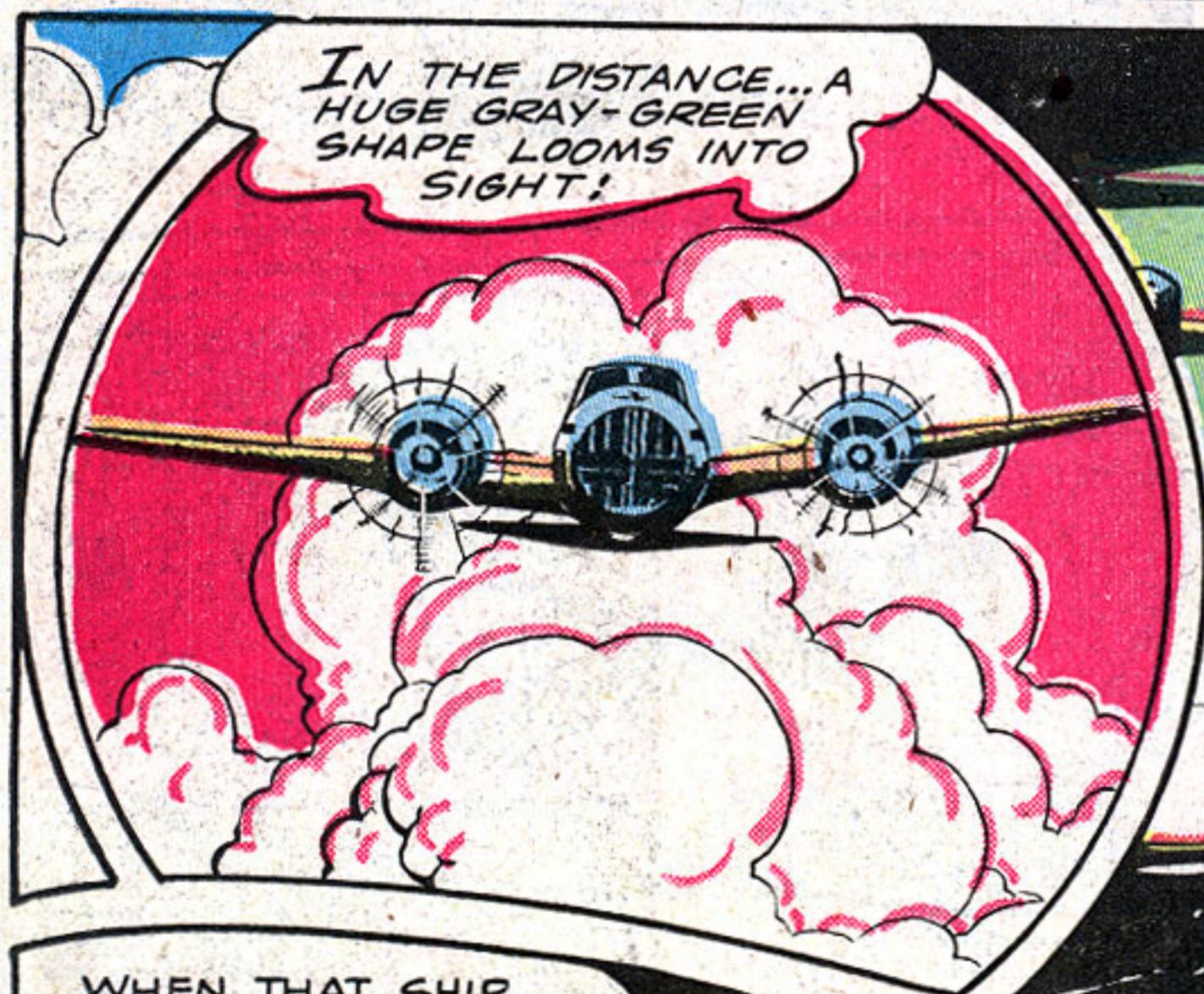
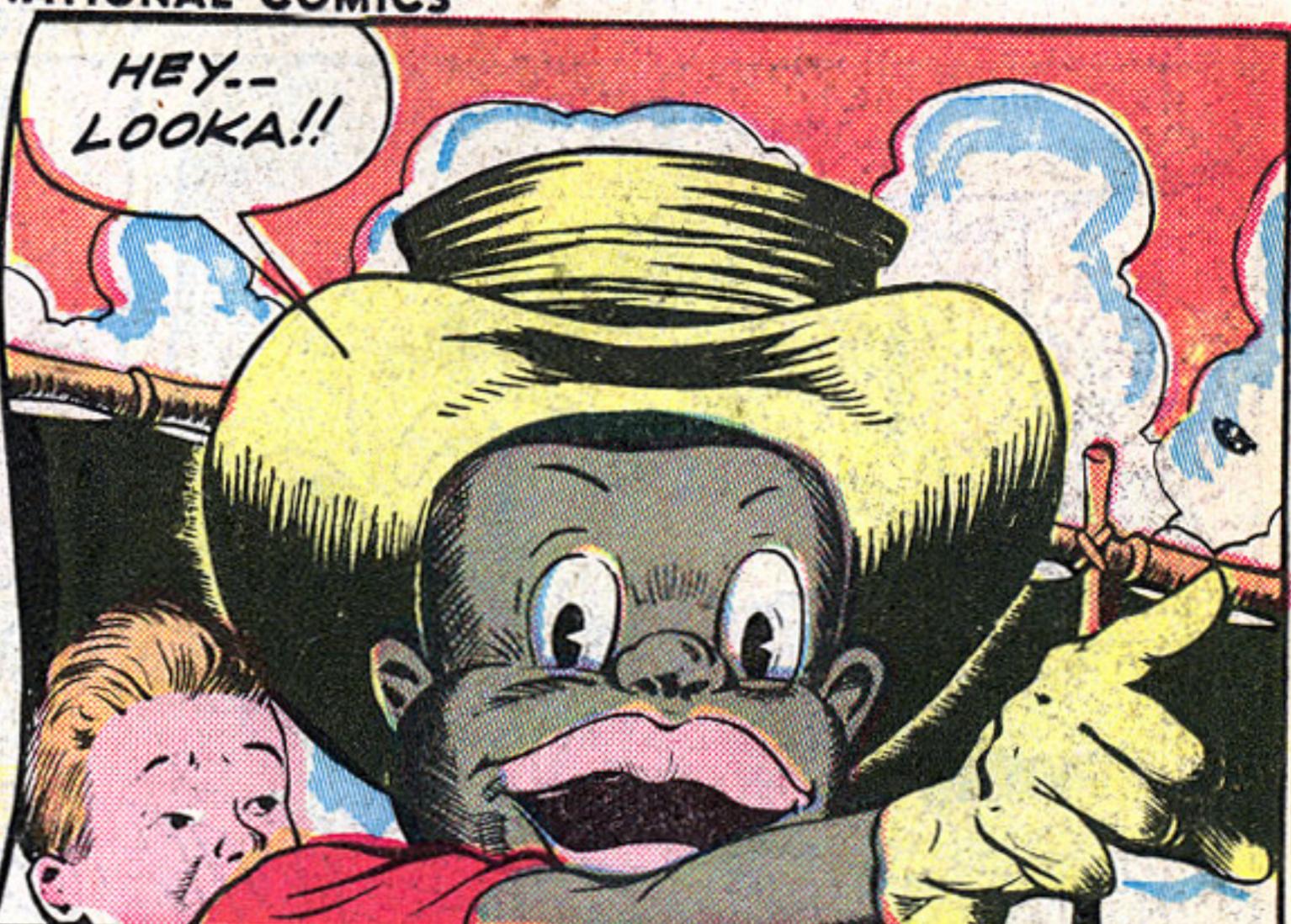
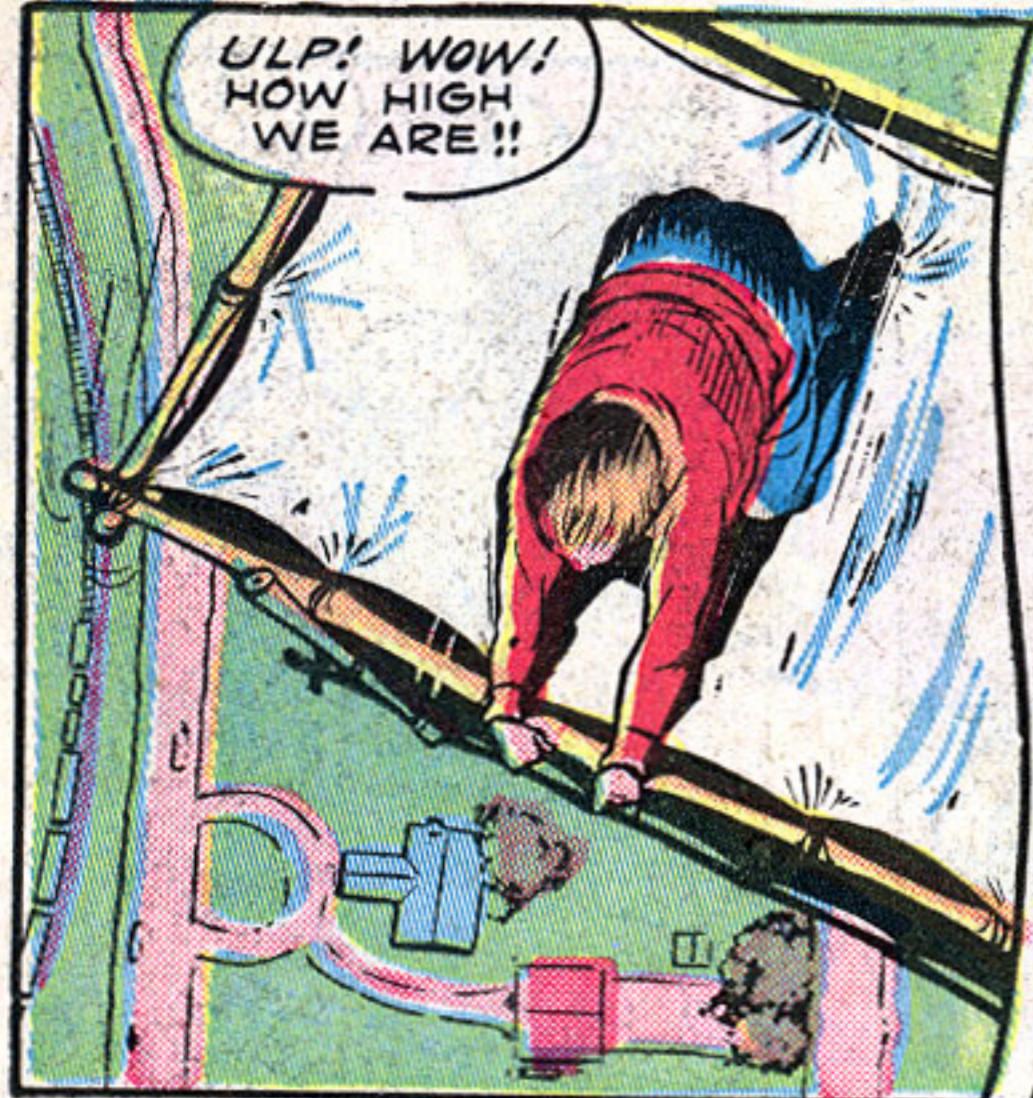
BOY, OH BOY! AH
CAIN'T HARDLY
WAIT'LL I GETS
MAH HANDS
ON THEM
JAPANSIES !!

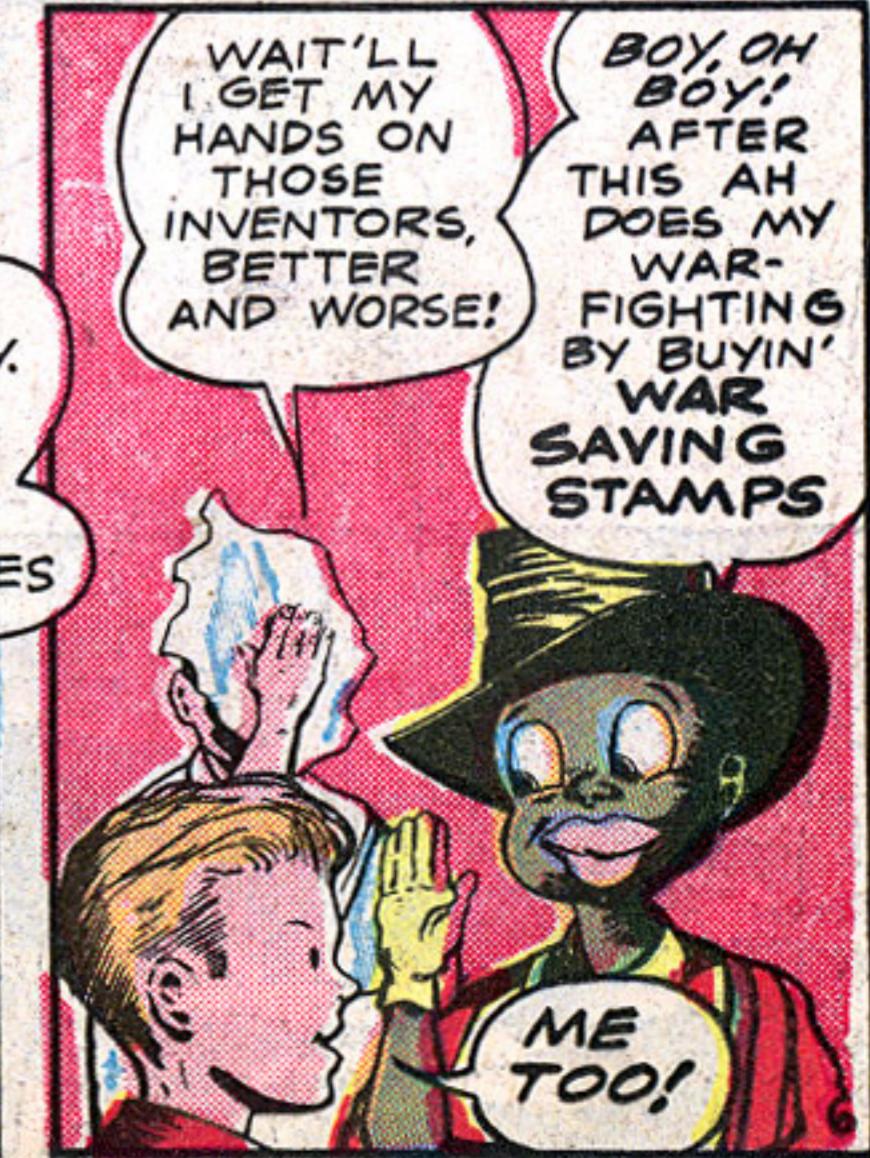
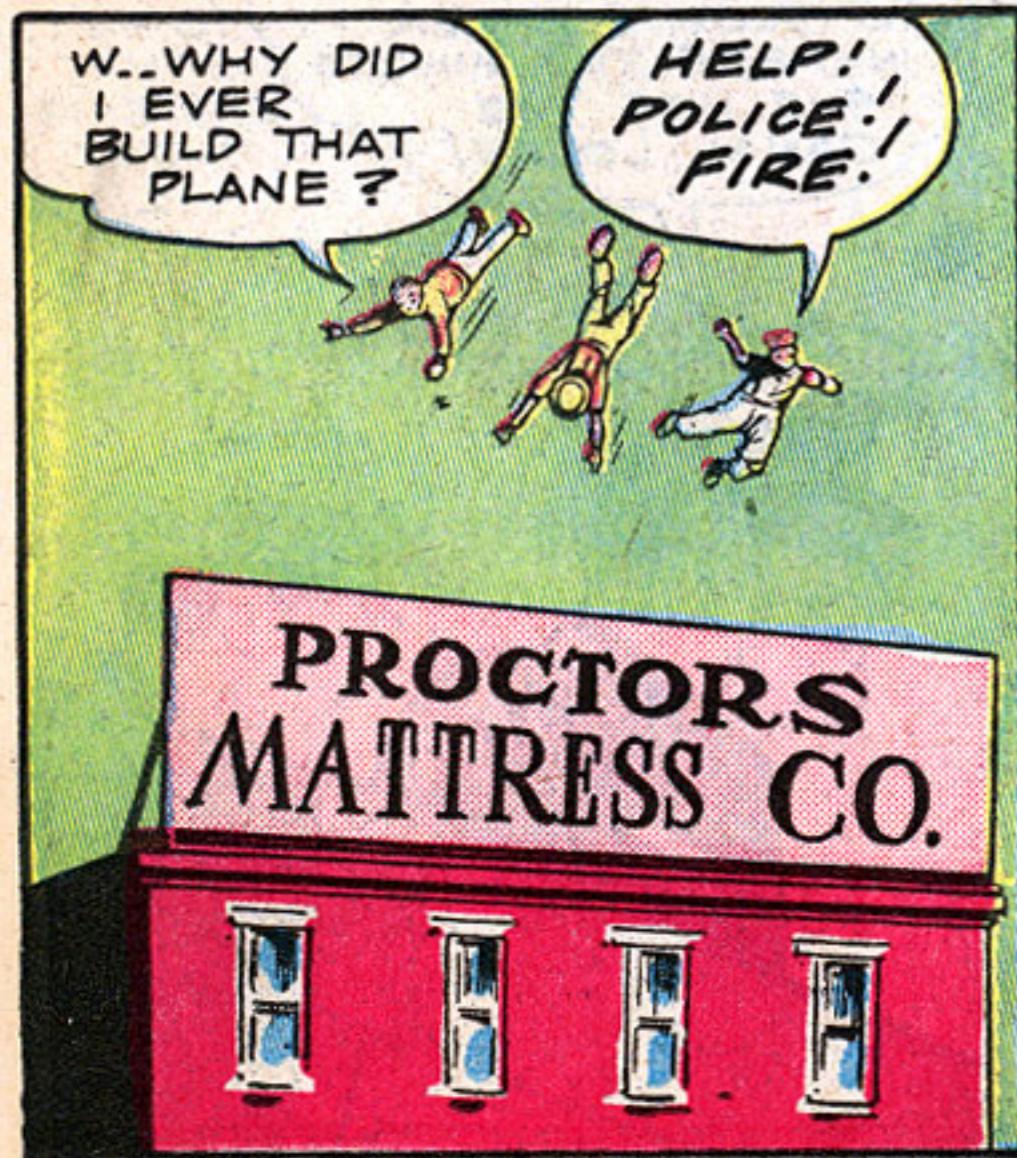
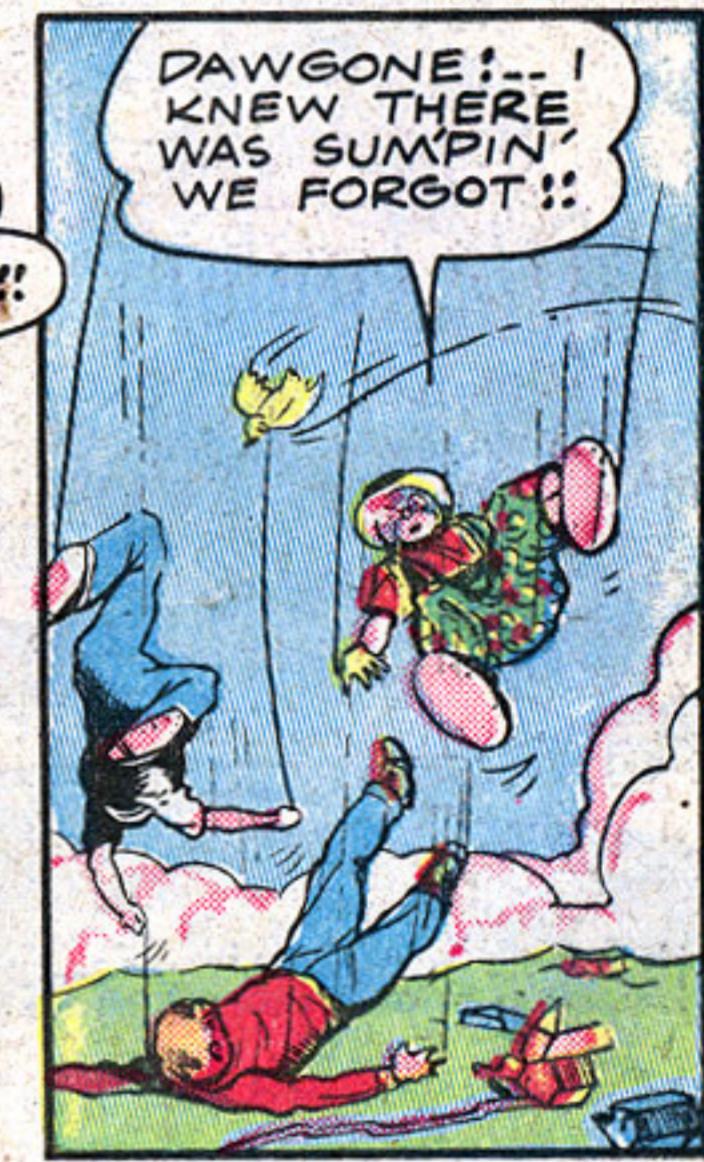
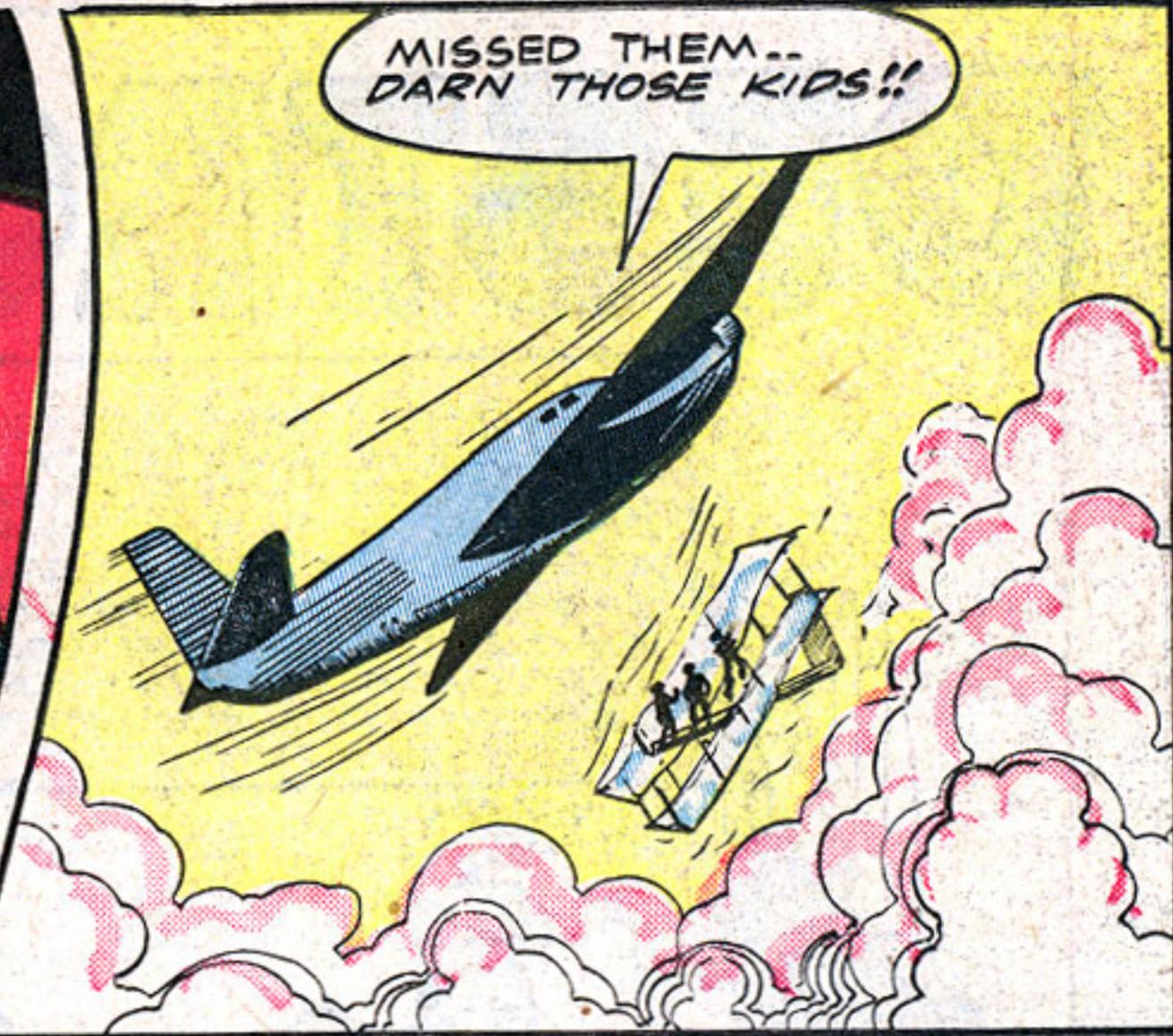
OKAY, OKAY!!
BUT HOW ABOUT
GETTIN' TO WORK!







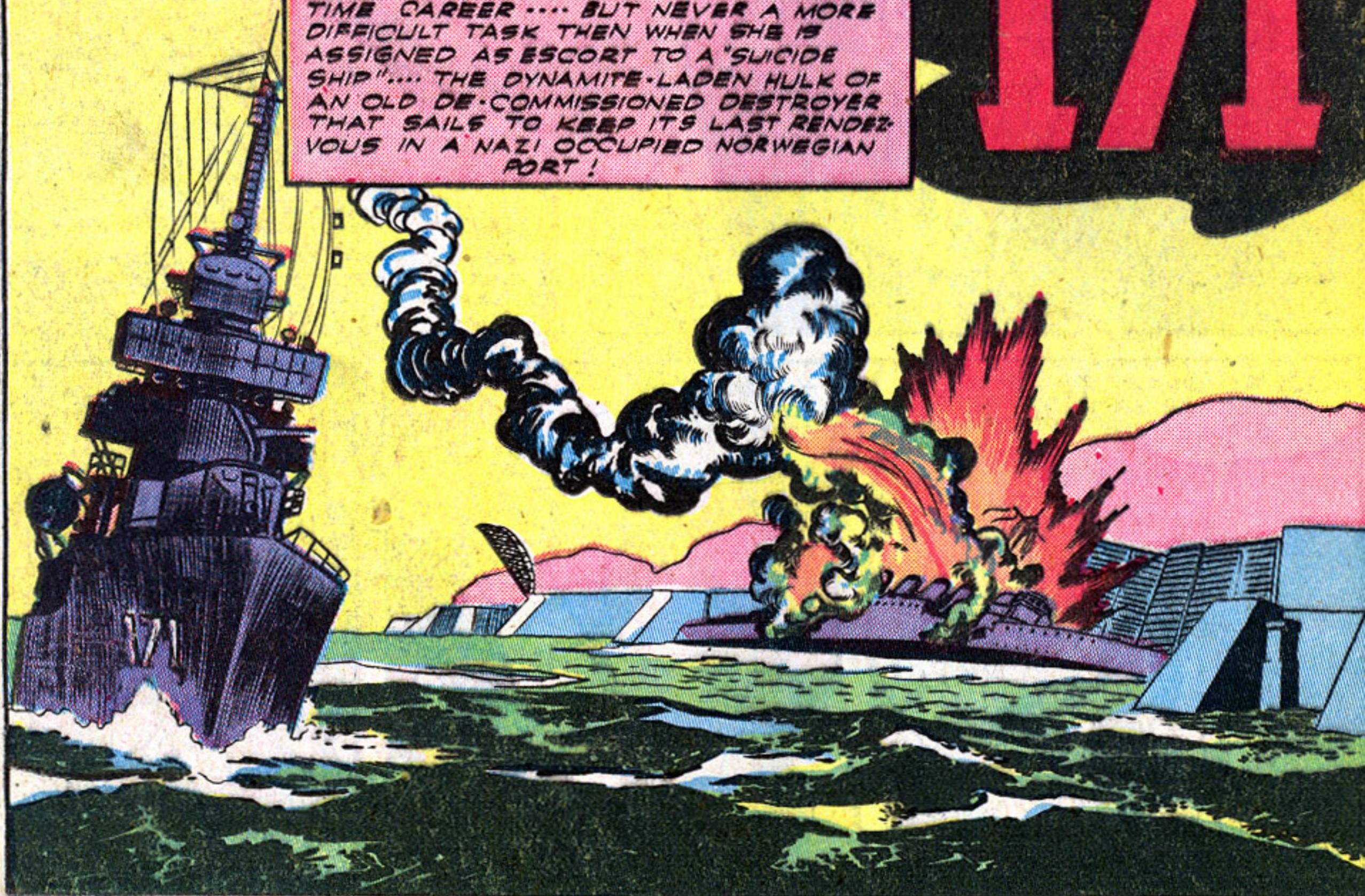




DESTROYER

171

THE U.S.S. PAWNEE HAS SURVIVED MANY PERILOUS ENGAGEMENTS IN HER WAR-TIME CAREER BUT NEVER A MORE DIFFICULT TASK THAN WHEN SHE IS ASSIGNED AS ESCORT TO A "SUICIDE SHIP".... THE DYNAMITE-LADEN HULK OF AN OLD DE-COMMISSIONED DESTROYER THAT SAILS TO KEEP ITS LAST RENDEZ VOUS IN A NAZI OCCUPIED NORWEGIAN PORT!



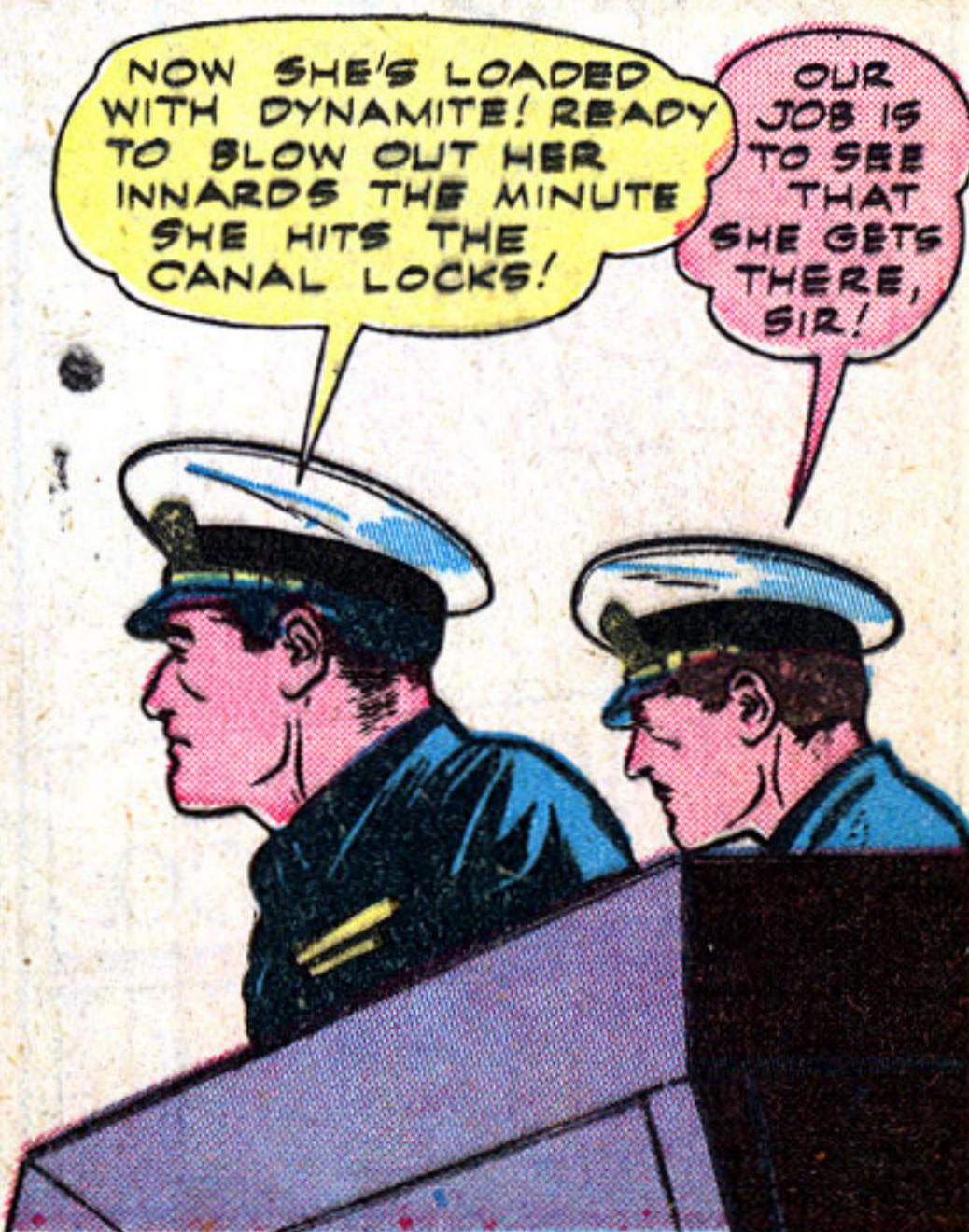
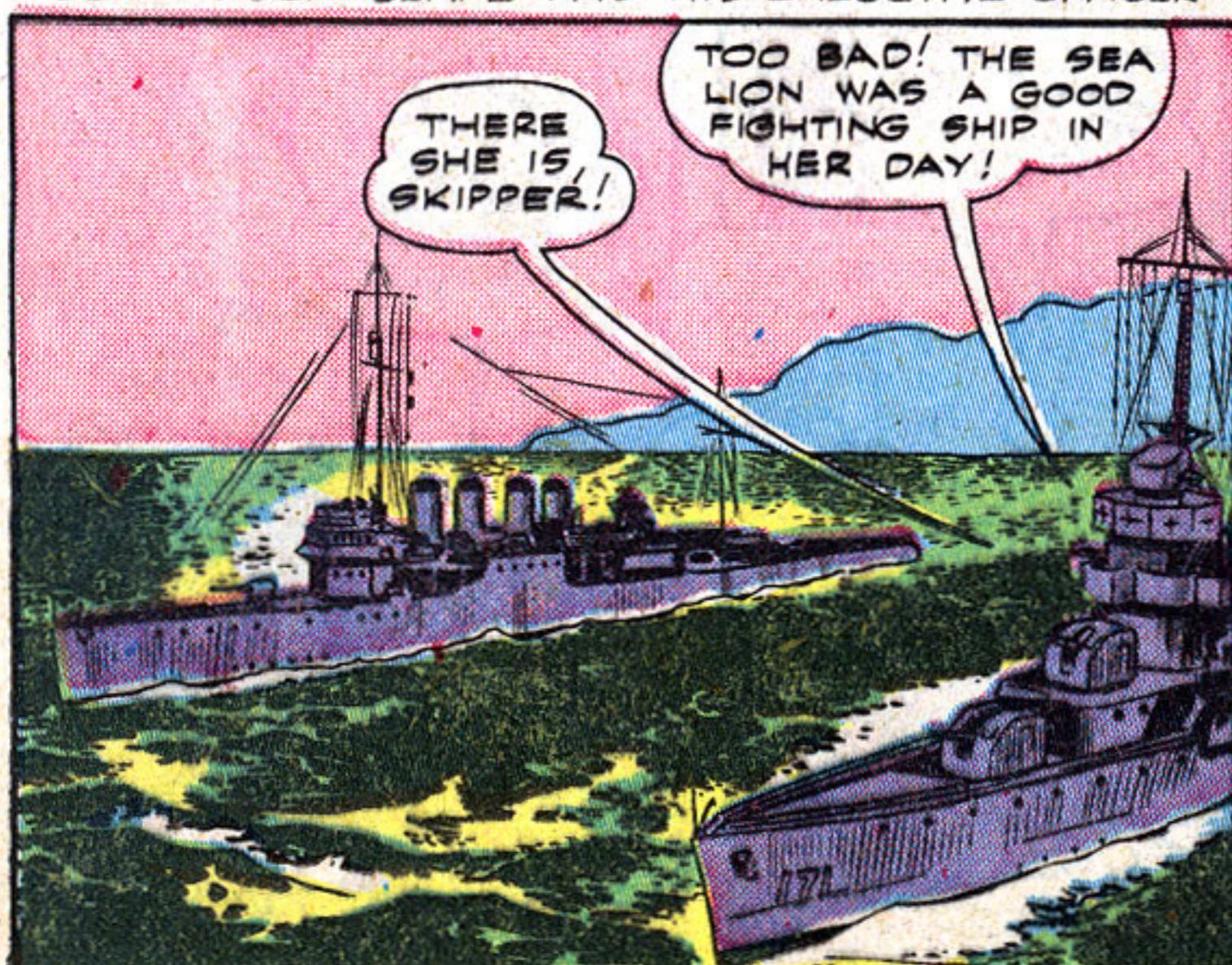
ON THE BRIDGE OF THE U.S.S. PAWNEE WITH LIEUT. COMMANDER BLAKE AND HIS EXECUTIVE OFFICER...

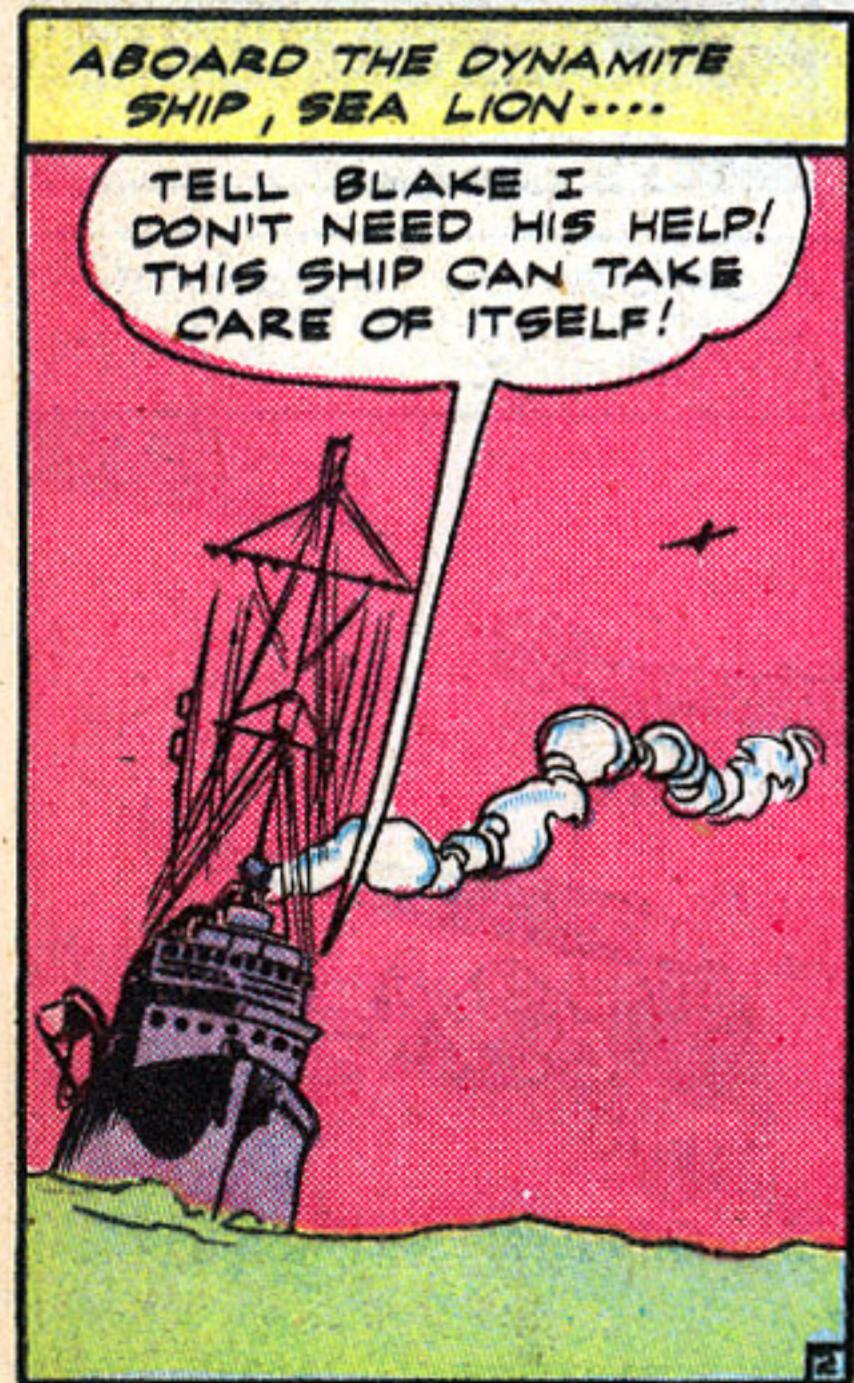
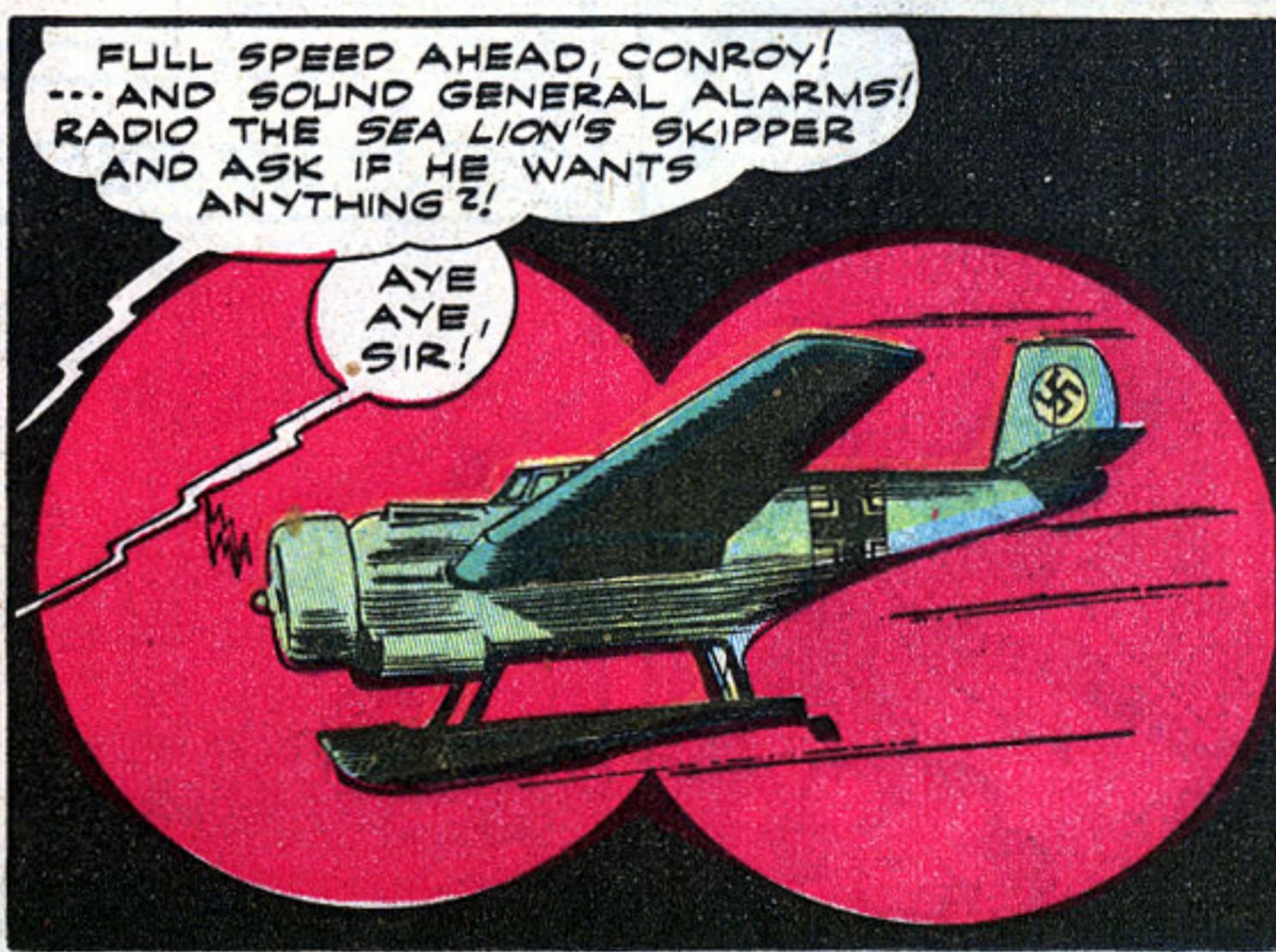
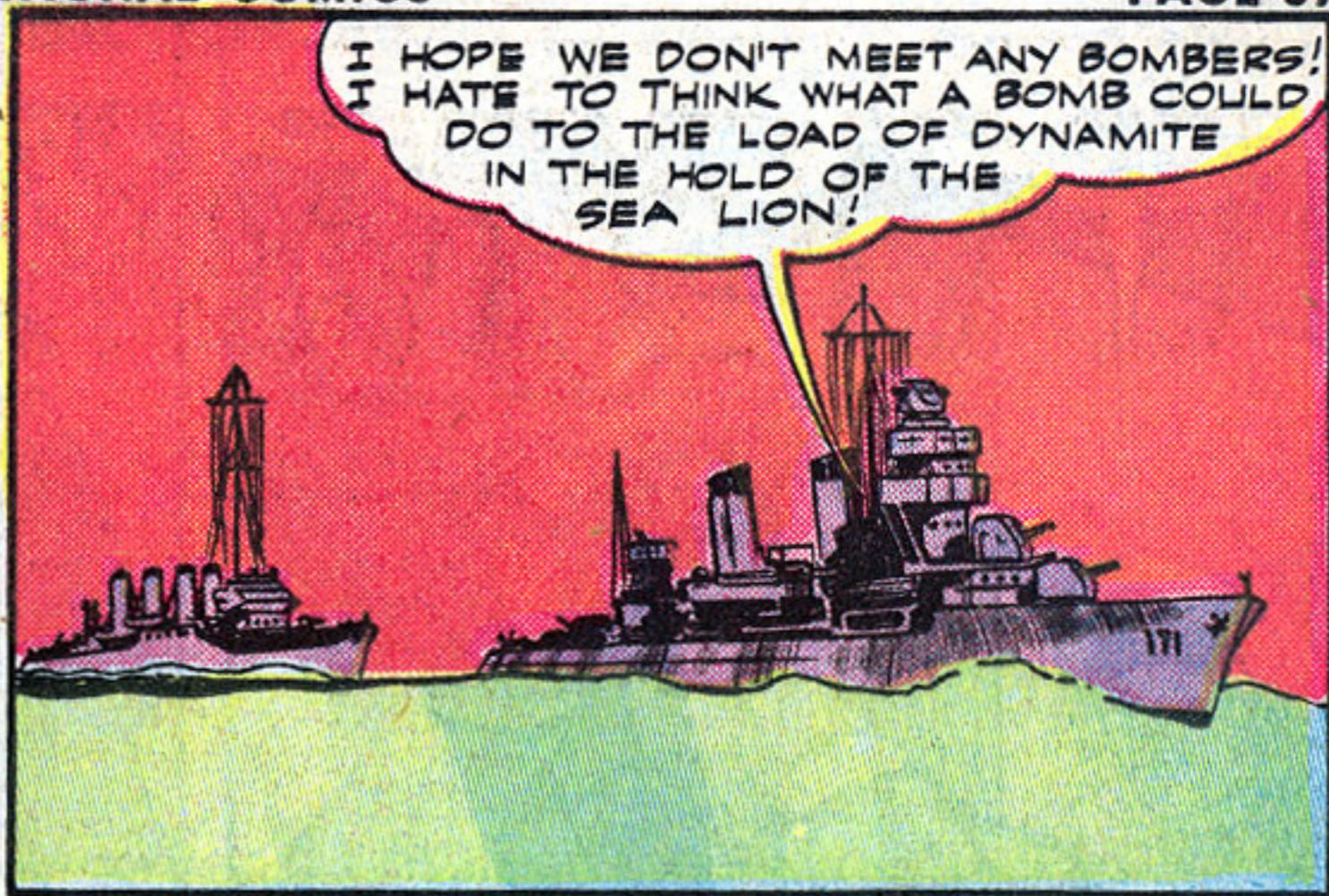
THERE SHE IS, SKIPPER!

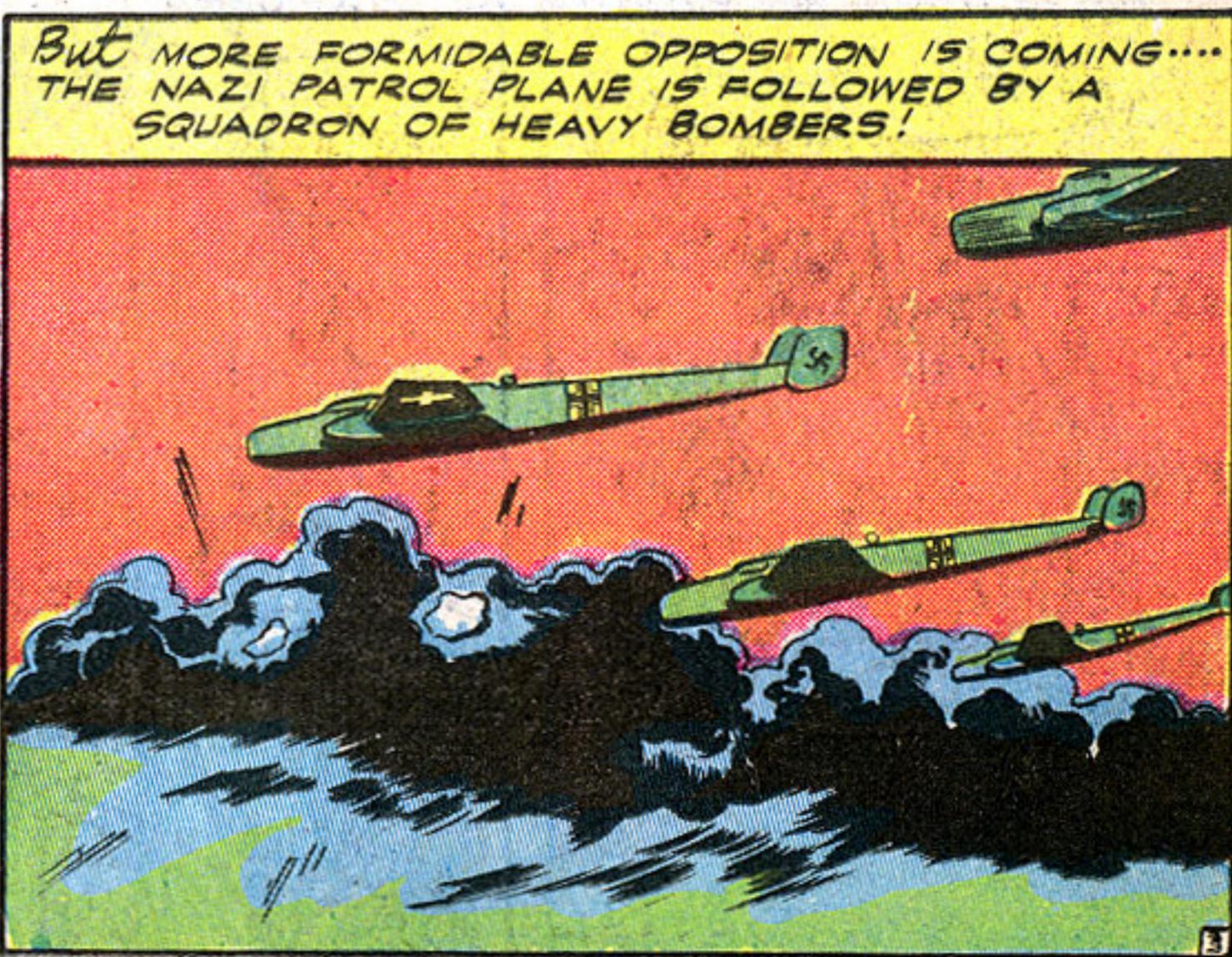
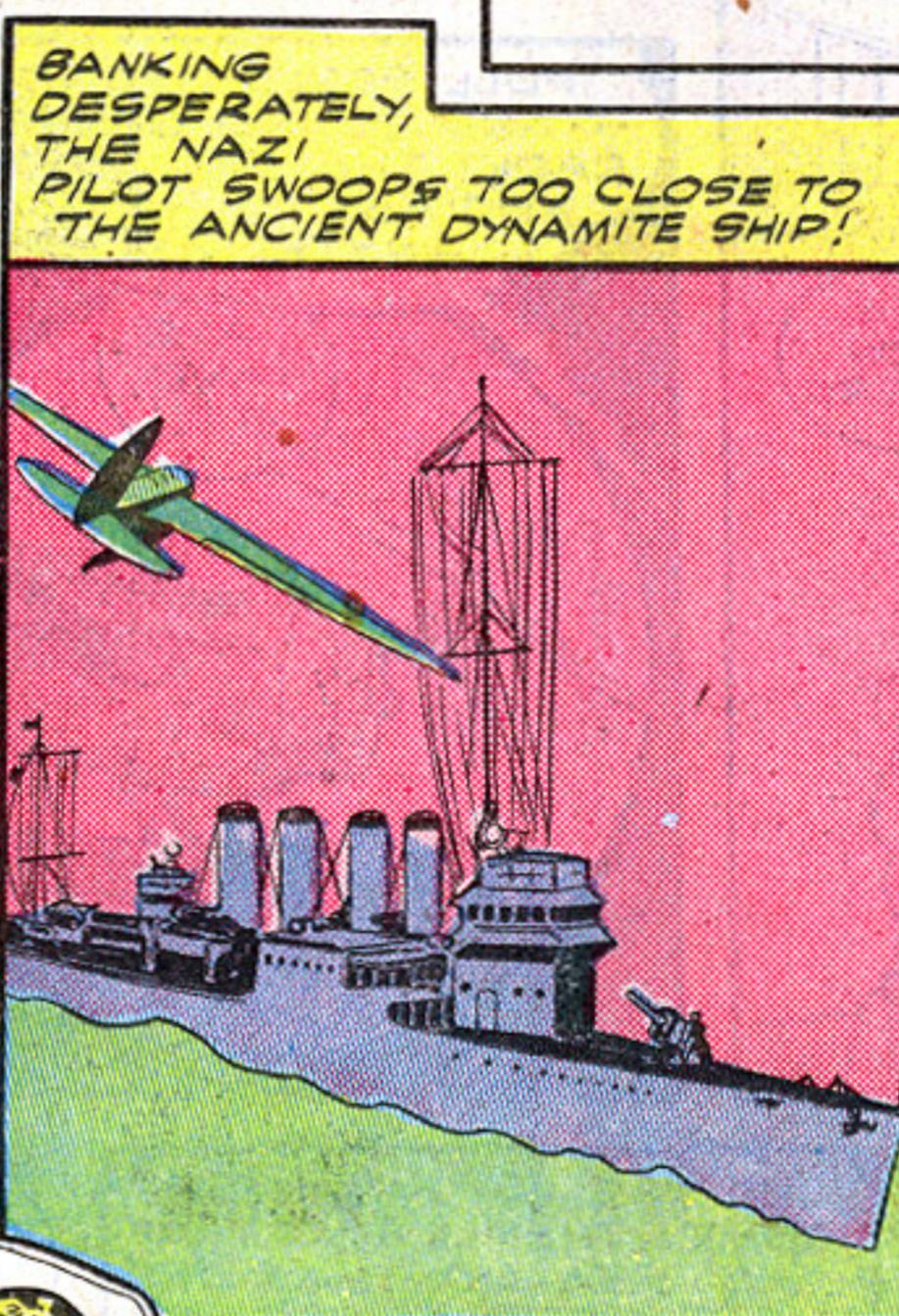
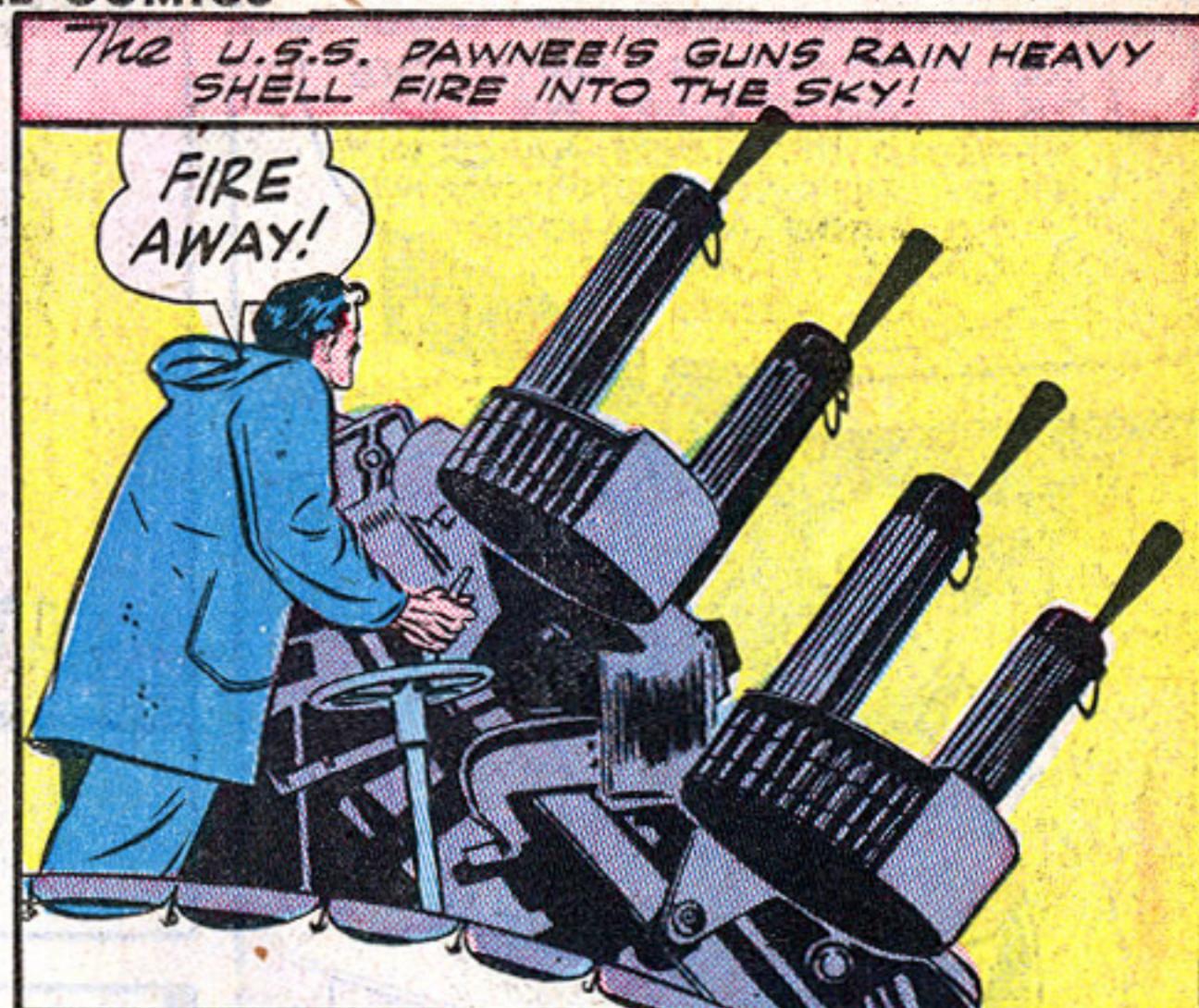
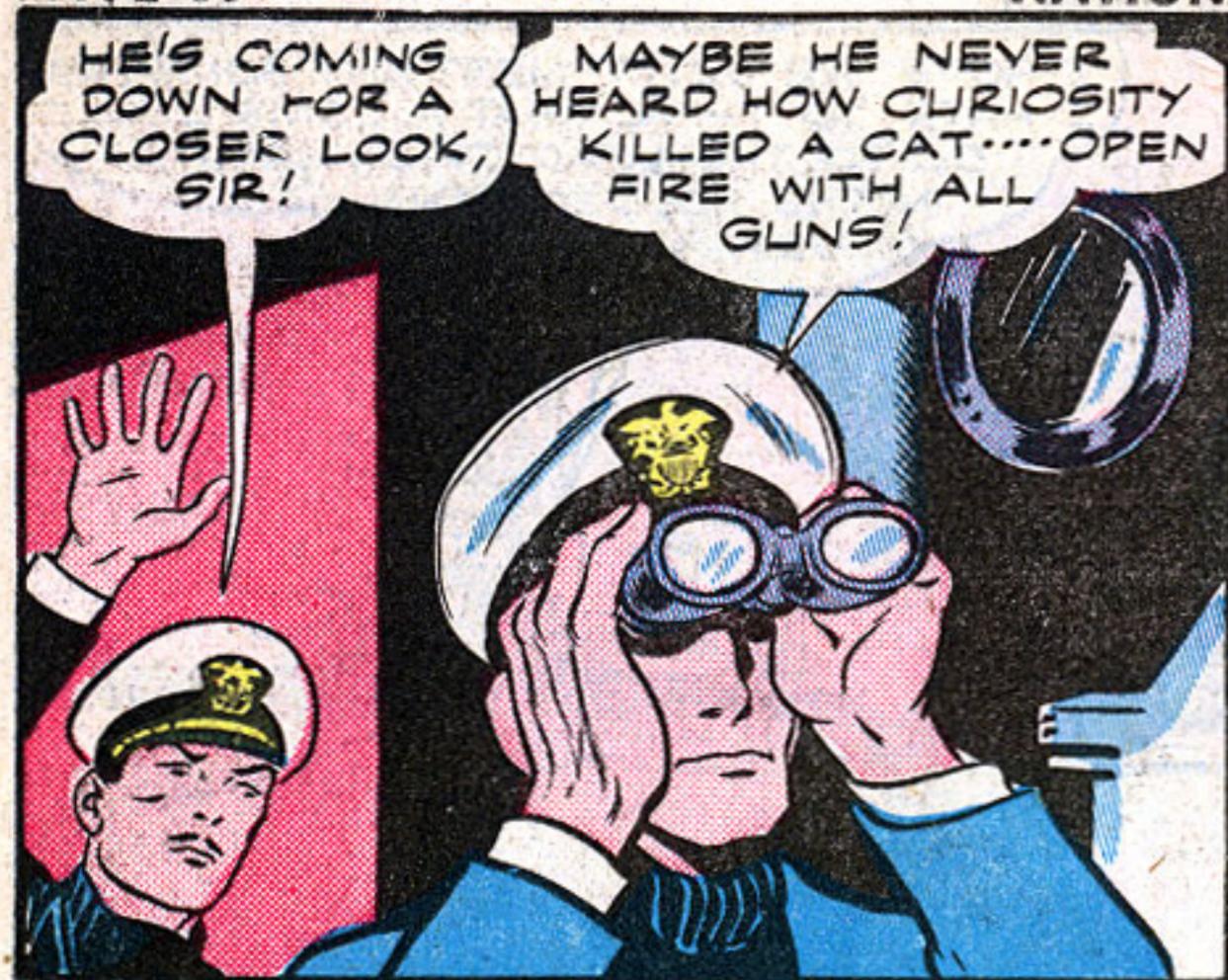
TOO BAD! THE SEA LION WAS A GOOD FIGHTING SHIP IN HER DAY!

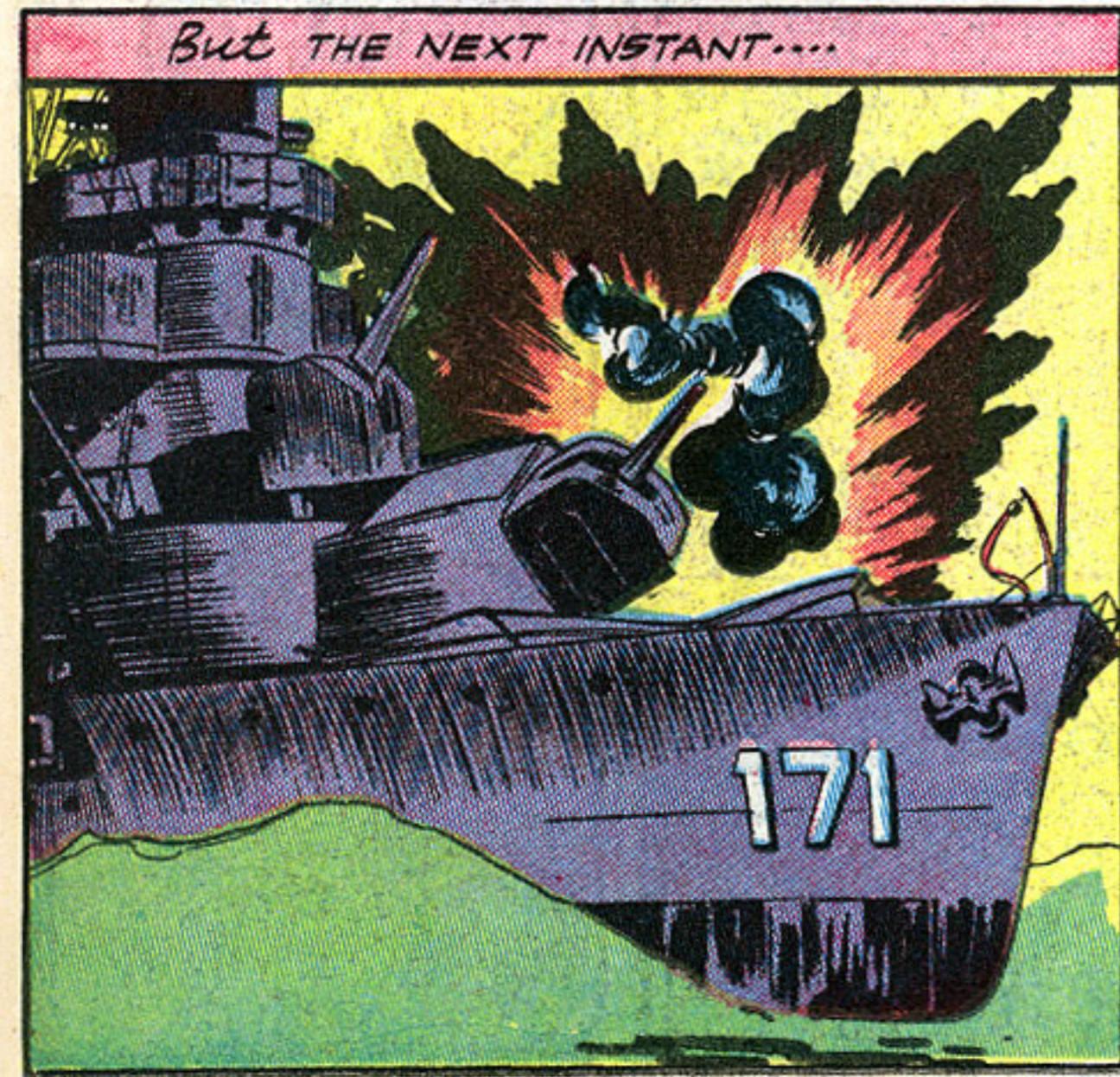
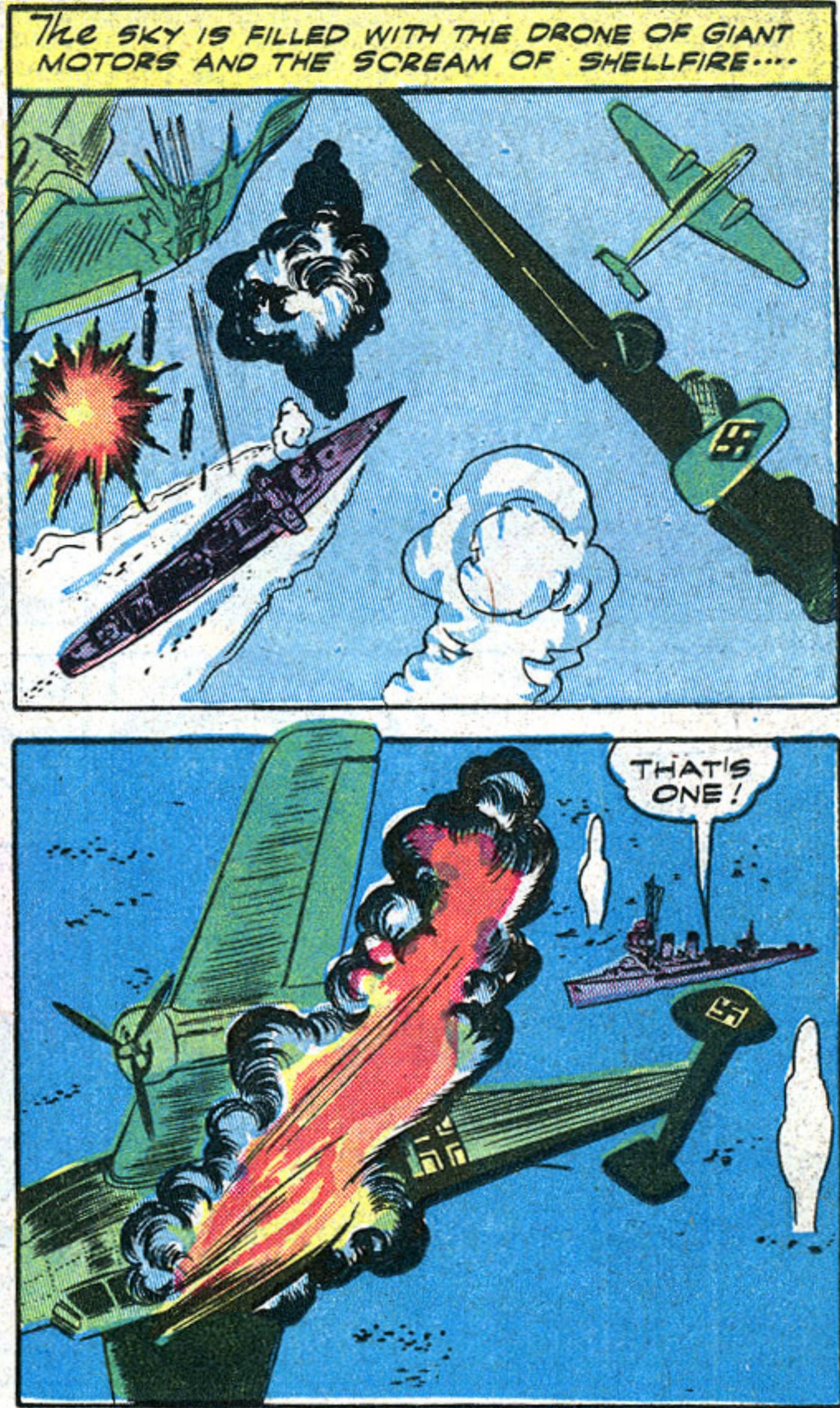
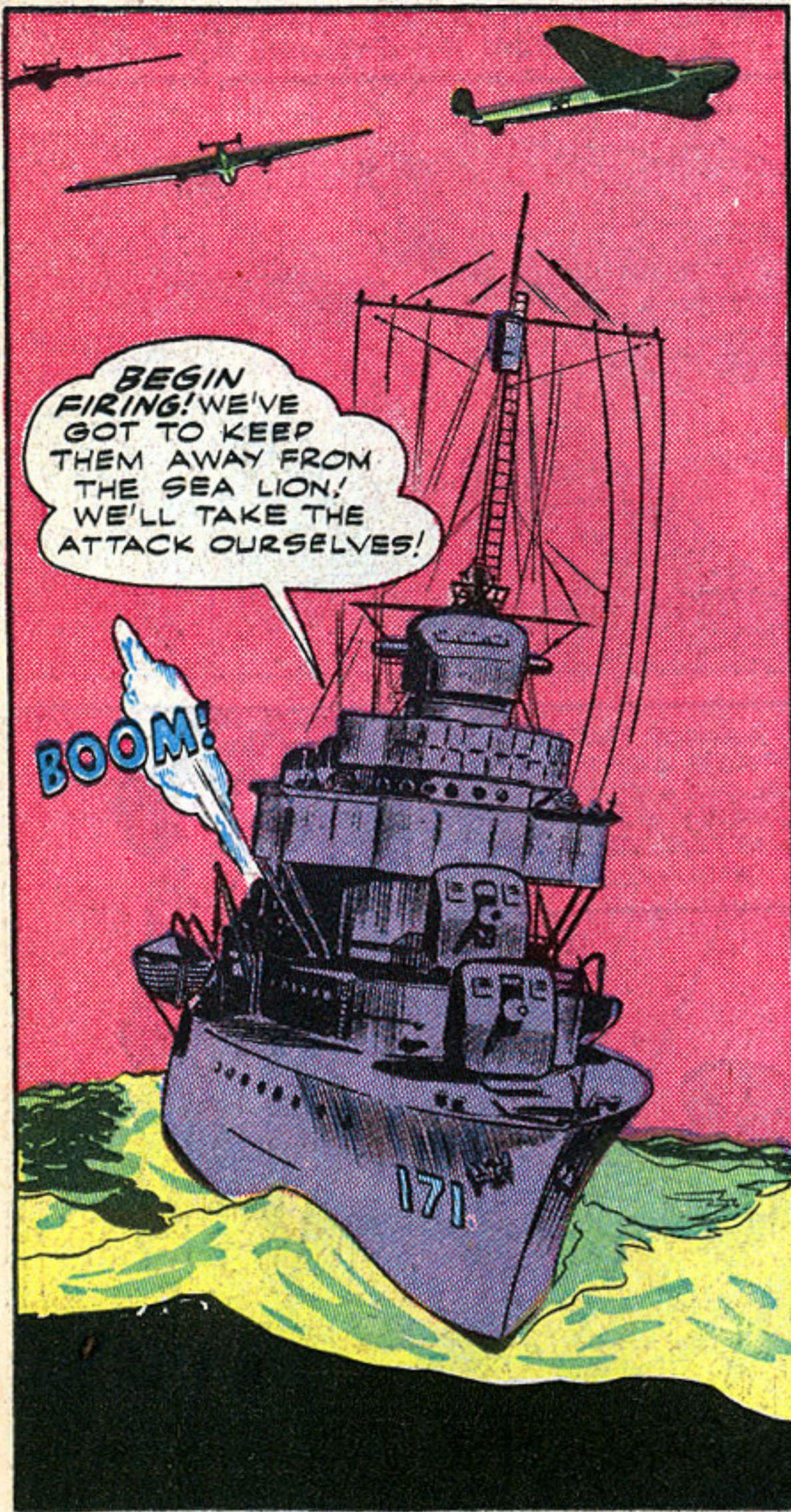
NOW SHE'S LOADED WITH DYNAMITE! READY TO BLOW OUT HER INNARDS THE MINUTE SHE HITS THE CANAL LOCKS!

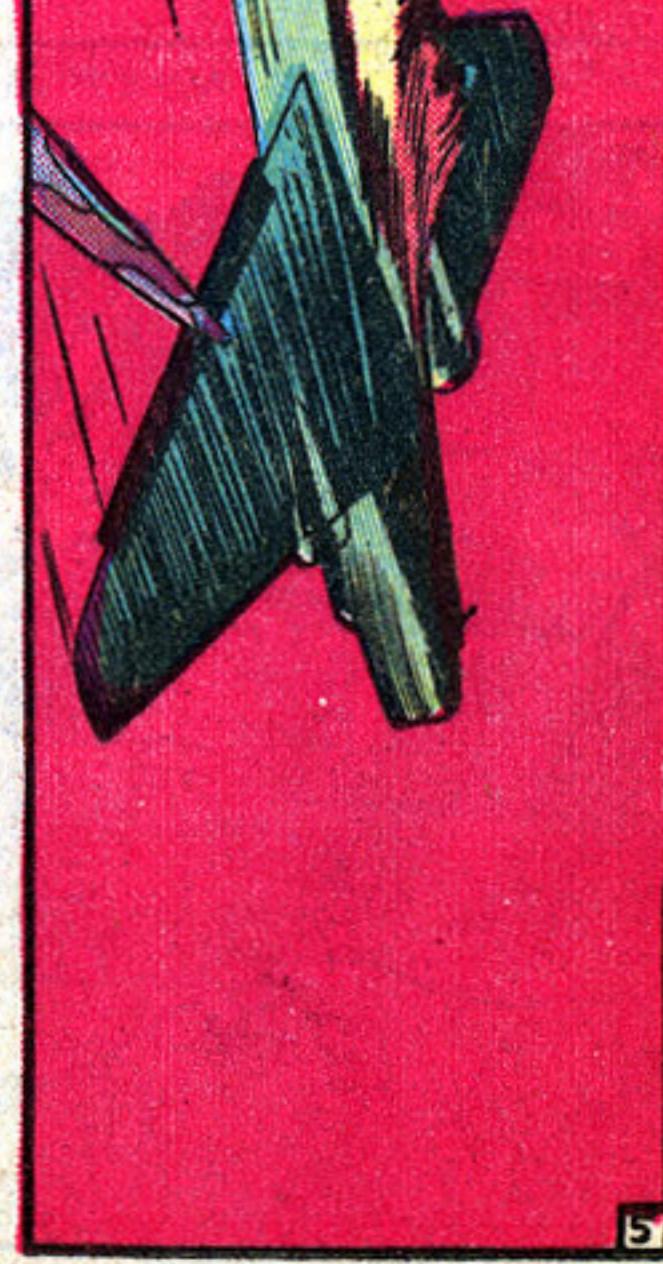
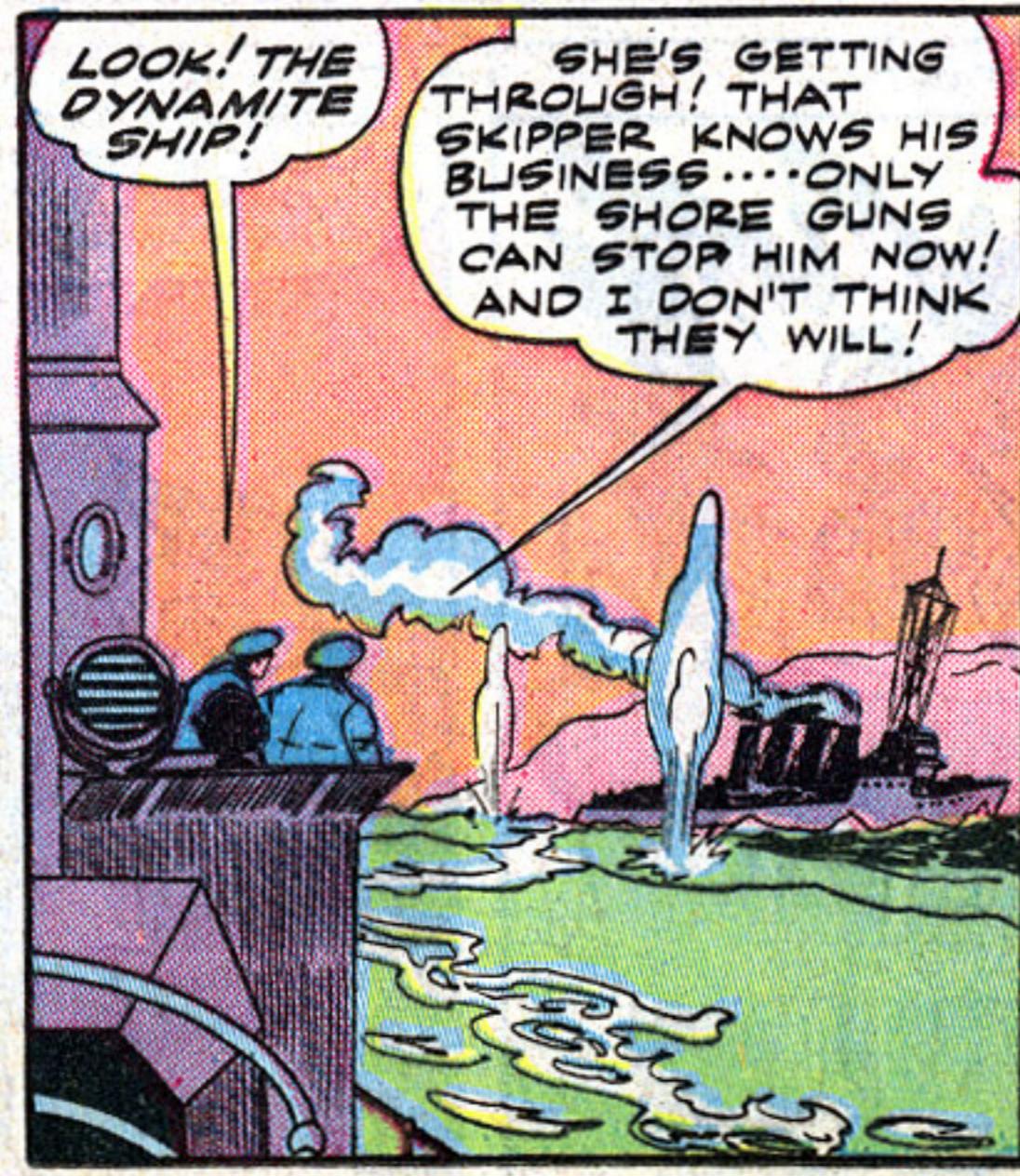
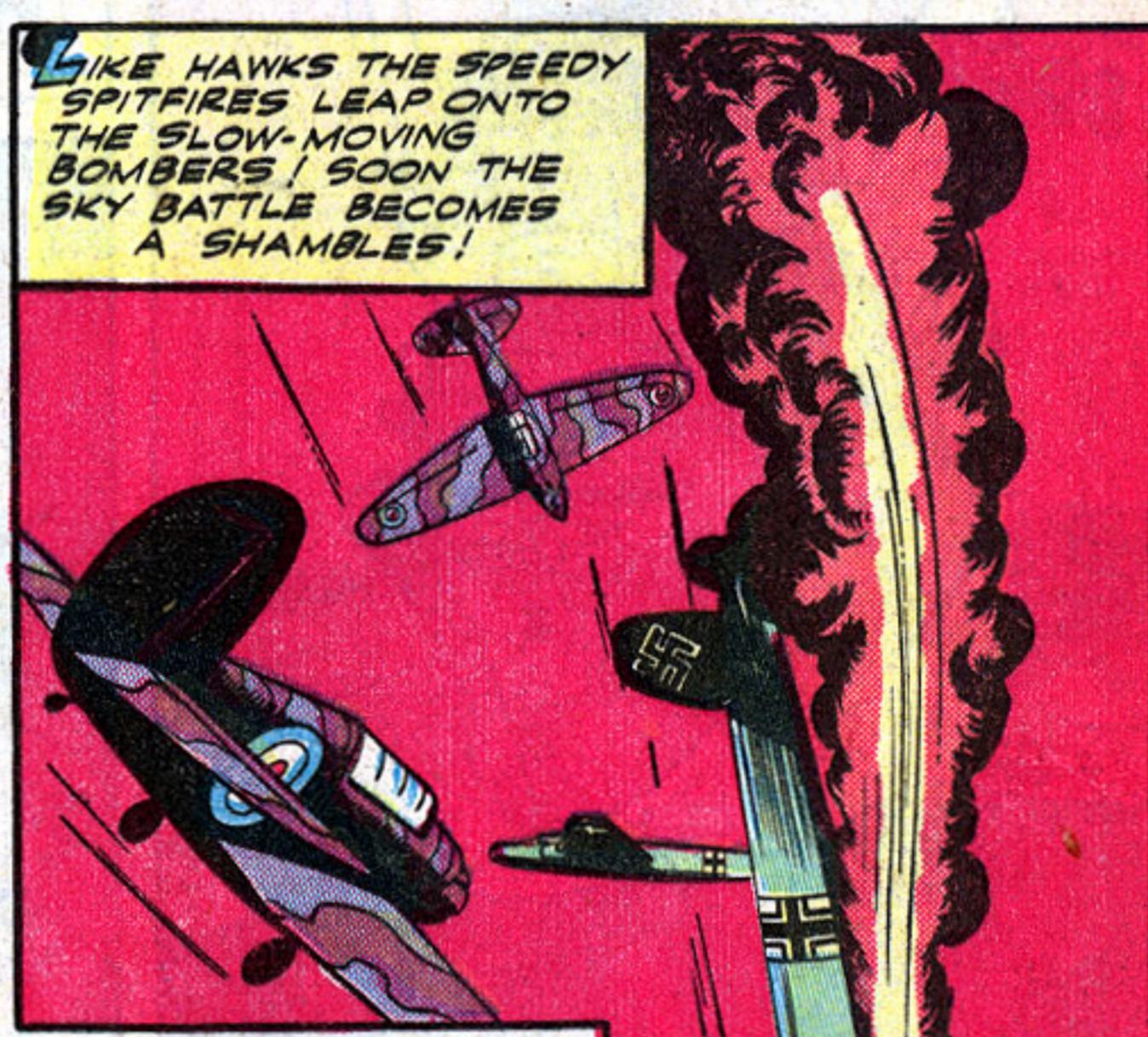
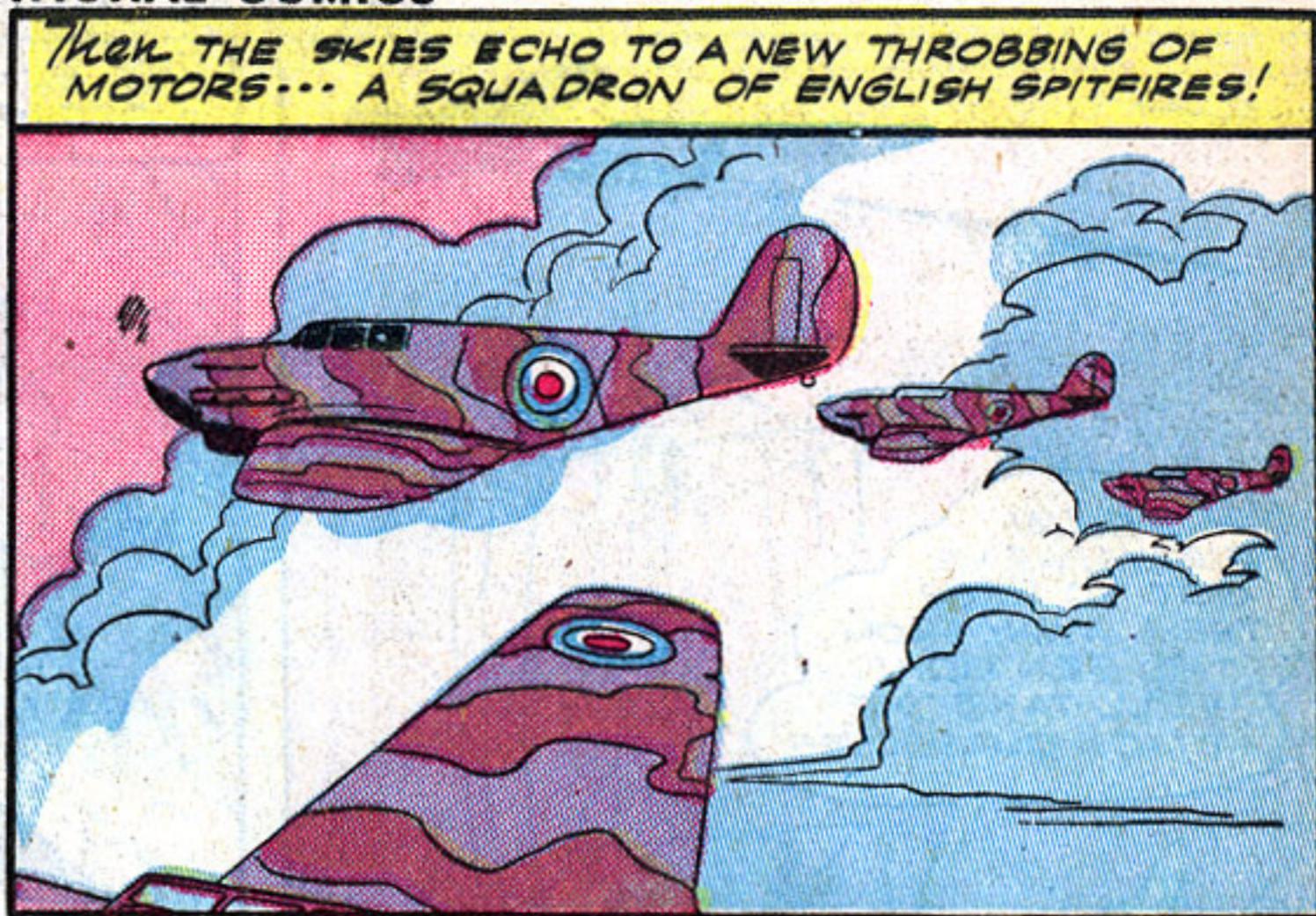
OUR JOB IS TO SEE THAT SHE GETS THERE, SIR!











IF YOU KNOW ANY PRAYERS,
CONROY, SAY THEM ---- IN
THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES THE
MEN ON THE SHIP WILL GET
OFF OR THEY'LL DIE
WITH IT!

STEADILY THE SEA LION MOVES TOWARD THE CANAL
LOCKS... WHILE THE SHORE GUNS FRANTICALLY OPEN
FIRE.....



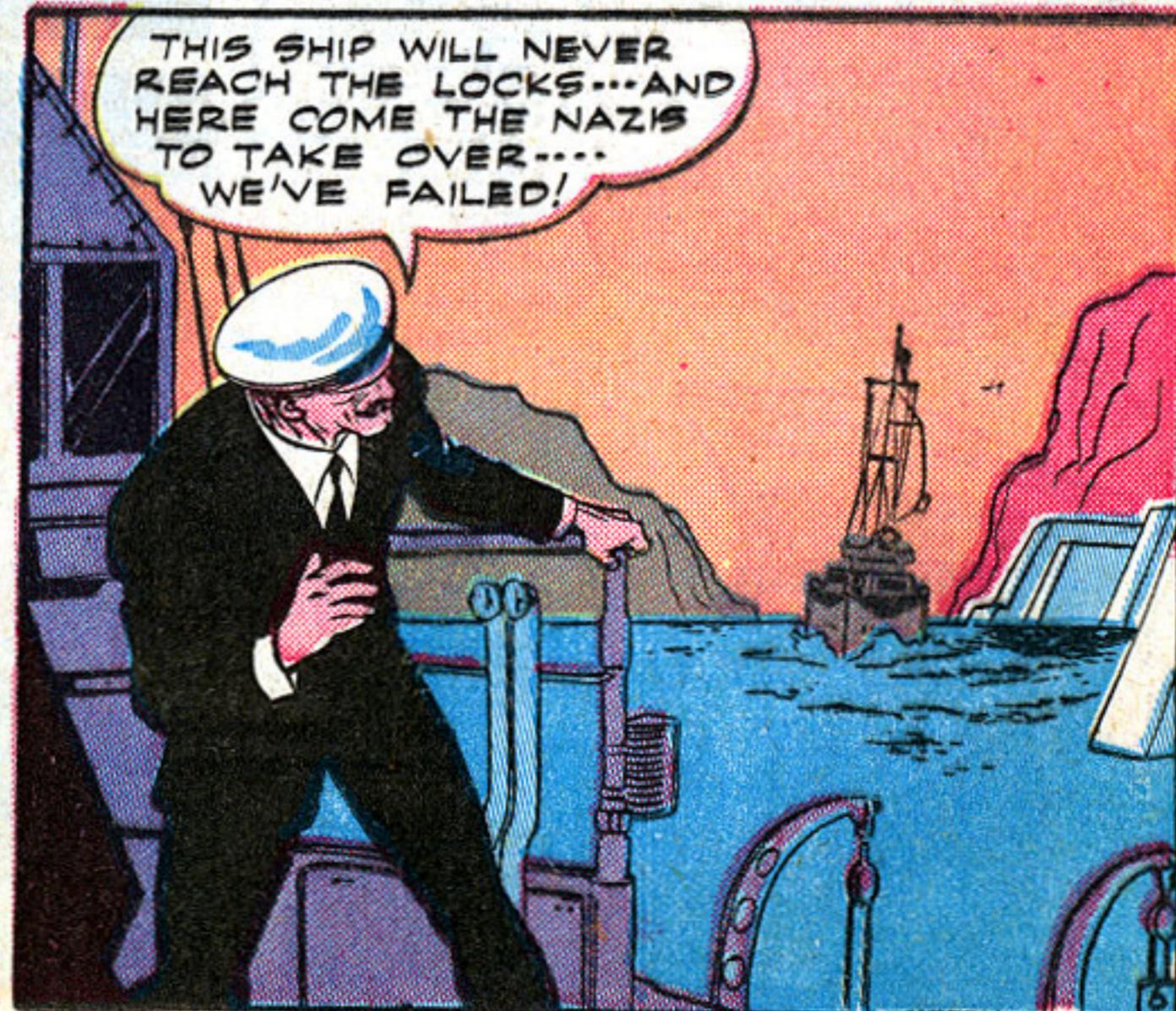
THE U.S.S. PAWNEE
WILL PICK YOU UP,
MEN! GOOD
LUCK!

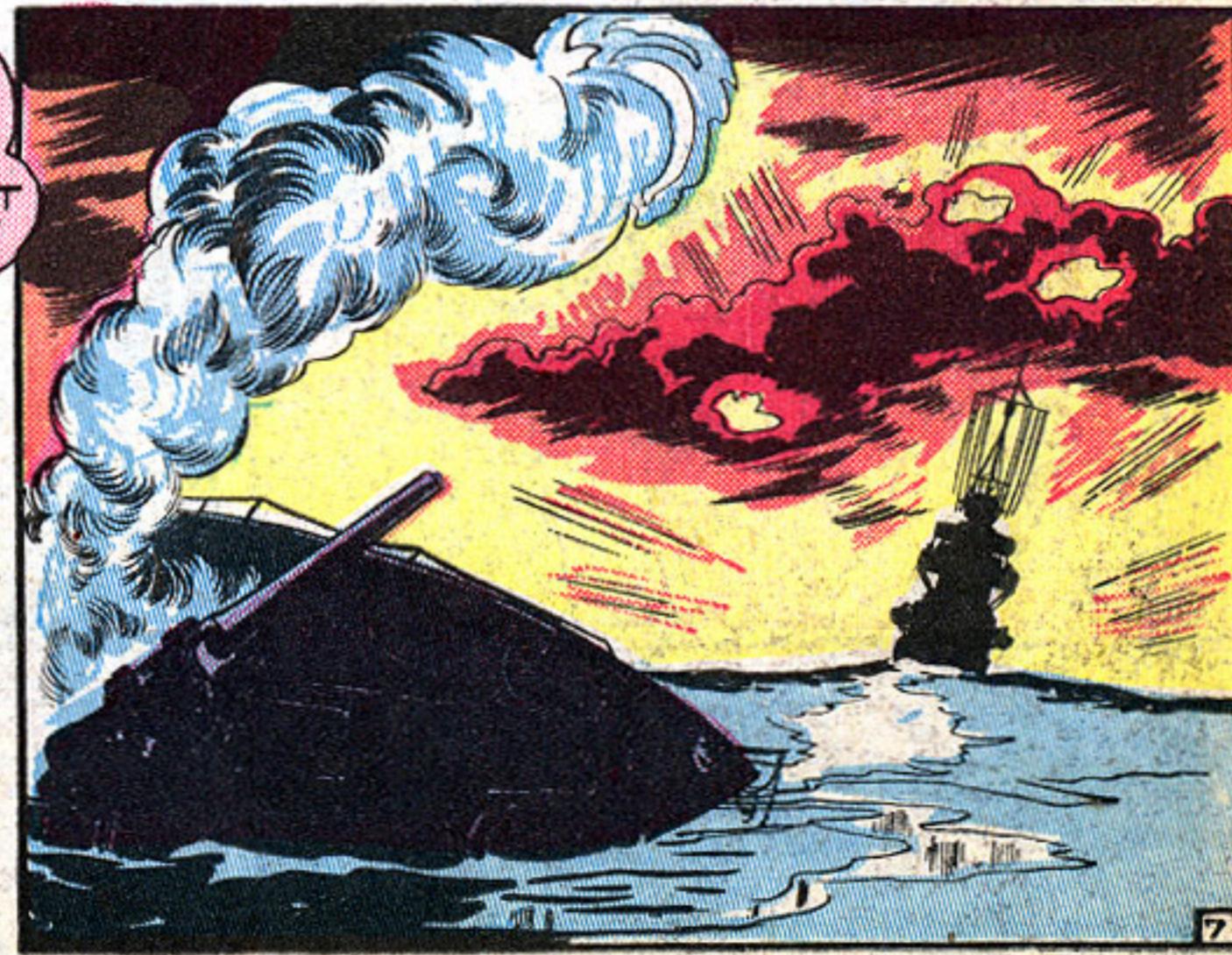
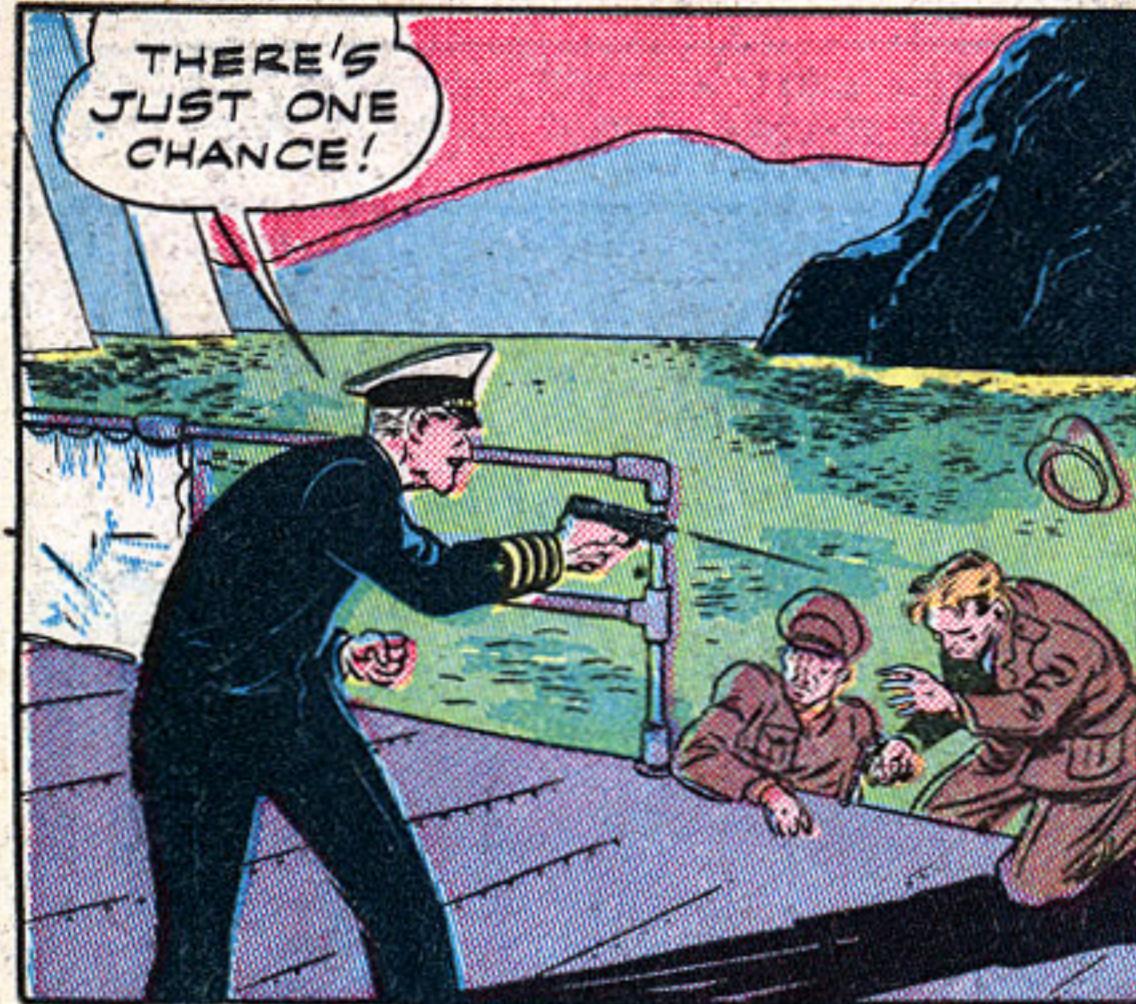
WHAT
ABOUT YOU,
SIR?



I'LL BE ALONG PRESENTLY!
I'VE GOT TO SAY ONE
LAST GOODBYE TO
THE SEA LION!

GET OVER-
SIDE!





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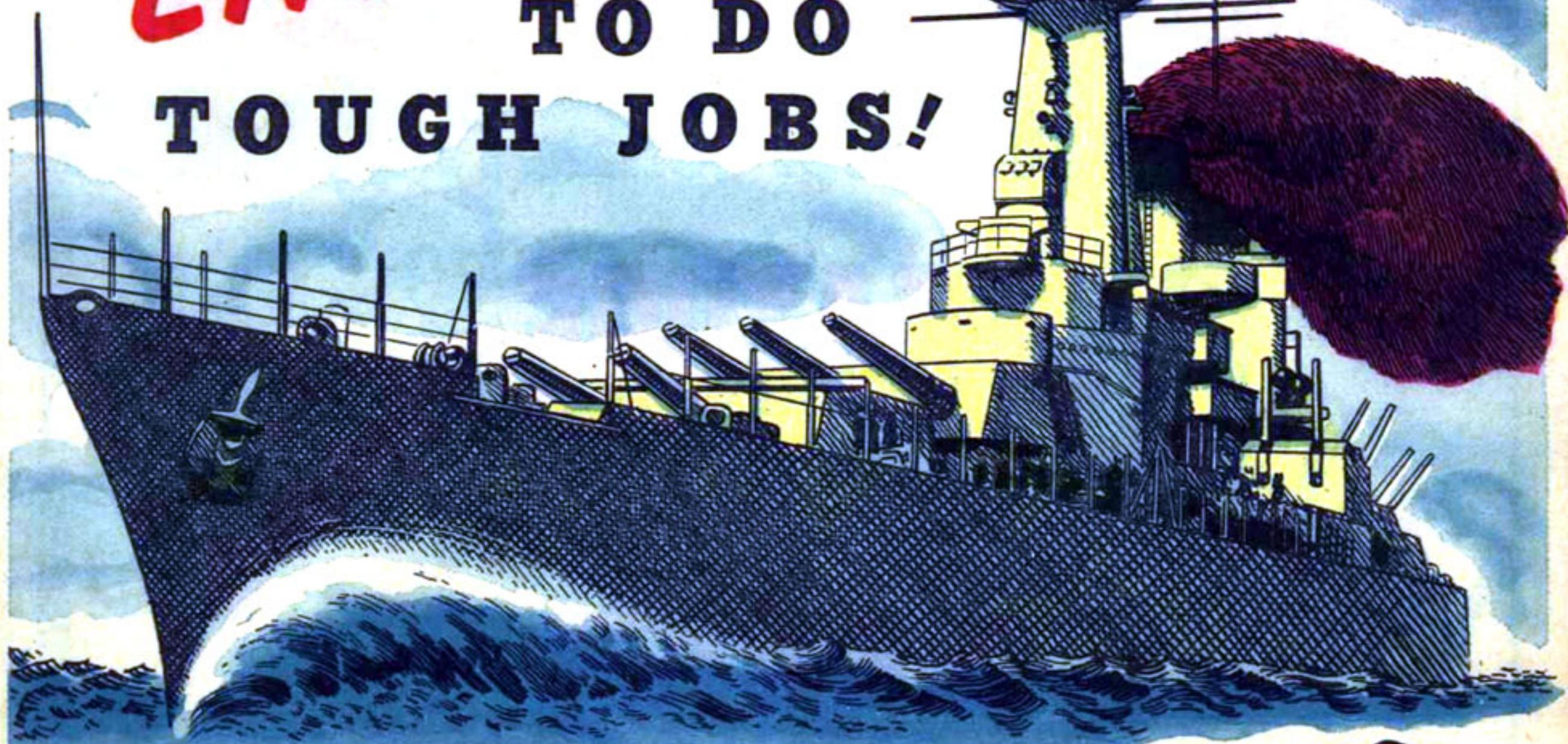
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ENERGY

